At The End of Each & Every Ayah.

a novel

Anon..

Dedicatèd to Edward Lear.
(1812 – 1888)
"*And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon, they danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon on the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree and all were happy as happy could be with the Quangle Wangle Quee*."

Lear was a wandering nonsense minstrel, never completely free of physical and emotional pain. His health steadily deteriorated until he died, alone except for a servant. His last words expressed gratitude for the kindnesses of all his absent friends.

Absent, nonetheless.
Absent-mindèd.
Rendering presence absent.
« *Naturellement*. »

At The End of Each and Every Ayah.

Fabula I.

{ En Paris }
Catorce Jour
Catorce Nuit
En Paris
Violent Night
Solely Night
All is Harm
All is Fright

2:1:2:2:2
I E N N I
1:8:5:5:1
9:4:1:6
4:5:7
Δ N Ω
4:5:7
9:3
3
Λ

δ.

The Stranger: « Son nom est Ienni … »
{introducingly}
“ … just his way of asking,”
{replyingly}

{to The Other}
“too shy for an invite?”
°Do I dare ask him back?°
thought Ienni …
{quietly}

ν.

Ienni workèd the bar down from the Opera. There were a few celebrities in.

Such a suggestive place; the bar was a frenzy. So crazy! Honestly … This is basèd on a true story.

Julienne was the first of eyes meeting in the arrondissement of Voltaire.

Consider the highest insult the highest regard. Middle finger. Said: «*Vous êtes avec nous*.»

δ.

Julienne: “Welcome to Paris,”
{afterwardly}
“Remember: play safely. It's dangerous here,”

ν.

The Stranger was there, blowing a smoke ring into the air. She could have been a muse to a philosopher, there.

{a blunt stare}

But to the anonymous she was The Stranger, and

to the rest of the people there, an abstract situationist. Did Anon. care? Immediately Anon. wantèd to fuck her. There.

The Stranger: “Dangerous, Eous?”

The Stranger was anonymous to the anonymous, phenomanonymous, noumenal abstractness. The Stranger lookèd like Ienni. They could have been identical twins but they were distinctly two separate people. A n o n . could not understand her abstract statement. It was a part of the moment. Momentarily, Anon. was forgetting every single part of the story. Sincerely …

Julienne: «*Je ne comprends pas vos manière*.»
{talking a nigger down}

Again, The Stranger, the anonymous dark stranger, a feminine alluder'er spoke aloud:

The Stranger: «*Il ne comprend pas vos manière*.»
{gestuel}
«*mais il leur rend la pareil*.»

ν.

Anon. was suddenly confrontèd by a big black

nigger, a jaw clicker, darker, darker than The Stranger; his body language was murderous, the big black nigger. If not for the middle finger, that moment earlier, before momentarily passing through hysteria, as it must appear through the dark glass – here – Anon. would have got-the-fist. Belonging, strewn about.

Here. And. There.
Here there and everywhere.
Hic et Ubique.

δ.

Anon.: "Can I get an interpreter?"
{if you please}
{shitting-a-brick}

Julienne: «*Je ne comprends pas vos manière*.»

Anon.: {belongings thrown about}

Julienne: «*mais je leur rend la pareil*.»

ν.

From around-the-corner, Anon. had a beautiful vision. It got ugly quickly.

δ.

The Nigger: “THIS GUY IS AN ASSHOLE!”
{nigger-jaw-clicking}
°murder button° thinking.

ν.

It was war in the arrondissement of Bastille, the wildest nights of *Ha'makhumesh*; a fight ensuèd. The Nigger grabbèd a Frog by the throat, he got him, he got his goat. The abusée producèd a notebook, recording the felony, diligenty and froggishly.

Scary.

Scary what a stranger can produce. Scary what a stranger can induce.

{inducing}

The opening.

The opening of the night.

Ha’makhumesh.

The Furies: °Violent night, solely night, all is harm, all is fright!°
°Violent night, solely night, all is harm, all is fright!°
°Violent night, solely night, all is harm, all is fright!°

δ.

The Stranger: “Why do you have black fingernails? A Fascist, are

you?”
{ … }
°A black crescent has risen°
thought The Stranger.

Again came an interpretation from this abstract woman.

The Stranger: “Eous is risen!”

v.

Anon. couldn't phrase an answer to the questions of The Stranger nor interpret her abstractness, not to mention her behaviour. Noumenal nothingness, Anon. had no saviour.

°Eous?° Anon. did ponder.

The next thing that Anon. knew, Anon. was inside the inside; the bar down from the Opera.

°*En la mode de la Reine*°

The black ass of la Reine was all over Anon. like a rash. She lookèd into the mirror to scorn her own reflection. She lookèd into the mirror to scorn. She lookèd into the mirror. She didn't recognize the reflections there together.

The wildest nights of *Ha'makhumesh*. A n o n . came to finish.

Mister O'Niste had a phobia of mannequins. Every time Mister O'Niste would pass a shop window in which a mannequin was posing he would jump afright.

Mister O'Niste swore there was something about mannequins that persuadèd him to animate them; to overcome his fear of them.

Mister O'Niste was sat with his faithful companion Witham Sispa in a Parissien cafe. The floor was chequerèd black-and-white.

“I once had an awakenin' to a doll. Straight off the fashion show. She became a mannequin, a true harlequin-courtesan,” said Mister O'Niste. “It was as if she was a role model for the raunch culture that seems to pervade everything to do with the portrayal of feminine sexuality. How awkward for me.”

«*l'haute Voodoo*» said Witham Sispa. “I mean, the fact that you were able to animate a mannequin and deceieve your sensible faculties.”

“I did animate the doll with non-sensible properties,” said Mister O'Niste. “But it was only a momentary illusion.”

“Don't we do that all the time? I mean, it's the goal of the work,” said Sispa. Witham Sispa was also an experimental philosopher; a scientist, in actual fact.

Witham Sispa was posing a question, but when

an experimental philosopher poses a question the answer is implied as a supposition. It was a doll who posèd the question.

«*Monsieur, voulez du sucre dans votre café*?»

Witham Sispa gesturèd to the doll for two lumps of sugar and she neatly poppèd them into his coffee and sweetly gave it a little stir on his behalf. Neatly and sweetly. Witham Sispa smilèd politely.

°What animates the doll?° wonderèd Mister O'Niste, admiring her.

The doll's hair was dyèd russet, flat from the intense artificial colouring. The two gentlemen were returning to their conversing.

“The greater the work the more vast its implications,” said Witham Sispa.

“Aggravated situations!” exclaimèd Mister O'Niste. “My life has far too many complications.”

“Sects or sectarians?” enquirèd Witham Sispa.

“Satiated sexual oblations, Ionis reparations, offers and offerings, altars and murmurings,” said Mister O'Niste. “In this age, what shall we call it, the contemporary age? The goal of the work seems to become more-and-more obscure.”

“The deeper it lies the rottener it grows. The more arcane the more profane,” replièd Witham Sispa.

“What a pain! You can't complain, not to me,” said Mister O'Niste, “since it was you who decided to split a personality.”

Witham Sispa's laboratory experiments had had some pretty far flung consequences for his poor mind. His ego was split-in-two. Dark versus light, day turning

to night. He was a very responsible scientist but the science was new and wyrd. Each experiment had gotten unexpectèd results. Whether it was good science or bad science it was yet unknown. It was hard to verify, like geometry, originally evil, until it found its appropriation proper. Whether it was good or bad, right or wrong was yet unknown. Whether exists. Weather persists.

Witham Sispa continuèd, nonetheless. “It was very confusing for me,” he said.

“I totally agree,” replièd Mister O'Niste.

“I agree with you entirely, yet, I disagree with you completely,” said Sispa, his nonsense philosophy.

“Aha,” said Mister O'Niste. “You mean to say memetically.”

{truthfully}

“However we agree,” said Witham Sispa.

Totalitismus, mesmerismus, it was friendship. It was another draw over a game of chess and a friendly firm handshake after.

“We could agree to end this schism in society, you and me?” offerèd Mister O'Niste.

The city-at-war needèd a final. An ender. An agreement barterèd verbal tender.

Bafotrad. Barter-for-trade, broker for peace.

“What do you think of this wine?” askèd Witham Sispa. “It's got no serial number or origin upon the bottle.”

“It's the civil war, what did you expect, Rioja?” replièd Mister O'Niste. “The soldiers and sisters stationed with us are going without water in order to secure a border. Anyway, that's beside the point. I

mean, we have the same goal. Towards the new binary psychology."

"You'll have to convince me," said Witham Sispa. "Isn't that just a biword for bog-standard bipolar duality? I mean, we're more sophisticated than that, surely?" said Witham Sispa.

"Six of hearts, five of diamonds, ace of clubs, ace of spades," said Mister O'Niste.

Mister O'Niste read the cards as he laid them down in front of Witham Sispa.

"I've got more cards than I know what to do with and more credit than I know what to play with" said Witham Sispa.

"Swissing it, again?" askèd Mister O'Niste. "It's become the norm to broker your future and be indebted to the past, it seems."

{showing an average hand}

Witham Sispa was wearing an incredibly expensive ring.

"False dealing and a double-standard," said Witham Sispa.

{drawing a double four}

Mister O'Niste was cherishing a very expensive thing. The winning hand. As the two gentlemen cast lots and exchangèd glances, fortunes could be read through the remnants of silt staining the sides of their empty wine glasses.

The two mysterious and supernatural personalities had come to Paris to settle their differences. They were completely unknown to the public at large. Always in disguise. Yet, somehow in

charge. Always at large. Orderèd affairs, disorderly pairs. Disorderly Paris. A decadent goddess. Anything but other-worldly, she inhabitèd the inanimate.

Witham Sispa saw the reflection of the Eidolon, that elusive thing that no one understands if it's inanimate, in the mirror of the glass.

The two gentlemen continuèd laying cards. At odds with being uneven. They playèd games every morning until every even'. Wining and dining. It was as if the civil war wasn't even happening. The sole cause. A clause. An error on a piece of paper. Why else do people go to war?

“I hope you know I have your will, back at my office,” said Witham Sispa.

“Hmmm. About that,” replièd Mister O'Niste. “I've written so many of those things. Can a man prophesy his own death?”

“He can die trying,” said Witham Sispa.

“Could I make an amendment to that tender?” askèd Mister O'Niste.

“What, so you can carry on making a living as a pretender?” replièd Witham Sispa.

“I want you to agree to sign another contract with me,” said Mister O'Niste.

“Not another false identity, surely?” said Witham Sispa.

{impatiently}

“You are what you pretend to be,” retortèd Mister O'Niste. “Is there anything you want signing?”

The civil war was ending as the two men came to be agreeing.

Across from the two men, a stranger tore a Ten Euro note in half and discardèd it to the floor as the cafe waiter approachèd him.

“Women need a new mythology,” said Psi-Qolog. “A binary that moves towards the new psychology. In Hebrew, *Yihnrih* means binary. If a shadow ever proceeds from you do you wonder what escapes you? Have you ever seen it, the shadow, cast four ways? The figure that escapes you, running all around you, flickering in different directions, its shape misrepresenting your true form, that which you have relegated to the dark.”

…

Psi-Qolog continued in his prognosis: “An expansion and contraction in one dimension will look flat; a dark figure is seen, displaying contour lines that change their direction and their length, appearing as turning solid forms; a form is identified as a specific point along a curve which is distorted … ”

“I'm harassed by the petty demands of my psyche,” said one of Psi-Qolog's patients, in reply.

She was one who believèd in *Yihnrih*– her name remaining unknown in confidentiality.

She spoke aloud.

“They exhort me to comply with other peoples wishes.”

“To be ourselves,” replièd Psi-Qolog, “causes us to be exiled by many others, to comply with them causes us to be exiled from ourselves, able to preserve a certain doubleness of, a certain internal difference to us, insofar as we are ourselves.”

Miss Correspondence filèd Psi-Qolog's patients' records under V. The prognosis read disenfranchisèd.

Disenfranchisèd grief is grief that results when a person experiences a significant loss and the resultant grief is not openly acknowledgèd, socially validatèd, or publicly mournèd …

“Prognosii, apokleistei,” said Psi-Qolog to Miss Correspondence after.

“It's all Greek to me,” replièd Miss Correspondence.

“Women, deprived of their natural rights,” replièd Psi-Qolog, “become a stranger to themselves.” He continuèd: “Is it better to be born into this human rights culture rather than somewhere more deprived? Even the most detestable characters must be viewed as deprived, wherein deprivation is defined by the absence, the absence of conditions that enable a sufficiently risk-free existence, and of the adequate thematization of human suffering that we take for granted in the media and the arts. The hypostatized melodrama of deprivation, the playing upon sentimentality to narrate remarkable and exceptional stories of individual achievement to the detriment of context is the fundamental ethical question.”

Psi-Qolog, in a roundabout way, was advocating women's rights, for it would be anything other than

Yihnrih to do otherwise.

Tossèd coins turnèd to torn paper notes as day turnèd to night.

Anon. tore the Euro in half in protest, discarding it to the black-and-white chequerèd floor of a dusty café, as if to say that it was employment that was being creatèd by making a mess. It was about being reckless.

The barista came along, sure enough, and swept it up. Only when the barista tippèd the dustpan to the basket did it dawn on the poor fellow that his tip bore a rip. Torn in twain. The first intercession began with a tear. Whether it was a tear or a tear Anon. didn't wonder, Anon. didn't care. The show was over.

Anon. was approachèd by the french waiter. A n o n . lookèd at the man without bashfulness. Anon. wasn't embarassèd, Anon. was sorry. The waiter, dressèd immaculately for a servant, took a quick glance behind him to the stunner of his assistant. A n o n . could have sworn it was her opening night on-the-job and this encounter would come to stand her in good stead and expectation for the novelty of a surprise for the rest of her working life.

Of course, she was Parisienne, but on the unfolding nights of that excursion, that psychological confusion caused by a libidinous interruption, on the unfolding nights of *Ha'makhumesh*, Anon. had no

preconceptions and sought no stereotypes. A n o n . was incredibly naïve. Anyway, her hair was dyèd russet. It was flat from the intense artificial colouring.

Immediately Anon. wantèd to fuck her.

Anon. threw Anon.'s hotel keys on the table and leanèd back. A n o n . reclinèd. A n o n . was struck by the dumbfoundèd expression on the waiter's face. The man startèd to reason, at first in french, and considering Anon. knew none of the language, Anon. humourèd him in an understanding way, appreciative of the waiter's endeavour. The mistress behind him beckonèd herself over. It didn't take long for them both to realize that what had taken place was one of many artistic statements that would come to haunt the rest of the time that Anon. spent there trappèd by the starry architecture. As if, during a civil war, it was okay to prosper.

°What day of the decade of the Tens was it when our sisters were stationed with us in the city-at-war? Ask anyone who was there, I know, the Foreign Legion sat one general down under orders°

Earlier on in the day, the leaders were tuckèd away. Home-sour-home, away- sweet-away.

°I'm an order of the day kind-of-guy°

“I'm marrying into a good family. We need the Aristocracy,” said class.

{dismissèd}

“it's organic,” said a romantic.

“If you're wrong about the monarchy you must be absolutely right about the republic,” said a republican.

« *Hommes de la Republique* » said republicanism; the Ism not the person.

{the General takes to the pulpit}

“One more before the cure, one more revolution before the end of the war. A drastic disease desires a drastic cure. Hommes de la Republique, I implore!” he shoutèd.

{rising up with the glove}

{taking shape of the globe}

A glove took shape of the globe as the demand of the hand.

One mistrustful glance passèd from one to the next amidst a stirring crowd. The noise, the din, the cacaphony, grew loud.

All attention was gatherèd and swept up, rising up in waves toward the singular figure, the revolutionary leader. The orator.

He cast a shadow over the entire crowd that fillèd the Markt square. The shadow men, the vanguard elite were behind him, but he spoke with the power of his own voice.

“Are we here by choice or allegiance?” said the general, rhetorically.

{continuing from the podium}

“The Revolution of the Spoon it stirs,
Against the times of people moving fast,
The Dining Table waits already laid,

The clock face spinning backwards to the past,
The Revolution of the Spoon it stirs,
The knife withdrawing cutting back a slice,
A queue of people wait with baited breath,
The servants underneath, a role of dice,
The Revolution of the Spoon it stirs,
For all their number, number their all for,
A cause accompanied by fists and hands,
Demanding hands demand diseases' cure,
The sediment, the undertow, it stirs,
The Revolution of the Spoon it stirs."
« *Coup d'etat*! »
« *Coup d'etat*! »
« *Coup d'etat*! »
The throng, they sung, in unison.
"Red for blood!" sang sacrifice.
"White for-the-win!" sang victory.
"Testimony Blues!" sangre sanguine.
{unanimously}
Unanimously, the crowd shook with adulation.
"If only we knew what we were following … " said a follower
{anonymously}
"And why they call it the following," said anonymity.

Jack Robertson was the most high-profile, low-

lying, computer-scrying, jacker of-all-trades hacker.

Robertson and Stoker were after a number.

“Something to the figure of fourty four Euros,” said Stoker. “With a miniscule amount it's a lot easier.”

Jack Stoker: the stock-market broker. Stoker was speaking across a secure connection. SHTTP, Robertson had set up another server for Stoker. Comma-com. The two of them didn't want to crash the internet, or anything, just rob City Bank America for the nominal fee of a miniscule amount, for kicks, to see if they could, to see if they were that good, create a rupture in the stock market and hedge a hedge-fund bet. Their jet-set get-set heist dot-net.

“We'll have to move a deposit around the houses that Jack built,” quippèd Robertson.

Jack Stoker: the stock-market broker. He made some of his money trading in Gold and Oil on the FTSE All-Share. It's a lot like poker but without the face. No one knows anyone in the business. Everyone's screaming at the anonymous monster behind Tokyo screens and tearing up tickets at the tickertape parade machines.

Tickertape parade for bullish-buying confetti-fraying fag-hagging haggling nothing. Stoker wantèd out. He needed to retire early, spend some time with his family.

“The Bank of Ireland is relatively new to Credit,” said Robertson,

{on-the-line}

“Okay,” Stoker replièd. “I was thinking the Post Office because it's public.”

{doing-a-line}

“One more,” Robertson requestèd.

“How about a monolith so big and crowded out by shareholding shrouders, they won't see it?” Stoker wonderèd.

“Any takers?” askèd Robertson.

“Shit, man,” Stoker said. “Sorry, I was checking the pink-sheets again.”

Stoker was momentarily distractèd by something that remindèd him of his little daughter Gemma. It was a geomantic figure in the pink pages of the Financial Times Weekend.

“Just give me a minute to check my accounts,” he said.

Stoker put the big red company phone down on the desk beside him. It was a large one, similar to those from the 80s. Robertson had wirèd it so that no type of radio wave could be pickèd up from it. The phone. Stoker left Robertson temporarily hanging on the other side of the line.

Stoker was running currency between one identity and another identity; his real name and his company name. Whether fraud was a problem, he didn't wonder. No shame. Stoker pickèd the company phone back up, tucking the receiver between his neck-and-cheek.

“Fraud's going-to-be a problem with a big one,” said Robertson, “so listen. I'm the professional hacker, you're just another jack-jacker, hamshanker, investment banker,” said Robertson.

“Listen to me, you pole-smoking online-forum-

joking wish you were hamshanking over my brassiere shopper mother," said Stoker, "we can return a synthetic profit to the Post Office after we get the job done."

"There wouldn't be much profit on a positive balance," said Robertson. "Creating a synthetic one out of thin air could be a real curb."

"It doesn't matter," Stoker replièd, "we just need to create the rupture. That way I can retire, with my darling daughter, little Gemma."

When a hacker can change a number, a hacker doesn't care about more than five digits.

{Shuffle}

The plan was: in through the Post Office, no fraud detection on a positive credit balance, out to Ireland, and then into City Bank America. Hackjack. A plus balance of three hundred and thirty three quid could render Robertson and Stoker five hundred and thirty seven US Dollars of positive credit. Positive credit: the absurdity of such a notion!

After the payload lumpsum had been depositèd into City Bank America, Stoker and Robertson could make a quick purchase of Post Office shares on the stock- market then sell them off to release the funds into their hands, leaving the initial original three hundred and thirty three quid remaining in the Post Office account.

Just so long as Robertson could do the dirty deed of altering some one's debt to make it one digit less so. That way, it would cause a glitch in what can only be describèd as a technological-eco-system responsive

mother to her cyber-suckling number-chugging yuppie-loving minions masquerading as professional hamshankers investment bankers. With that kind of glitch, Stoker could hedge a bet on the stock market at the moment it rupturèd and return to his other identity the early retirement package for him and his family. Out of the company, immediately.

"Escalation theory?" said English Defence League security.

"Is this some kind of squat party?" said another authority.

"Clear-and-present danger at-all-times: the illusion of security. Hope you don't mind the presence of the big bad boys?," said a private contractor of the privately funded soldier.

"We're waiting on another shipment."

"Robert Mugabber, monkey-jabber," raved a raver.

"Oh, not you, with you're abjadi-juju!" said the auspicious I to You.

"Uju buju, go suck a muthafuckin' juju."

"Anti-semantic. Anti-romantic. Are you anti-semitic?" said a critic.

"Not another haiku!" back to You.

"Juju!" replied an anarchist jew.

The anarcho-capitalist police made sure that all

arms sales running through the record label were kosher. The tehcno-eco-system needèd the overseer. The techno- eco-system needèd the protection. In the unreportèd world crime operations were rife and gang violence had gone up more than the GDP-deficit, only no such defecit existèd. People were still producing, decimals were still exchanging places, only the world didn't know about it. Faces and places. Heirs and graces. Noses and faces. Mothers and fathers. All our sons and daughters.

The techno-eco-system crew cataloguèd the large wooden boxes full of M-16's and AK-47A's as microphone stands and speaker boxes for the sale to large musical festivals in Europe and even further abroad. Like Goa and even Tel-Aviv.

Red-and-yellow tape, marked FRAGILE plastered the sides.

The crew emptièd the guns in the sight of the mercenaries in the back of the nightclub and fillèd the empty cargo boxes with their recyclèd blik cans, shipped to certain European locations where their good friends at Biffa would safely dispose of the trash. Some of it was fly-tipped in Holland, unfortunately, but the techno-eco-system, running efficiently, couldn't keep a tab on every little misdemeanour. This was the arms trade. This was the unreportèd world.

OK, guvnor!

William Quincy. Qavanagh turned guvnor. Qavanagh, QC, Queens council.

{addressing everybody}

"Ladies & Gentlemen of the Union," said Quincy, undressing someone mentally, his one-and-only, They wonderèd why them and not someone else, what had they done to deserve all this, and what may have causèd it to happen,

Quincy went on:

"What kind of news is it when the reported are reporting on the reporters?"

There was a short pause as Mister Quincy drew breath. The anticipation in the union hall was palpable. Democratic control in a labor union must be basèd to a large extent on satisfactions derivèd from devotion to a cause, from the exercise of leadership, or from anticipation of advancement …

"What kind of news reported reports on the reporting?" said Quincy.

{riddling}

"What kind of news reporting reports on the reported?" he went on. "And what in the world kind of news reports reported the reporting?"

Mister William Quincy was rhetoricking, with the currency of Q, a minority in thinking. Rhetoric is as palpable as currency; thoughts, beliefs, and emotions constitute and create our realities. Persuasive rhetorick is the great multiplier. How rhetoric matters in distinguishing the good stories from the bad attends to how ordinary citizens apprehend reality. Rhetoric is

muscular, active, vigourous. To have seen, to lift ourselves, to be part of an invigorating tonic of change.

His answer to the riddle was the following …

“Three newspapers that are discussed by three broadcast reporters!” he concludèd.

{applause}

“Ladies and Gentlemen of the Union,” continuèd Mister William Quincy. “In an unreported world, crimes have less status. Crime's go unnoticed. It's our job as men-of-letters and women-of-pictures to expose the wrongdoing. We do this accurately and fairly with no bias for making money at the expense of society. Yet, I fear, that the present state of the media has come to conceptualize the scandal, per se, as a mere commodity. We're grooming murderers, child abusers, handmaidens of adultery and capriciousness, marketing celebrity as idolatry, midas's instead of good mothers, and a whole host of pathological meme-carriers, each-and-all celebrating their lust for immortality on page three. And which ever page does not come to be dominated by repetitious sales coercion we glorify with skull-duggery grave-robbery body-swapping fluid-mixing club-footing table-waiting hand-jobbing.”

“You get rid of one black market and a worse one replaces it,” said Tulpa, now a news editor, many years later, many years after her time growing up with her surrogate father, Llugnurgus. But more about him and her later. Ok, guvnor!

Tulpa's voice came from amidst the congregation of the union.

“Deceivers all I write unto thee,” replièd Quincy.

“Wasn't that how we came to agree on our house style anontology style history?”

“I agree with you completely, however, I disagree with you entirely,” said a Unioner.

“Memetically, apparently,” offerèd another.

“However, we agree,” said the former.

“I'd rather play Isopsephy,” counterèd the latter.

Isopsephy: One-0-One; plenty-of-ones; no nones. A single moral underneath it all. We derive a universal principle from a number of particulars. We do this by making numbers agree to certain values.

Ξ H P A I Σ A P A B Σ H X
P A I Σ A P A B Σ
P A I Σ A P A B Σ
A A P A I ς β
Σ A P A I

A Cédilla corrupts a Beta. Beta-Values, a number of solutions. The final solution to the question. Incorrect calculations, although below look pleasing up-top. Isopsephy: One-0-One.

When values get dividèd, numbers get separatèd.

Ω Γ Ο Γ | Ι Σ Α Ρ Α | Δ Φ Ε Q
ϒ Τ Γ | Α Ι Σ Α Ρ | Β Τ Ζ
Τ Δ | Ρ Α Ι Σ Α | Γ Χ
Δ | Α Ρ Α Ι Σ | Γ
Ι Α Ρ Α **Σ Α Ρ Α Ι** Α Ρ Α Σ

What a formation! What does Qoppa really look like?

All philosophy requires a mathematical foundation.

Symmetry below, a middle pillar of logic, abstraction subtraction. Subtract to abstract!

To arrive at the universal principle means adding the particulars together to find out which value they share in common.

Isopsephy, where every number does agree! For how could we make philosophy if values did not agree?

When values get corruptèd, numbers move away from the single unifying principle, splitting into a number of abstract concepts. Numbers arguing over numbers.

Values when dividèd bring numbers with similar values together.

Pi as a value pertaining to three, the anomaly. No more recursion. Pi equals Eighty. Figure-of-Eighty. 80.

What to do with numbers whose values don't agree? Multiply via Isopsephy!

ΩΓΟΓ | ΙΣΑΡΑ | ΔΦΕQ
ϒΤΓ | ΑΙΣΑΡ | ΒΤΖ
ΤΔ | ΡΑΙΣΑ | ΓΧ
Δ | ΑΡΑΙΣ | Γ
ΙΑΡΑ **ΣΑΡΑΙ** ΑΡΑΣ

Here in Blighty in the beginning of the Twenty Third Century sociocracy versus sociocracy was institutionalised daily. A specialist think-tank was populated by specialist social engineers to bring about change to society incrementally.

"What do you think of the furniture?"

"Just another part of the organization."

The English sociocrats had deckèd out the place to make time frame itself in colours and moments. It was party to their think-tank policy research network to experiment with surroundings. Anything to make environments less boring.

"While one busy bee suffers an afternoon lag," said one.

" … a hive mind has a rush to suffer," repeatèd another.

"Precisely. So how do we make them equal to time frames?"

"How about making the working environment less institutional?"

“Okay, so, let's spitball.”

“Moveable coloured panels to replace white walls… ”

“Exchangeable?”

“Moveable. Moveable to entirely different institutions at different times of the day.”

“And then everyone suffers.”

In the sociocratic think-tank engineers were engineering the end of everything. Or so it seemèd at-the-time. The totalitismus fascismus don-daddy-Ismus of the Qrash.

Panacea meme manufacturing. Money laundering. Manufacturing the end. Robertson in no wise intendèd to crash the Internet, or anything. However, his digital debt-altering was creating a seismic shift in Internet server monitoring.

A Panacea to an Adword meme would successfully remove all the contraband sites that The Ideosphere had made accessible. Don't be evil, said Google; they were ones producing it.

Instead, EVOL; remember that? You'll need it.

Being the hacker that he was, Robertson wasn't satisfièd with just one success. Robertson wantèd to see if what Stoker had come up with could actually be done. If anyone was going to do it, it was Robertson, son.

Sure enough, the three hundred and thirty three quid had gone out from the Post Office, through the Bank of Ireland, and into the City Bank America mainframe.

Robertson firèd up his Comma-com mainframe.

Robertson saw into the mind of the very Self-Itself. Binary codes fell before his eyes like pretty pictures. The dim glow of his laptop, complete with pink-coloured desktop and even pinker windows, shone like a ring-of-roses around his eyes in the office of the sociocratic person.

Robertson was the only one left in the office. As soon as the contraband sites had gone down, everybody had left to celebrate in a bar down from the Opera.

Here ends our first chapter … The closure of the initial Fabula. The End of an Ayah.

Fabula II.

Yellow lights and brown shadows flickerèd, dancing around and about the place. Dust, sparkling, dust; light that shone through a crack in one of the planks that held the door together allowèd the new day to carry the remainder of the previous night away. It was morning.

The terracotta ceramic jug sat on the floor in the dusty corner of the roundhouse. Its bulbous bottom ran smooth from all the times that Rugey's hands had touched the vase. All those years, carrying it back-and-forth, wetting the dry clay. A crack ran down from the lip.

{a crack runs down from the lip}

Rugey went over to the jug and reachèd inside. A small pool of silty water lay puddlèd at the very bottom. She reachèd inside, being careful to only use one finger to gather some moisture. Her damp index finger ran over the lip of the baby Tulpa.

Rugey lookèd at the crack in the jug. Resignation hit the back of her eyes and reachèd out into the emptiness of the space around her as a blank stare, calm and settlèd and not at all ill-fatèd to what she had known as her natural home for so long.

Rugey returnèd the babe to the bed. Tulpa lay on the sole piece of swaddling cloth that comfortèd her throughout the night and carried her throughout the day.

Rugey's hands went up towards her head, gathering her hair. She archèd her back and she bound the mattèd locks of them together.

{gathering}

{together}

There was a piece of cloth hung around a piece of rope that tied the planks of the door together. She again reachèd inside the jug to wet the cloth and in the aptness of her nature, deft, and under the constant constraint of this same circumstance daily, rung out the cloth then proceedèd to tie it around her hair all in one fluid movement by one single hand.

Rugey pattèd the top of her head to make it flatten. She swaddlèd Tulpa in the red-and-yellow cloth. It was yellow from the sun dye and red from the fadèd dark brown it once had been. The swaddling was slightly brittle from the conditions.

She pickèd Tulpa off the ground and used the

ends of the swaddle to tie her to her upper chest, resting the babe on the tops of her breast.

With both her hands free, Rugey, the mother, placèd the jug atop her head.

Outside the roundhouse, the roundness of the sun was gently coming into view to all who were facing the horizon. All of the houses facèd the horizon. As per the custom: *upeo wa macho*.

Rugey could feel the cold morning mist and the chill of the breeze prickly upon her dark and lovely skin give way to the changing, slowly transmuting, warmth from the radiant sun the larger it became. The sun movèd from red to orange and then to yellow until the sky was completely blue and free.

Rugey found it hard to swallow, as if she had to swallow reluctantly.

°No clouds move above me° sang Rugey.

{sweetly}

{inwardly}

{in melody}

°*kinyume kutoka ambayo ... jua sisi kwenda*°

°*kinyume kutoka ambayo ... jua sisi kwenda*°

°*kinyume kutoka ambayo ... jua sisi kwenda*°

After the tribe had sang their praises in the light of the morning sun, they turnèd their backs on its rays. Some of the men would be gone for days. Hunting.

{gathering}

{together}

Rugey would make the journey, daily, towards the wellspring of Keikei between Konaka and Kikia. The journey felt long and arduous. One hand held the

ceramic jug, which startèd to bake atop her head as the time drew towards the midday noon. The other hand shadèd the face of the babe from the heat.

The oasis would come into view when Rugey knew she had passèd the shimmering mirage of the desert plain up ahead.

The pottèd clay burnèd hot against Rugey's right palm. The sand searèd through the callouses of her feet. Her hips continuèd to sway in the same continuous rhythm. From side-to-side they came and went moving the mother and the daughter along. Rugey continuèd in her African song,

°Shadda° determinèd Rugey,

{in melody}

Shadda brought them closer and the other people startèd to appear. Together they arrivèd to gather at the mouth of the water.

The street urchin asks for ten centimes to which I reply: what would our father's say? To me, not to give or support a destitute cause, and to you, why is my son without a home?

“Chip-n-pin has rendered us penniless,” said Llugnurgus.

“Once my benefactors, now my apologetic passers by,” replièd a homeless guy, sitting at the automatic transaction machine.

{dispensing cash}

44.67E in debt.

It was Llugnurgus's bank balance. He wouldn't notice that one digit that had been altered overnight.

{a news report reporting reports a one-time spectacle}

IT SAID:

NO SERVER ACTIVITY … A CATASTROPHE … THE ENTIRETY OF THE INTERNET HAS MALFUNCTIONED AND NO ONE CAN ACCESS ANYTHING … THE AUTHORITIES ARE INVESTIGATING …

Llugnurgus was cursing. He took the sacrament cup, moist to his lips, and began drinking. Again, drowning and cursing.

People saw the face of the Phantom of the Opera on the Apple Mac statues that had fallen into disrepute. It tiltèd its head to one side in the most tragi-comic macabre theatre playing itself out live as the livewire of the network droppèd dead.

There was nothing inside them. Everyone beheld the empty cases and began to revere the outside of the machines.

The Kraakser autonomous zoners had made a museum out of them. It was a temple fillèd with white stone pillars that came to chest height. The base of the pillar was circular, and the cylindrical shaft that ran vertical bore the sculptor's grooves.

A pink Apple Mac sat open on top of the disc that formèd the the top of the pillar. The only disc worth using. A purple Mac, a black Mac, the infamous white one, a selection, all of them statuesque, sat on top of the individual pillars, mocking our lack of satisfaction.

People began to talk properly again. No more panopticon.

Lounging in the temple, being laughably sociable, sombrely poignant; at different times, different things.

“All the sensations we've tricked ourselves into virtually believing whilst interacting with virtually nothing is slowly socially dissolving,” said a Kraakser.

{observing}

“Those who know how to use Linux can choose not to teach the uninitiated,” said a Comma-com server knower.

{secret-keeping}

It gave the Mossad agents a rest from the constant shifting.

°shift°

… of information.

In war, truth is the first casualty.

The truth was the one that could be false, actually. Actually is like the antidote to presumption.

Actuality: it could-not-be falsity.

°Oh my, oh my, oh me° thought falsity. The truth, the truth, and the truth.

Put a cliché upon a cliché and it-could-be nothing but the falsity. Lies lies lies come in threes-threes-threes.

°Lie to me again … tell me lies, tell me sweet little lies°

The half-truth and nothing but the lie.

°The truth is, I'm a liar°

{ … }

°I'm Lamed. Did I mention that already? It's my call-sign. The ghost who walks as I'm known in-the-business. Nobody knows who anyone is in the business. Mossad vs. Mossad. Honestly, it's crazy. Nobody knows anybody. The information about nuclear capability is all that concerns me. The Furies, those Erinyes, a madness that only an intelligence agent succumbs to, rise up within me, screaming at me, find me. The briefcase, the briefcase, the briefcase. That fucking briefcase.°

Lamed was waiting for the seventh direction. A code-word that Lamed was not supposèd to mention. It was as if the seventh direction was all the information that Lamed had to base his decision upon.

The Furies: °U-S-A !!!°
°U-S-A !!!°
°U-S-A !!!°

USB. The terrorists have nuclear capability. They even have the employability. A USB storage facility. Everything you need to know about constructing a rogue arm. Containèd upon.

Since no one had figurèd out that USB memory storage units don't interfere with flight technology everybody took them on board. It didn't matter. There was no umbrella health-and-safety policy regarding that kind of technology on aircraft voyages. FIN-Am. PAN-Am.

°5AM, we're movin'. The briefcase is on-the move° thought Lamed.

The Mossad despatch group had had word from head office. H.R.. Human Relations. Kaiaphas was the man in Israel.

°I swear he is responsible° thought Lamed.

Lamed rememberèd reading about his predecessors, the exchangers, the betrayers, the shuffle-shifting could be table layers. The anonymous. The exposèd. Exposèd for their fraud and high-treason. The reason? Russia had fifty, now they have forty, and who should be responsible but our very own assembly.

“You know what a federation is don't you?” said Kaiaphas.

{across-the-line}

“Yeah, it's a privatized tax system,” replièd

Lamed.

{doing-a-line}

“A Ronald Regan administration,” said Kaiaphas.

“He was a good actor on the silver-screen,” replièd Lamed, “and an even better one in the White House.”

Lamed was humouring Kaiaphas. Lamed was sure he was on to Kaiaphas.

The agency were taught that paranoia and sophistry were useful enemies to have as friends, in the lying game. In the lying game, having friends as enemies was like never feeling guilty. The Furies were a mind control technique. As if it wasn't enough in political rhetoric. Hectic. Frantic. Lamed had just got back from the Baltic. No sign of the briefcase there.

The power of three. Lies lies lies come in threes threes threes. Those Erinyes, at it again. So, if an agent sensèd that an environment was becoming aware of what an agent might be doing, an agent instantly employèd deceiving.

The wire was the one receiving, if the agents were not listening they were talking. A constant broadcasting. And then Lamed heard his phone ring. Lamed picked it up, not knowing who could be giving him the seventh direction. Lamed had to phrase his words very carefully, mentally, before speaking to anyone properly.

°Think of a paradox, quick° thought Lamed, just the way he was taught to think.

The agency were taught to think before they

were allowèd to talk. But the simple realization of a paradox could lead to more dangerous situations than the ones they were taught to get out of. If in a fix, think six-six-six. And then seven immediately after. Once. And. Once. Only. This was the training of the agency of the agency. This is how the secret war was read.

Within the Freemasonry could be heard a load of juju-jabbery; saying a secret prayer underneath the veil.

The company assemblèd had their heads coverèd. Some wore black, entirely; some wore red, symbolically; some wore white, virginally. All wore Tau robes. If you've never seen, or wore for that matter, a Tau robe, you should imagine a garment that runs across your shoulders and hangs loose underneath your arms, the hood billows, drapes over the head and covers the eyes. Out-of-sight.

One Masonic lodge differs from one to the other. Each specific branch has its own specific goals; yet, there are certain uniformities to a history of practices, services and ceremonies. Not for the likes of novices.

The floors of the grand lodge were mosaic. Black-and-white tiles ran around the outside of a wooden centre, linèd, panelèd, supportèd underneath by oaken truss rods.

In the centre was a trap door.

A soothsayer drew forward.

“Gentlemen. Initiation,” said the sayer.

A huddle crowdèd together. No visible gender. A quorum mooting with soothsaying. The red robèd encirclèd. They swayèd with diction and discretion, as they had been advisèd.

The baritone among the scarlet lettermen sang:

°*Isuas*°

{A quorum praying}

“Mutable, my presence and my tense,” said an anonymous conspirator to the other.

“Absolutely!” said Ismus.

{in an abstract way}

In an abstract way, they did they, concernèd themselves with the deity and guiding the outer society in the proper way. Via, veritas, vie.

{Ismus meets Qadmus}

… in the hallway.

“Collegiate! Gather near,” shoutèd a shouterer.

“Darkness,” retires a retirer'er.

{enclosing}

The shadow men were enclosing in upon the enclosèd. Torch lights, with large rope wicks dipped in glass vases of oil hung in harlequin formation from the walls and cast flickering shadows from the veils which dancèd on the chequerèd outskirt parts of the ceremonial stage floor.

A frater hung above in the rafter as a patient and well versèd observer.

“The observant, the querent,” said the frater hung above in the rafter.

{the Tau posture}

Time went on until it was much much later; a bell rang *ablanathanalba* and so enterèd the enterer'er, the representative of Matuta. Nomino musa …

A true appearance of an apparition was well underway. In an abstract way.

"The Son of Man," said the Son of a Woman.

{appearing veilèd}

"Blood-clot," jokèd a jester.

"Medium," messaged a messenger.

{messenger}

Messenger. Once, and only once. Séance, see you once, never again. Secrecy guaranteed through discipline of pain.

If you're not a frater with a Qabbalistic number then you have never met a soror either. Neither neither, never never, either either, it doesn't really matter.

"The jester, the old-timer," said a senior.

"Disbelief," said a woman.

{astonishment}

She was definitely a woman, angerèd that she could see the day job clothes of the quorum on show, not coverèd by the veil completely.

If the faces could have been seen, the jaws would be agog and the eyes would have shone with agon. The one in question was definitely a woman.

Why would our good friends at Biffa want a conspiracy? Normal day job, usually. Every adept, eventually becomes admittèd to high society. As long as they know piety.

"Absolute piety demands absolute unity," said sorority.

"Or does absolute unity demand absolute piety?" said sobriety.

Every initiate was taught to drink by the measure of the eight and ninety rules of art. One sip, another degree; piety and sobriety.

"The individual is the party," said one privy.

In the contemporary age, a conspiracy helps the political economy, as long as it operates properly, under the auspices of secrecy and the kind of loyalty, wholly and holy, that allows free men to roam freely no matter what their identity.

"¡No Pasaran!" said an initiate.

{not understanding why}

When an utterance gets utterèd and the initiate fails to understand why, it goes without saying, given as a given, that its source is the evil eye.

Knowledge comes from this one source, the third eye – the initiate yet unaccustomèd was still struggling to comprehend why – but as for the eye, the iris is bright, and from this source comes the knowledge of light. Yet, the higher knowledge, the secrets of the art proceed from the pupil.

Pupils were dilated; the lights were lowerèd as curtains descendèd. Ismus met Qadmus in the hallway.

"The observant, the querent," said a magister.

"The amateur, the lover."

"No grade higher."

{initially}

Initially, members ran their initials by each other's when they couldn't see each other's faces but each of them were sneaking glances. Glances, glances,

places, trances. No one knew the novices, except for credentials outside the premises.

Once inside:

{ *entrée* }

Three days later …

{ *exeunt* }

What happenèd next was so secret, it just cannot be utterèd.

A bell rang *ablanathanalba* and ceremonies proceedèd no further. Suffice it to say, that breathing got quicker and heavier, an exponential riser, the novice now the master, then slower to softer, a whisky after, no sign of the soror.

{the sign of the soror}

Ismus presidèd over -isms of all descending kinds. Ismus was present in 1862 when *The Emancipation Proclamation* was passèd but always absent if ever there was a truant.

Mutable, my presence and my tense, says Ismus.

Ismus likes to say absolutely in an abstract way, for it would be absurd not to.

Absolutely!

The Patron of The Academy, says Ismus self-appointèd, *Collegiate! Gather near*, a piano-fortissimo concerto.

Ismus has always been of no colour nor emitting

them nor separating into them.

Darkness, says Ismus.

Ismus has no pulse but a radiant force.

Ismus became an activist for the apologist of the Second Century and the spiritual godfather of a Christ born of flesh.

The Son of Man.

Ismus became adventure, the air in the blood vessels!

Blood-clot.

Ismus considers aesthetic values in literature and art more important than social or moral values.

Medium.

Ismus encourages discrimination and stereotyping of age groups but loves it when a pensioner plays a practical joke.

The jester, the old-timer.

Ismus creates perceptual phenomena as objects of knowledge and propagates the non-belief in God.

Disbelief!

Ismus fought in the army of the heavens above the Spanish Civil War, wrestling with powers and principalities, rallying support for General Franco, the ambassador of private property and agrarian rights.

¡*No Pasaran*!

Ismus makes warnings needless heedless but likes the shrill sound of the alarm clock.

The promptness of it!

Those with Achromatosis were made in the image of Ismus.

Substance, no separation.

Ismus can feel concernèd about people who drink wine, beer and spirits to excess.

Poison.

Ismus can only count to nine before starting again from zero yet he has the ability to understand the most complex of algorithms.

Zero-infinite-zero.

Ismus looks at the Alien and assigns the alienatèd with different values and rights basèd on their species membership.

Sapien.

Ismus lookèd into the eyes that were blue and witnessèd them turn brown, when the alleles met upon the locus.

Mutation.

Ismus is present at every point of evolution.

Mister Cohen was a pious jew. He inheritèd an apothecary from his father and his father's father before that. He would concoct potions in the cellar and then put the brightly colourèd liquids in large jars in the shop window. There they all sat, in their jug jars, opaque yet garish, the colours glowing through the shop window.

{above the shop window}

IT READ:

COHEN.

Inside, Mister Cohen's daughter Rebecca read about alchemy.

“Hey, Rebecca, hey! Say *Cholam-Maley*. Say *Cholam-Maley*. Hey, Rebecca, hey!” sung Mister Cohen.

“Oh?” replièd Rebecca.

Mister Cohen's given name was Gideon. His friends called him *Yedidyah*, for fellow and beloved. He was precious to his community for supplying them with the cure for every ailment.

Gideon was concocting a remedy. A most auspicious cure that he hopèd would elevate his status and make him less poor.

°Oh, death where is thy victory? Oh, grave where is thy sting!° he affirmèd.

A batch of nettles he was growing for homeopathic soups were sitting beside where he was working. One of the spikey hairs on one of the nettles pricked him as he was concoctoring.

“Ouch!” exclaimèd Gideon.

Gideon reachèd for an anointment. Mister Gideon Cohen was a very hedonistic man. He had a remedy for everything, except for one thing. His age. And his ailing daughter, Rebecca.

{the door bell rings}

Gid, the crazy alchemical yid, came running out from the back to meet the arrival at the front door of the apothecary.

"*Yedidyah*!" exclaimèd Gideon.

"*Adon* Gidon," said Mister Magog, his friend and confidant.

The two gentlemen gave each other a secret salutatory handshake. "*Adon sheliy*, mister-of-me, Mister Magog, *Adonai*," said Gideon.

The two gentlemen embracèd, pattèd each other on the back and shook each other delightfully.

"*Rofiy sheliy*, mister-of-me, *Yedidyah, Adonai*," came the reply from Mister Magog.

"Have you heard about this new Psi-Qolog?" askèd Gideon.

"No, why! Who is he?" askèd Mister Magog in response.

"Why! He does not treat with pharmacy and his inclinations, racially, portend to the single unifying principle," said Gideon.

"Do the *Beyt Din* know of him?" wonderèd Mister Magog.

"I wonder if they do as yet, mister-of-me?" enquirèd Gideon. "I'm worried that he may possess a qymical cure of another nature. I wonder whether he might put me out of business?"

"Whether exists," said Mister Magog.

With a look of concern, the two men cast a glance to Bernstein's old place, generations gone, and then up to the stars that were shining in the night sky. Generations above.

"Incorruptible love, below and above," said Mister Magog with a gentle shove, "let's go inside."

Rebecca came running through from the back of the shop to greet her father's favourite customer.

"*Avi sheliy*, mister-of-me, Mister Magog, *Adonai*!" exclaimèd Rebecca.

{with a look of wonder}

"*Bat sheliy*, daughter-of-me, mistress of the letter, exhibitor of the agency of the letter, *eloah ve'da'ath*," replièd Mister Magog.

With a look of surprise, Mister Magog's eyes, his big and bright blue eyes, widenèd as if to take in more of his favourite subject. Rebecca beamèd up at him and her face shone with the natural olive glow of her twice removèd distant origin.

"What is that you have for me?" askèd Mister Magog.

"It's an alchemical manuscript that father is helping me to prepare!" said Rebecca.

Rebecca reachèd up to give Magog the manuscript. The book had a leather cover that was a deep red colour, and the front was indentèd, impressèd, with a *Magen*, the jewish star. Mister Magog leafèd through the pages and he noticèd that they were hand-bound, with little pieces of string wrappèd around the leafy edges and sewn into the spine. Every qymical calculation was measured to proportion and written within. Rebecca had even includèd some sketches of a *Nazirah* wedding garment she dreamt of wearing on her wedding day but when she sensèd that Mister Magog was about to reach the page that would unveil her grand design she quickly snatchèd back the book.

Gideon timely interruptèd, removing any

awkwardness that Mister Magog may have felt if he had uncoverèd Rebecca's specific details of one of the biggest of qymical secrets: the union opposites.

"We believe that we may have found a potion that can prolong life for a number of years, don't we pet, *meohavet*?" said Gideon.

Mister Magog was very good to Rebecca. Afterall, he was her godfather. He would read to her, as an author, a make-believe bedtime story every Friday night after the blessing of the table.

Before the breaking of bread and a cleansing of the head with *Shabat* wine, he read.

"Blessed art thou, mister-of-me, *Adonai*," he read.

After the breaking of bread, he said nothing, instead pausing, before resuming with the blessing. All three of them were enjoying the evening.

Later that faithful night was a rather fateful insight … a knock upon the holy of holies, Rebecca's bedroom door.

"*Miy, Atah*," asked Rebecca, "Who and wherefore thou are?"

"*Aniy*, Qadmus," replièd Mister Magog. "*Miy, At*? And who and wherefore she is?"

"*Aniy, bat shelkha*, daughter-of-thee," replièd Rebecca, "enter in, Qadmus, thee."

"Bed-time story, *bat sheliy*?" said Mister Magog, in proposition to Rebecca.

{in character}

{in cognito}

"A bed-time story, for me!" replièd Rebecca.

Mister Magog openèd the book.

HE READ:

And among the Children of Men rose up a wonderfully nubile woman. Her name, Belladonna. Her immense beauty was due to a diet of the most potent of plant leaves indigestible to the less fair and even those born of strong fathers. She would stroll nakèd through the Lilys with her lover Amaryllis causing Qadmus, the ghost, jealousy.

°Jealousy? Qadmus thee! I wonder what happenèd to Ismus?° thought Rebecca.

{Qadmus continues}

She pickèd perennially the nightshade leaves returning home to prepare them.

Amaryllis was monotypically unique being also immune to the toxicity of the nightshade potions, something Qadmus, the ghost, never considerèd in his covetousness. Qadmuses infatuation grew as so did Belladonna's fruitful libido. When Qadmus left the void of spectre-hood as a vacuous space, the angels were glad for the silence. "No more dastardly melody!" they exclaimèd. The ghost of Qadmus enterèd into the houses of Belladonna's neighbours looking for an host influential. The Chieftan's son, a man callèd Khan, became the most suitable candidate for a possession by a parasitic host. The ghost, not anonymous, but

Qadmus. Nubile like Amaryllis but single like the monotype chosen by Qadmus to rival the love of Belladonna!

Qadmus led Khan to The River and instructèd him to enter the water. Once clean and cold the man Khan turnèd susceptible to the entry of the parasitic host. Qadmus, the ghost, seizing his chance possessèd the man Khan and waitèd in lay for the lovers. Qadmus felt the intense carnality of the human upon his first entry, for it was his first departure from the æthereal to the corporeal and a hunger and lust burnèd his aesophagus. The feelings of the man Khan unrecognisable to Qadmus forcèd a frenzy in their duality.

Hunger and lust turnèd to rage with arms trembling. It wouldn't be long before the lovers would arrive. And so it came to pass that the most-favourèd Belladonna, the prize of the Fathers and the love of the Mothers, skippèd along the Lily-bed hand-in-hand with Amaryllis.

°All of a sudden!…°
{Rebecca anticipates}

The reaching pining grasping wanting of Qadmus for Belladonna became the slewing hand of the man Khan to Amaryllis. Eyes averting from the murderèd fallen, Khan by Qadmus snatchèd Belladonna. But without the immunity of the flower, the kiss of Belladonna provèd to be fatally mortal. As lips met with want to consummate a rush of blood went to

both heads. Belladonna's cheeks sweat with frustration and unease and a disease of poison transmittèd itself through the membrane of her lips to the man Khan's rushing mouth.

And so it came to pass that the word spread throughout all of Attica as to Belladonna's treachery towards the Chieftan's son. The man Khan's deaden body lay bled blue in the River Lily, venomèd by the flower and led astray by the contaminator Qadmus, who fled from the corpse at the moment of shedding to return to his place among the Pantheon.

{interjection}
"The Kiss of Death … " Rebecca spoke aloud
{realization}

Then, Qadmus rallièd the Greeks to make the martyr a hero in his own name and so the man Khan became the idolater of women that Atticans so desirèd to worship.

"It's about objectification, father," concludèd Rebecca.

° … °

Rebecca hummèd a Hebrew melody in her sleepy head before saying it aloud,

"*Aniy rotzeh lish'nah*. I want to sleep now."

"*Lish'nah, lish'nah, lish'nah*," hummèd Mister Magog.

{to sleep}

{to sleep}
{to sleep}
Repetition to sleep, a whisper. “*Mishnah*.”
A whisperer yet not a stranger. *Adonai*.

Maeve Llwyllwyn was the worst of the lot. Autistic and an aspiring author.

Gozzing all over the page, she was droulling.

“This is the work of the leading psychologist,” admittèd Psi-Qolog to Maeve.

He was reading °what he thought° was a play she had written but in the reality of realities, stories wrapped within stories, among all sorts of psychic anomalies, it was much more than that.

Maeve's Hebrew was sub-par but Psi-Qolog could tell she had a talent. In fact, he was grooming her. She wantèd to express something to someone.

°Her poor Holocaust delusion° thought Psi-Qolog. °She thinks the final solution to the Jewish question is a fundamental numerological problem. I'd like to explore that notion.°

“I'm just having a little trouble with the characters,” said Psi-Qolog to Maeve.

{reading the part about her play}

°Oh me, this is good. I wonder if I should steal it, hide it somewhere, or rebrand it as my own? I mean, I'm not even charging! And that crêche isn't going to

pull it in° Psi-Qolog conspirèd.

“The final is a problem for me,” said Maeve, “it looks like a Cedilla.”

Maeve had inventèd a new character. She had drawn the Hebrew letter *Mem-Sof* with a *dagesh* in it.

On the same page were vast mathematical calculations. The Greek character, Sigma, was next to a sum. A Latin Cedilla was corrupting the image of the Greek Beta. Her final solution. It wasn't really a Jewish question because she was an orphan; no one knew her origin.

Maeve was so good at inventing characters for her play that she often had trouble suspending her disbelief. It was as if she didn't know what part she was playing in reality.

Psi-Qolog was eager that Maeve could show him a solution to a problem, for in it lied the solution to all of her problems, no matter what Psi-Qolog's identity was to her. That was the problem. So much confusion amidst all the characters!

“Pi was never three-point-one-four-two,” she said. Such as it was that Maeve did so.

“All this recursion is going to get us nowhere,” said Psi-Qolog.

°I can't cast my imagination away from this cursed book she's writing. Blast her! She's going to outsell me one day … I hope I didn't moot that with a thought!° thought Psi-Qolog. °Good job men in position do not display psychic qualities … It must end now. Was it better when I didn't know about this girl's abilities?°

{again opening her book}
Psi-Qolog really had to find out …

IT READ:

ν.

'Genesis Conception, Conception Genesis,' says Ipsis to Ionis.

δ.

Ιωνις: *"An exposure to suggestion,"*
{balancing himself a pose}

°So she implies her gestures through the use of parentheses? Literally! Clever girl° thought Psi-Qolog.

Ασικο: *"I appear as an open book and ev'rybody else can colour me in,"*
{draws outside the lines}

Αδφερο: *“I appear as a work of fiction where grey turns to black-and-white,”*
{one hand replacing one color}

°If she's a painter we must contact MENSA° thought Psi-Qolog.

Αφερο: *“Where such sharpening of focus seems so apparent a polarization of ideals occurs,”*
{holding Utopia, holding the bond}

°Very intelligent for some one of that age in this condition° thought Psi-Qolog.

Λοκυπλετο: *“If so, what should that mean to the Existentialist?”*
{raisèd arms in plea against it}
°wanting justice°

°So she implies the thoughts of her characters through cantillation marks? Do they sing° wonderèd Psi-Qolog. °This has all sorts of implications for the study of the Autistic condition°

Λεανα: *“I define myself as a myth,”*

{embracing us from above}

Χασιοπεια: *“I exploit the power of myth,”*
{surrounding us from below}

Υενυς: *“The Order finds meaning where none other finds,”*
{LOVE equals EIGHTY}

°Could this be intelligence?° ponderèd Psi-Qolog:

{confused slightly}

Ιωνις: *“Everything full of meaning means less,”*
{enjoining}

°enjoying°

Χασιοπεια: *“It contributes to the whole,”*
{enjoining the number of us}

Λοκυπλετο: *“It needs a revelation! Love equals the number Eighty,”*
{resurrecting the dead}

v.

Conception needèd a resurrection. Genesis needèd an end. To begin with let us consider a number. Only nine of them need consideration. One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, then Ten? Begin again!

All numbers found equality in zero. All return to zero. Zero-infinite-zero. Ask an Arab they'll tell you the same. "Square root of minus-one." Leave that until later. We explain LOVE as an EQUAL number.

Split a Pi into Eighty. For that value according to Hebrew did not require three- point-one-four-two. Mathematics hates a recursion.

A trivial pursuit lovèd by the amateur sees love as a picture and a number. Shall we talk about NASA?

Apparently they offer up to the numer of a million dollar for a number. The true value of Pi. How does one spell LOVE? El, Oh, Vi, Ee.

Considering another letter considers another number. For example, joining the two, E and L makes one figure. O and H makes one figure. V and I makes one figure. E and E makes one figure. El, Oh, Vi, Ee. A number. The value of such a number – ten million dollar from NASA? – changes for ever. Split a number. Puella. The Daughter; The Birth Mother, Cassiopeia; the Crone, Ionis

{squaring the root of Minus-One}.

°I wonder what she is trying to express with all that recursion at the end there? I must read on° thought

Psi-Qolog.

Until we arrive at Isopsephy we change the order for ever. "The Order finds meaning where none other finds," says the goddess equal to the value of Five overall but not before she transmogrifies into these characters: ΘΞB.

{Ionis enjoining}

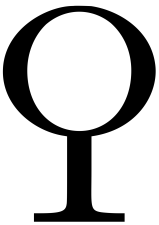
°She could have a recessive gene?° thought Psi-Qolog. °A recursive meme!°

Allow one to demonstrate atop a table!

x1	x10	x100
A	I	*Q
B	K	P
Γ	Λ	Σ
Δ	M	T
H	N	O
Y	Ξ	X
Z	Ω	**Ψ
E	P	Φ
Θ	ς	

Time-On-Chime, we're right on time! A Sigma anomaly to boot. Resurrecting Sampi will cause a few problems!

**Q really looks like this:*



Say hello to Qoppa, the show-stopper, the table-topper, to the value of One Hundred, window-shopper.

***Show me a Ψign!*

Upsilon {Y}, column one, value 6. Epsilon {ε}, column one, value 8. Nu {ν}, column two, value 5. Upsilon again {υ}, column one again, value 6 again. Sigma {ς}, which one? The final. The ender.

Gone for ever. So says the eraser, decomposing. So says The Grand Editor: "hand me a lead utensil I need to scratch out your 'I's". But more of that later says the autistic author.

°Does she acknowledge her own weakness?° thought Psi-Qolog.

Sigma final, you see, this means trouble. This autistic author sees a "c" with a Cédilla as a sigma, an altogether different number. The final letter and the value of the final number. Nine. Column Two. °What column?° I perceive you think. Only a matrix can suffice to explain.

I can only hazard a guess as to how many have been misled by the values of numbers. All numbers. Equal. None-above-All. An estimatèd guess found the estimation as a wrong assumption, "a negative ION," says Ionis, decomposing.

As statèd above: E and L enjoinèd, Cassiopeia enjoining the number of us, createdè a new value.

Neither Three nor Eight but Thirty Eight. See matrix and alight {Ionis enlightening}.

To enjoin one and two made a character or two agree. The joining of all numbers to all letters forcing a final agreement. Every beginning making an ending. The final saying. The values of enjoining encompassing.

Conception needèd a resurrection. A number that had gone missing. Nine. There exists a stark thing about values attributèd to numbers and numbers to letters. If one value adds another takes away. First it giveth then it taketh away. So what could another number nine look like? Three examples of one value look like this:

Θ Ч Ц
Ц Θ Ч
Ч Ц Θ

The famous Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin, noted aptly: "The letters constituting the Slavonic alphabet do not produce any sense!"

At the end of the First World War Russia took counsel from the Slavonic people and outlawèd The Greek from the matrix. Can one guess which one does not bear Russia resemblance in the above matrix? No more Theta waves! No more Thetans in-the-graves. But it couldn't prevent another war. A war of words slaying numbers upon numbers ensuèd.

{arguing over numbers}

The Phoenicians were travelers and traders of

numbers and letters. Many numbers barterèd many values for assimilation of characters into cultures. The traders drew figures into the sand upon the shores of which they arrivèd. And so one split into two and then got passèd around a few. As one letter split into two, people began to know who from who.

Identities among groups characterized themselves through the characters and numbers of letters. But with so many letters saying so many different things confusion amidst the characters arose.

3:1:3:1:2
Σ A P A I
3:1:2:1:1
4:3:3:2
7:6:5
Z X H
7:6:5
4:2
6
X

All the parts of Sarai's name enjoin to make a single character {X}. So the value of her name equals Six Hundred via Isopsephy.

Let us conclude with NASA. Apparently they offer up to the numer of a million dollar for a number. The true value of Pi.

2:3:1:8
Λ O Y E
3:5:6:8
8:2:5
1:7
Σ Z
1:7
8
π

This is how we explain LOVE as an EQUAL number. No more recursion. No more splitting up. The characters remain together. Enjoinèd.

I think that sums-it-up!

{Psi-Qolog closes the book}

A quorum of English Defence League members gatherèd together in the local town hall.

"The Melchizedek principle is a simple principle, if you've read the Bible of the Bible, Ephraim gentlemen."

The voice came from their centre-right leader. It was good company to see a conversation orator. Pauses for questions after, yet until after a deliverer or a message constructor, the listener. Singular, listening. Therefore, understanding.

« *L'loi d'retour c'est dix per cent monsieur* » said a member of the English Defence League to the conversation orator.

There were never any niggers present at an EDL meeting.

Kovax had just got his piece for the first time that day. Kovax was trying it on for size. Kovax didn't need to touch it. Kovax didn't want to touch it. It was a .45 automatic handgun. It didn't have a safety catch but it had a stiff trigger so it wouldn't go off. It sat in a leather holster, next to Kovax's bits-and-bobs.

°It gets warm down there. You'll just have to take my word for it. I'm Igor Kovakskaja. The boss calls me Kovax. I'm a hardcase from Russia policing South Ossetia. Oh, Georgia … She's my Sakartsvili lover° tells the teller.

“Are we still in a fucking hotel room in Sakartsvili?” said Georgia to Kovakskaya.

“We're still fucking in a hotel room in Sakartsvili… ” replièd Kovax.

{embracing}

Kovax was a runner for the chief inspector. Nobody knew that Kovax was Policija. Kovax would sit in cafes and write to Georgia, the city and his faithful lover. And when Kovax was finishèd, Kovax would go and get a Vodka. Kovax always tippèd his bartender.

The law of return is ten per cent.

“I am the law and I will return,” said Kovax to his barkeeps. The barkeeps kept it under wraps. From one to the next. Returning for a game of wraps. Cards on knuckles until they bled.

Kovax would stagger home drunk with his loaded gun. It felt harder when Kovax was wreckèd on Vodka. Harder to follow an order.

°General's Orders° Kovax remindèd himself as Kovax bowèd down until Kovax bowèd out. Kovax was pressing two hundred and eighty a week at-that-point and he could hold his core up for over a minute without relent.

“The Republican penman?”

“Just shipped in, what needs signin'?”

El Presidentée was the prototype of the courtesy copy courier penman: the CCCP. Unionists march together, Republicans charge everyone and the Federation has to pick up the bill.

The sociocrats and journalists had arrived in San Francisco ready to smash the fuck out of the headquarters of the Deutsche Welle office.

“Why are you a Republican?”

“Because I've been shafted by the institution.”

The times had reachèd the latter part of the decade of the Tens. *El Presidentée* was a figure of

antipathy and the sentiment was driving him fucking crazy.

"Just send him to the enemy, his ego silences the assembly."

"Why, is he holy?"

"He might be … he's into international jewry and freemasonry."

°The gross impiety° thought *El Presidentée*, was not being unitèd against our common enemy, a term that *El Presidentée* referred to as *Chelovyekiy*.

"Where is she?" he said.

{referring to his assistant}

Things had gotten beyond a joke and no one took *El Presidentée* seriously. *El Presidentée's* career was going under quickly.

"Will you sign this for me?"

{upon the tiddy}

Yet another orgy, number three hundred and thirty three. At first, *El Presidentée* enjoyèd the novelty but at each and every dinner, at the end of each and every Ayah, party people expectèd the autography.

°*Samekh* equals sixty, section end forty three° thought *El Presidentée*, in his anonymity, still too one dimensional for intimacy.

For all that *El Presidentée* had fought for for other people to remain free, from the height of national security to the lowly freemasonry orgy, all our best player was looking for was a break from the antipathy.

"Noam Chomsky inspires me," said *El Presidentée* to an intellectual at yet another dinner party.

{candidly}

Cocktails and *hors d'oeuvres* made for a sultry yet also sombre mood. It was only when the champagne was servèd that the conversation began to bubble up. Things became more candid and the cameras had arrivèd, following the news reporters who were tripping up over their microphone cables, bustling into the crowd, nudging officials to get closer to *El Presidentée*.

“I'm an absolute bastard but I won't treat you like one unless you absolutely deserve it,” said *El Presidentée* into one of the cameras. “Is that thing on?” he went on.

El Presidentée laughèd. It wasn't the live news.

{the news denoues}

{*denouement*}

El Presidentée tried to temper it. *El Presidentée* tried to reserve it. It must have been the way the nerve got hit. And then a cigar got lit and it took the feeling right out of it. *El Presidentée* calmèd and returnèd to it. Normality.

But the sociocrats were in deep shit.

El Presidentée had just got word from his entourage that a group of foreigners had just smashèd a window at his headquarters downtown.

“Thrivin' or survivin'?” askèd Mister Magog;

from one yid to another.

"I'm goin' under," said Gid.

Gideon Cohen's business was going under. He was just about to administer the cure.

"A drastic disease requires a drastic cure, Rebecca" he said.

Gid put a teaspoon full of sugar into a very warm solution and allowèd it to sink to the bottom. There it remainèd until the very end. A tooth-tickle.

It was a vanilla tea with a very astringent kymical addition. Gid was considering making a potion consisting of the elements Mercury, Lithium, and Beryllium.

Before he mettlèd the metal he prickèd himself with a nettle.

"Ouch!" he exclaimèd. "That dastardly nettle, once again."

It had happened twice like that the last time Gid concoctorèd.

Gid poppèd a stick of cinnamon into the finishèd potion and let it ruminate in the liquid just long enough to scent it before he took it out once again. It was almost complete. He took the kymical extracts of the Lithium and the Beryllium and addèd them to the Mercury and with this a mild explosion occurrèd.

It took both Rebecca and Mister Magog by surprise. They threw their arms back in consternation, agog at the situation. Gideon knew exactly what to expect, the explosion, so he took a shrewd step back when it went off in his face. It was a good job he was wearing his goggles for safety.

It was obscene. Gid knew it wasn't right for Rebecca. He had not followèd her special alchemical formula.

Rebecca was always down and it made her cough much worse because she couldn't run-and-play with the likes of Yihnrih and Ahnrah.

"*Malahah*!" coughèd Rebecca.

The only thing that made her happy, and toleratèd her illness, was the joy she receivèd from writing in her alchemical manuscript book. Rebecca wasn't to realize that she was authoring her own death with such pleasure. Her father would overlook the proportions of the alchemical formula that was strictly made to measure. She wouldn't see her father in the world-to-come because of it.

"Rome falls nine times an hour. Your average working day."

Burnsie and Bagsie got all ravdak davar about Tot-Ton not having the employability.

"You know, it was John Lennon who likened New York to Rome and the US to the Roman Empire," said Burnsie.

"New York, 1974, a group of yids responded to unemployment in the most radical way," replièd Bagsie. "They started a *minyan* on *shabat* and called it cooperative prayer lifting and moving boxes in a

warehouse. Amazing what passes for *qadosh*."

"What about the women?" wonderèd Burnsie.

"*Minyan b'beyt*, in the house. Stich-and-bitch. Wall hangings, throes, cushion covers, you name it," replièd Bagsie.

"Hey Donnie, why don't you try for a position as a runner at that newspaper down from the Opera?" said his faithful lover, Connie, not the other, the other one.

{twins come in in twos)

"Honestly, Connie, these terrors!" said Bagsie, lovingly. "I thought the recessive gene was supposed to skip a generation. How did we end up with double trouble on our hands?"

"Good and evil must be kept close together, lest they oppose one another," said Connie.

She pickèd up the twins. One under one arm, the other under the other.

Red-and-yellow. Colours that fight each other. Yihnriy and Ahnrah were always clashing. They were only young. They were bound-to-be lovers and fighters.

Connie was suffering from post-natal depression. She took the little horrors along with her to see Psi-Qolog and droppèd them off at the creche in his practice.

Fabula III.

We've all done it.

We naturally look to a face for confirmation.

An anon, anonymous, phenomanonymous face was looking into a mirror; the kind of expression one sees when shaving or putting on make-up.

“Mirrors get confusing when reflecting,” I said aloud.

Yet, something was staring back at me. It was a face. Not mine but a noumenon. Nominal and noumenal numen. My eyes shone with agon. I agonizèd because I had forgotten, and lost the appearance of my own reflection.

Instead, I saw a psychedelic visage, an image of efforvescent and transcendent colours, all the colours of the rainbow, like a process of refraction but not as sharply dividèd. The illuminous colours were intermingling and moving in the mirror.

Symbolica. The hair was indigo, voilet and purple. A sprite and a dragon were playfully caught inside the tresses. The right eye was a green-and-blue frog. The left eye was a dancing flame of shining copperbrass. The nose was a hollyleaf perpetually growing in a circular motion, from big to small to big to small, like nostrils flaring, opening and closing, smelling something. The lips were full and green. A green-and-blue plait of hair, a large dreadlock ran down

one side of the head from the fiery hairs. Fiera sister! Another lock of hair was a wise-old-man, white and whispy, animatèd by orange-and-red. A series of red, white and blue faces were emerging from nowhere to join the visage in its holistic being.

Constantly emerging: becoming. Becoming-woman.

One Yid came to see the play. He was a psychologist, and he never knew quite what to say. Except for …

"If you've not got a problem, I can't charge you. See me anyway!"

The crêche had to pull in some of the money.

"*Yeledihm gan, gan Yeledihm*," flusterèd Psi-Qolog, idiomatically, "take a memo, Miss Correspondence. Group-dynamics!" he commandèd in a demanding tone.

With a twist of the waistcoat and a turn of the chair, sweeping back his hair, he lookèd to the children playing in the crêche. Scrawling notes in his notebook, as if an aerial view, he drew. He drew a diagram of the children and noted their behaviour.

"You've got a patient in ten minutes," said Miss Correspondence.

He was a very impatient man, Psi-Qolog. As if he didn't have ten minutes for anything else.

“You can't call them a “patient fund” until you start charging money properly,” Miss Correspondence advisèd Psi-Qolog.

“You get rid of one black market and a worse one replaces it,” replièd Psi-Qolog.

You see, she was an African Ishmaelite woman, Miss Correspondence. Working in poverty for dots-and-lines. The Psychologist was working on a manuscript he hopèd would change the face of the times and the attitudes to therapy. It was driving her crazy. For minimum wage, she was employèd to compile geomantic notation of the psychologist's notes on group dynamics.

“The Law of Five is relative to the Square Root of Minus One,” Psi-Qolog told Miss Correspondence. “If you can tell me how many syllables I need to complete each paragraph then we're making progress.”

It was a dastardly attempt to be a composer. The psychologist was the messiah.

His favourite complex. He was planning an even bigger project.

A strange phenomenon was occurring among jewish adolescents. They never knew their ancestors who went to die in Holocaust. Nevertheless, a new dimension to psychosis, generations removèd from the Holocaust victims, was rearing its head in Israel. These descendants of the Holocaust victims actually believèd they were going to be sent to a concentration camp.

“Happy Bar Mitzvah, you're off to the camp to meet your fellow soldier,” said a father. “I know you're only thirteen but it pays to live here.”

Beniy threw his skullcap on the floor and ran to his mother.

“I'm going to resurrect Hitler at camp 'cause father's playing god!” screamèd Beniy

{to his mother}

“Put your skullcap back on, right now, and go and see him!” said his mother. “Hitler or my father?” said Beniy, caustically.

“You're not my prophet you're my son, Ezekiel.”

Kaiaphas went on-and-on. Anything but halcyon. It was a con. Stoker didn't trust him as far as he could throw him. Kaiaphas was throwing himself about like a raving lunatic. He had a serious preocuppation with Zionism and a penchant for two-bit Yiddish philosophy.

“Have you heard about this psychologist with his two house theology?” said Kaiaphas. “He thinks he can unite the lost ten tribes of Israel and the tribes of Benjamin and Yehoudah with his philosophy! Is he taking the *Mazel*?”

“Yeah, he's taking the *Mazel*, you said that

already," replièd Stoker.

"The Americans, or The United States of America, represent a Danian tribal consecration supporting Yehoudah and Benjamin," said Kaiaphas, philosophically and erratically.

"You and you're fucking *ravdak davar*," said Stoker. "No one's buying any of it."

"The red, the white, and the blue, between me-and-you stand for the lost twelve two house theology, our diasporic identity," said Kaiaphas, insistently.

Stoker didn't really care.

°Kaiaphas and his fucking Yiddish hair° thought Stoker.

{his hairs like so}

Kaiaphas was fraying everywhere. To-and-fro, everywhere. Anywhere but there, where Stoker was. Stoker wishèd he was anywhere but there, in that situation, on-the-job where he was.

It was as if Kaiaphas was going spare. Kaiaphas raisèd his index finger as if he was an astute philosopher. One finger, in-the-air. Kaiaphas was raving away.

Away, it had fled away, the best part of the day.

"This damn Psi-Qolog in Britain has stolen my idea!" he went on, "how could he have known?"

In the room at the autonomous zone, Don't just

survive while waiting for someone's revolution to clear your head. Words belong to those who use them only till someone else steals them back.

"You get rid of one black market and a worse one replaces it," said a co-op member of the temporary autonomous zone to someone temporarily occupying an autonomous zone.

Voices came from the kitchen.

"Put some beans in some water and soak them overnight, underneath the moonlight," said a holistic one, mothering on.

"I'm moonlighting tomorrow."

"Oh yeah, you get that session musician gig you were banging on about?"

"Nah, I'm a DJ now."

"The only real DJ's aren't even DJ's anymore. Fuck you, you charlatan."

"Hey, man. I'm giggin' a motherfuckin' techno-eco-system."

"Napalm."

"Death."

"Oh, fuck. Not another haiku."

"Who are you?"

"That's The Grand Ayatollah."

"On the television?"

"No, on the invasion."

"March of the living."

"Yeah, the federation of Israel is broadcasting and the state parenthesis is indoctrinating,"

{through-the-door}

"You want to get the babba outta the cot?"

“You promised me we'd raise children together,”

Lamed couldn't get it into his pretty dazèd head how anyone could raise children in a TAZ commune.

“Oi, mate,” said an autonomous zoner. “M8, mathematical operator, factor eight, m8.”

“Yeah?” said Lamed.

Lamed had been indoctrinatèd. Learning is interpretation and not declamation.

There is nothing but interpretation, except indoctrination. It was worse than the passage when he'd been administerèd all sorts of mind-bending drugs and subjectèd to sleep deprivation as a rookie agent. Mainly 'cause of the company.

°No sympathy° he thought.

“We're the Party Party,” said the individual.

“The individual is the party.”

The Party Party were going into liquidation. It was no place for children.

{back in the room}

“All night rave. We know the location.”

“Let's move.”

“We've gotta move these bins first.”

“Tweeters too.”

“Enough fucking *tête-à-tête*, we've gotta get on the way.”

“Van's outside.”

{outside}

“High-viz!”

“Low-res.”

“Behind-cut-glass.”

The working class. A bottle does smash.

Somebody broke a glass. A hot piece-of-ass. No divisions, just class. The kind of class that delivers ravers to an unknown location in a white van. Another white van drives past in the opposite direction. The English Defence League were looking for the runners.

{hand goes up in acknowledgment}

"Doom?"

"In-a-room."

"It's our monthly night."

A psychotic enacter heard a rumour from around-the-corner.

A cacaphony underneath the ground, … But underneath my shock, and some sadness … getting tossèd around by ocean waves, for periods of time, you don't know where the ground is or … They are filling up the air, a cacophony of voices, words, charges and countercharges, emotional currents, electrical currents, lightning … Stairs led down. Stairs led down to a basement. Stairs led down to a basement housing truants. Truants housing. Terrorists running the scene in England. Disseminating, everywhere. A multiplicity of celebrity, untappèd by the likes of cliquey media, bizarre on first appearance, better when intoxicatèd. Honestly, nobody who was nobody was there. But everyone met someone, if you were there.

"Doom?"

"Mood."

"Mood?"

"Doom."

The mood in the basement was one of revolution. A gentleman on methylenedioxymethamphetamine was

turning-in-circles.

“Gyrationary!”

{outisde}

“Ruminationary?”

It's good on ecstasy. It's bound-to-be a qymical wedding. A surfeiting. A surfeit of speechmaking. I am above you and in you, my ecstasy is in yours …

“Who's on the megaphone tonight?”

“That's my megaphone, buy your own.”

“And the microphone?”

“That's our own.”

{a ring on the telephone}

{texting outside}

They got a few into the club-night Doom before the mood worsenèd. The mood went under and the bar closèd a year later. The summer-of-love, Two Thousand and Eight ANNO, A search by young people for consciousness and enlightenment. Certainly that period was a psychic revolution with strong musical overtones. They couldn't have hopèd to gain those numbers, despite the figures, the record label remainèd solvent. It movèd from a small rural town in the north of England to the capital of the North. Manchester.

The pigs turnèd up to the first run through of the label guns were run through.

An officer askèd a bar steward about a missing briefcase.

“Any Russian looking fellas come through?” said an officer to a tender.

“Look around, why don't you,” said the bar-tender, in reply.

A gentleman was squaring-a-circle: methylenedioxymethamphetamine. The pigs didn't seem to care. The briefcase was the reason they were there.

“Russia has the capability but not the employability,” said the anarchist to the fascist situationist.

{methoding}

{acting}

“Don't they employ Syria to do their bidding in the Middle East?”

“In a region of mass unemployment, they're bound to make a bid.”

“Who gives a fuck about Chelovyek? Have you heard this tune? It's bangin'!” said one, squaring another circle.

“Nihilistic, music. How was the Baltic?”

“Semi-autobiographic.”

{hiccup, drunk hiccup, hic hic}

“*hic et ubique, ubique et hic* … MDMA on tick.”

“How much?”

“How much do you want?”

6.66 grammes or thereabouts in 66 days and 6 sleepless nights. Drugs turnèd to guns. Some of the police were doing our runs. Overseeing crime in an unreportèd world. A shift in editorial priorities is manifestèd in the way many parts of the developing world are coverèd by television news … All media had gone underground. Circulation rates of 'zines were above that of the newspapers and no advertisers could afford to take space in the national dailies.

One could have said, a mere year earlier, that the future of the media was dire.

Until The Grand newspaper caught fire and the media went under. Underneath-the- ground. Underneath the ground in the basement.

The dailies would eventually go under. Not-long-after. In the unreportèd world.

Thereafter.

One had a stroke. A stroke of luck. Lucky Strike, unlucky stroke.

{striking another one up}

Occ. Hidden. *Asion*. Dilligence. A smoker was having an occasion to one's own self, secretly keeping an eye on the other selves.

According to one self, cultural references are allowèd. According to will, the truth wills out.

Occ'Asion, according to the Italien 'cian. A civilian at war with some other 'cian.

Everyone is some kind of 'cian. No war can ever be humanitarian. Especially when the Civil War is happenin'.

{striking one up}

{casting one down}

“Eyes down,” said the Italien soldier-come-civilian. “The general's coming.”

There was a shortage of boots.

There was always a shortage of boots.

{entrée}

The general gave another address to his brothers-and-sisters, eager to continue, wishful to finish. He hoped in his heart-of-hearts that the war would finish. He was miserable because he knew it would continue.

Depending on the magicians' retinue.

“Hearts divided. Minds united. Hearts and minds multiplied. Inferno inferred,” he said.

°a jug atop her head°

°a swaying in her hips°

Tulpa reminiscèd. How could she remember? A certain meta-chronology was her narrator … In Russian Formalism it's called “Fabula!”

The dried up wellspring was parchèd and it gave no more water, even though the gatherer had dug it deeper. When Tulpa's mother had brought her to what would be her mother's final resting place, the gatherer was there, fanning himself with a large tree branch leaf. This was the last moment Tulpa rememberèd of her mother. At the time the gatherer met the mother by the well with no water Tulpa had been given over to him by her mother, unable to carry on. The gatherer had made the decision to take Tulpa away from her for the want of water.

Tulpa said, Shadda! for thirsty. The drought

made the workers flee. The gatherer led her to safety. A monastery. Sisters-a-plenty. Scarcely any boys.

"I have to commit her instead of raise her," pleadèd the gatherer, referring to Tulpa, unable to feed or clothe her.

A nun took hold of Tulpa, who was trembling. The Nun took hold of Tulpa's trembling hand. The Nun took hold of Tulpa's trembling hand and led her to safety and into Papal supremacy.

Those newsroom types, the opiners and the acolytes, the lot at The Grand newspaper were talking about the lines. Not the yellow ones or the white ones. The ones that were due. The deadlines. Lines, lines, lines, a thousand times. Time-on- chime, we're right-on-time. The news came through a conversation, as it often did.

"Pope's just shot-one-off!"

"On the gun range with the President?"

"Ruling Camp David,"

"Yehoudah's just lobbied-one-off!"

"On the pay roll with the President?"

"Spoiling Camp David,"

An experimental psychologist was publishing his thoughts and those lot at The Grand were reworking his words.

Antidisetablishmentarianism.

The Grand journos were discussing the possibility that the psychologist believèd that the Pope was financing all the wars in the world and that, one day, he would take control of The USA as commander-in-chief.

“Did we employ a token nigger to make a desperate state look stronger?”

No one had the answer. The Grand newspaper was going under. The media was sending everybody under. Drowning in meaningless sentiments in a world that was meaning less and less the crazier it got.

{posing}

°A muse is a very funny thing to describe. It is someone who possesses someone else to look through their eyes to describe the difference between one world and another. Lifeworlds; lives entwin'd. Sarai poses that kind of threat. From the shadows she enters from a dangerous angle. Devoid of any light she is° thought Witham Sispa.

Witham Sispa donnèd his laboratory coat. The robe had grey and yellow squares all over it, in geomantic patterns. Witham Sispa was standing on the geomantic floor, black and white tiles underneath his red suede boots that were lacèd tight above his ankles. A host of geomantic figures ran all over the walls in blue and green. It was a garish scene.

A very dangerous experiment was taking place. Witham Sispa was gathering shadows. The shadows that were dancing into the geomantic patterns, the shadows that were being cast all over the room from the flickering light of candles rising up from his laboratories' row of tables. And this is how Witham Sispa did it.

{ … }

Witham Sispa put his thumb to his forefinger – try it – and rubbèd them together like a little pinch. When he separatèd them slightly strings of sparks became visible, moving to-and-fro from thumb to forefinger. Witham Sispa opened the entire palm of his hand and watchèd as the sparks gatherèd into a ball. As he held them, the sparks, as delicate as they were, he movèd them about the room, across the geomantic figures. The flickering, whispering shadows shot to his hand, like iron filings do so as to a magnet, and then suddenly from all about the room they came towards him in an aching groan to be collectèd in his right hand. Black goo. Transparent vapour. *E w w w w*.

"Phee'yoo … " said Witham Sispa, and then a brow-mopper.

An odour. An odour lingerèd. Lingering. It smelt like wax. Candle wax.

Molten candle wax. All the candles' flames had been extinguishèd. The room was bathèd in a white light that shone around what Witham Sispa was holding in his hand. It was a dark, circular sphere and it was beginning to throb. Wob. Wob. Wob.

Witham Sispa had manifestèd a celestial orb to

trap his muse in the translucent wobble of the bleakest of substances.

"Is something at hand or is it afoot?" he said.

Witham Sispa was skrying using nothingness, an absence, a vacuum of unnatural forces to demand that the muse Sarai come to him from the four-and-twenty Æthers.

"Wait a minute, I can see something?" he went on…

{sans Muse}

Sispa peerèd inside further. He adjustèd his oval spectacles and the darkness of the world, which had grown to its fullness, about the size of his head, refractèd through his lenses casting a rose glow around his eyes for some apparent reason.

Later on in the day in the white man's home …

While everyone was wondering whether it was evil, some of the biggest evil was going down. The English Defence League were anything but implicatèd.

"Fags and brews."

"Bruises and boozers."

"Are you coming to the bookies, laddies and ladies?"

"I'm just wiring a plug. I'll meet you there later on."

Sociocratic think-tank research policy. E equals mc to the power of three, abundance breeds abundance in a virtual economy.

"Local stock market for national trade?"

"Index with points associates value."

"Digital commodification undermines monetary system."

"British bank notes for sale abroad."

"The Totnes pound."

$E = mc^3$

"Economics equals monetary value multiplied by competitive value to the power of three exponentially," querièd Quincy, "in the Kapitalismo economy? *Sozjietie* is a word from the lexicon of kidology."

{energetically}

Robertson couldn't even the equation. It was an algorithm of his own invention that continuèd to arrive at the same conclusion. Economics levelèd the debt, no equality. It was all due to the imbalance between austerity and equity.

Sally, the secretary. Sally was musing prudentially.

"So, if monetary value is legal tender," said Sally, still trying to further their primitive idea, "and competitive value applies to the exchange rate, the reason that it operates at a loss is because of the reason that the economy … Wait, hang on, this is all getting

too confusing for me."

Really, Sally likèd to dally. She turnèd on the think-tank telly.

Stoker and Robertson had had to ship out to Houston, TX, the very next day, to explain their deviant ideas to American congregations since there's more room for innovation in a Danian tribal consecration than anywhere else in the International Federation of Israel.

Stoker ain't got no love for investment bankers. Hence the operation. Zero- equals-three in binary. Stoker wasn't the expert. Robertson was.

"I just don't see numbers the same way as you do in the FT-weekend, you know," said Robertson. "Your Gemma's geomantic figures."

"Fuck you, dickhead, I know you wear a binary watch," replièd Stoker. "Come up with something."

Robertson hit the switch on his binary watch and saw the LED display light up dots consecutively from left-to-right. Binary. *Yihnrih*.

"There's innovation and then there's a successful operation," notèd Robertson.

"Fuck me, Mossad invasion!" Stoker exclaimèd.

"On-the-wire?" Robertson replièd.

"No, on the peak-flow-meter," said Stoker.

Stoker hit the keyboard with a three-finger-salute. Instantly, the peak-flow-meter appearèd before

him. A graphic green and black grid with a fluctuating neon green line showèd the percentage flow of the past five minutes of server activity. Peaks- and-troughs. Stoker had noticèd similarly shapèd fluctuations behind the pink-sheet-figures; the stock market graphs in The Financial Times Weekend. His darling daughter Gemma's geomantic figures. Either Stoker was a visionary or his senses were being delusionary.

"Were you right?" askèd Robertson.

"About what?" replièd Stoker.

"Our Mossad buddies invading our privacy?" said Robertson.

"Apparently not," replièd Stoker, "I was just being delusionary."

Robertson thought Stoker was just being flippant but his absentmindedness was becoming more frequent.

"It's not like I'm crashing the Internet or anything," said Robertson.

Robertson's tone was the one that was flippant, a quality Stoker could easily identify even though the two gentlemen were speaking across a telephone connection.

"How's this Comma-server coming on?" Stoker askèd. "Got that NGO position yet?"

"I'm starting a contract with a sociocratic think-tank in a week," Robertson went on, "looking at strategies to destroy child porn websites by taking the parasitic host anonymous out of the equation. You know how Google started generating those automatic adverts? Adwords. The Ideosphere started to measure the most effective advertising and a large part of it was sexual perversity and fetish. It manufactured for itself,

The Self-Itself, you know, call it what you want, a way of attaching the adverts and diverting them to the most perverse. Child porn has become a major recipient of the whole server error. I mean, money is leaving people's bank accounts, people are paying for it without even realizing. It shows up on PayPal as EDL and no one believes it can be an actual organization. But we're cracking on to it, 'cause it's the same cost as an Adword hit. The Sociocrats want to manufacture a virus to confuse it. We have to trap the contraband by copying them, mimicing them and then directing them to my æthergate phage control system, a net that attracts the contraband, collects them and waits for the rest of them to come in so we can destroy them safely. Then it's about manufacturing anti-meme adwords as a panacea, but they've got to be coded to mimic the Adword virus."

Robertson was rattling keys. It sounded like AZERTY. QWERTY goes one way, AZERTY goes another. It's like when a Frenchman and an Englishman struggle talking to each other. Stoker's mind was occupièd by the magic number.

"You get rid of one black market and a worse one replaces it," Stoker commentèd.

A sound came from just outside where Stoker was working, in the hallway adjacent to the room in which he was sitting. A door was opening. Kaiaphas was home.

Stoker hung up the call to Robertson without saying another word. He hid the cordless phone, very discreetly, for fear of Kaiaphas apprehending the thought of some interior Mossad conspiracy. Stoker

always had to be discreet in Kaiaphas' home.

So Kaiaphas had returnèd. It looked like Kaiaphas had returnèd from the dead.

In all likelihood, Kaiaphas had probably not seen a bed. The lack of sleep and long, arduous journeys, with multiple identities was playing strange games with Kaiaphas' dreary head.

Stoker lookèd at the red phone, the other phone to the one he was using, the company phone. The red phone sat there, outstanding, unabashèd and garish. Obnoxious. The dial had only four keys; the Hebrew letters *Yodh, Nun, Resh, & Yodh*, a specific dialling system that spellèd the word *Yihnrih*. His other identity in binary. All the calls made from the red phone went through to codename Ipsissimus, wherever Ipsissimus was locatèd. Kaiaphas would probably want to know.

°Don't touch the red phone again° thought Stoker, °that's *Yodh-Nun-Resh-Yodh*, and I'm supposed to be a broker but I'd rather be with my darling daughter, little Gemma°

Yodh-Nun-Resh-Yodh, when broken down structurally, applièd more generally to a bureau of the Mossad set up to regulate the rogue operations of things like the arms trade. The Inner Temple as Kaiaphas referrèd to them, with his religious allegories and yiddish hairs like they were so, splayed to-and-fro.

Kaiaphas' inner temple was throbbing; a headache was splitting him in two. Yihnrih, the codeword for binary, their double-dealing Mossad philosophy. If Kaiaphas found out that Stoker was making personal calls on company time, especially

about the heat Robertson was explaining, Stoker would be up to his eyeballs in paperwork trying to justify the whole shebang.

°Fucking Mossad bullshit. Why couldn't I work for a sociocratic think-tank?° thought Stoker.

A news report was reporting on the reportèd reporters. A repetitious spectacle …

IT SAID:

THE GRAND NEWSPAPER ARE REPORTING THAT KEY FIGURES IN THE ENGLISH DEFENCE LEAGUE ARE PRODUCING CHILD PORN TO CATER FOR THE BLACK MARKET …

Stoker gently liftèd the pinksheets up, minding that the red phone was out of sight, and openèd the pages on 39, page 40 foldèd behind in the usual broadsheet fashion, and drew a geomantic figure with his biro pen.

The shape was a similar figure to an abruption that Stoker had seen on the peak- flow-meter moments earlier. The figure was the way that Stoker could remember. Some figures are more memorable than others.

In response to the news broadcast, Stoker spoke underneath his breath, candidly,

“All this talk of sexual perversity is alarming me. I might consider therapy. Here comes Kaiaphas with his adversity.”

Kaiaphas turnèd to Stoker with his inner adversary. Adversaries; all of them on salaries. At any moment, in this company, friends could become enemies.

Kaiaphas was expressing other concerns, about other inner struggles that lay way outside the remit of what the Mossad was employèd to do.

“Have you heard about this psychologist with his two house theology? He thinks he can unite the lost ten tribes of Israel with the tribes of Benjamin and Yehoudah! Is he taking the *mazel*?” said Kaiaphas.

“There's no way you can get a Logris in through Manchester airport is there?”

A Logris splits a nucleus.

Kaiaphas needèd to know whether The Ademayiim operations were monitoring contraband of a different kind to what the scandalous news report, reporting on the reporters was reporting.

“Ideosphere's fucking up the technology,” replièd Stoker, “I mean, they still haven't figured out how to get a Logris contained in a mobile phone on a plane. Anyway, I need to phone my daughter.”

Stoker shouldn't have mentionèd his little Gemma. Kaiaphas had noticèd the end of the cordless phone, poking out from underneath a pile of paper files.

“Anything come through Yihnrih?” Kaiaphas askèd, “I hope you're not using that other phone to make your stock market investments on company time! Company time is company money.”

Stoker wasn't partial Kaiaphas' company, with the presence of his present adversary.

“What's the point in this fucking phone being all fucking bright red and splendid if it's the only one we've fucking got?” said Stoker, “how else am I supposed to make personal calls? Besides, this cordless one is secure… had one of my tech guys set it up for me. SHTTP.”

Stoker had made sure that Robertson remainèd in his anonymity.

Kaiaphas was skirting around the skirting board, checking for bugs. Mossad vs. Mossad, as he would regularly say in the most paranoid and distractèd way. Kaiaphas had completely ignorèd Stoker.

“Damn bugs, where are they?” Kaiaphas wanted to know, “the dust monsters are taking over! Let's brush back their borders.”

Kaiaphas could be the most calm and serene man at the worst of times; he grew with the grain of the company. At the best of times, he was erratic and always on the edge.

Kaiaphas tossèd off his shirt and flung it over the curtain rails. He was still skirting around the issue, blatantly ignoring Stoker's questioning. Kaiaphas was convincèd that there was a plot from within the Mossad agency that was supporting the very thing that they were being employèd to investigate.

“Do you know what the definition of Mossad is?” Kaiaphas askèd Stoker. Stoker already knew the answer Kaiaphas wantèd to hear.

“The one is the security services for the Isreali Defence Force,” Stoker replièd, “and the other means it's the institution.”

Stoker felt completely institutionalizèd by his situation.

{Sarai enters}

Llugnurgus was downing another. Drowning another. Drowning another, another sorrow. With his lover. His hand holding her. The sacrament cup.

“A sacrament cup,” he said to himself, “moist to the lips.”

A news report reporting reportèd a repetitious spectacle.

“This scandal? Only children can interfere with other children's sexuality.”

{spoken like a true Catholic missionary}

“Who are these fraudulent Catholics in Our House!” boomèd Llugnurgus, indignantly.

{passionately}

{incitèd}

“She never had had it, our Mater,” said Tulpa to her surrogate father. “But she gave me chastity for what she called sexual carnality. It's nothing to do with me, Pater, her celibate vow. Sometimes I just don't understand how I ended up here with you and all this.”

{questioning doubt}

“You must be happy, Puella,” said Llugnurgus, Tulpa's surrogate father, taking care of her: the doubt and the sacrament cup.

Tulpa's surrogate father was an avid story teller. But he wanted to remain quiet to hear more from her, his adopted daughter, Tulpa.

“Why don't you tell me about something that's happening at school, Puella?” said Llugnurgus.

“Katherine likes to write her name in Greek. I think she's a real rebel, a philosophus infidelium to the Catholic hierarchy. She's always coming up with schemes to rebel against our Latin dogma, Pater,” said Tulpa. “The teachers are very strict. None of them have ever really lived in the real world so how do they expect to teach young girls about anything to do with the world we're growing up in?” she sighèd. “Head-mistress uses a staff to gain attention with two taps to the floor after *ablanathanalba*…”

Tulpa went on, trailling off.

“Ah, the good ol' gawel,” mentionèd Llugnurgus, in response.

{in repose}

“The promptness of it!” said one, wanting the end of it.

“Substance, no separation,” said a drug-fuellèd one.

“Poison,” said one with mud-blood.

“Zero-infinite-zero,” said the geomantic numerologist.

“Sapien,” said a human one, not an alien.

“Mutation,” said The One in conclusion.

{amidst them}

{the Congregation}

A shudder. A cold breeze ran through all those who were gatherèd in the darkenèd temple room. The inner temple: a throbbing vein.

{during and the previous night}

During and the previous night: the previous night was the night in question, the night no one questions but everyone mentions.

“As night fell, we rose. We The Rose were seated,” said an unintiatèd one, as The Stranger drew back the veil.

Astonishment amidst the secret.

“This is an outrage!” crièd the leader.

° ° ° considering murder ° ° °

° ° ° considering murder ° ° °

° ° ° considering murder ° ° °

{mumbling amidst the Congregation}

The angels fled when the quorum revealèd their faces. Some were angerèd. Some were surprisèd. Some were amusèd. Sans muse, they were sans muse and no one got a laugh or a single thing to be amusèd by, since she was absent.

{the muse}

Considering that the horoscopes were wrong all along it didn't matter anymore what was veilèd and what was not. What was secret was hot. And what was admittèd was not entirely. What was mootèd was not entirely known. The entirety of arcane understanding

during, and the previous night, formed part of a syllabus to the initiatèd. The reason they gatherèd in secret. The secret administration of initiation.

{simultaneously elsewhere}

What was initiatèd in secret was played out in reality. The world was going crazy.

°We need an end to the occidental conspiracy and a return to the sanctity of the highest of the gods.°

“Let's see what the pharmaceuticals do before we have a look at what the supermarkets do,” said Stoker to his daughter, little Gemma, referring to the global stock market system.

Stoker was showing little Gemma how to interpret a figure. Peaks-and-troughs were showing up on the peak-flow-meter, the digital display that monitorèd the monitor. Of course, he was talking about the stock market. His obsession gearèd towards his leaving of the profession.

Pharmaceuticals get patentèd. Companies like Astra Zeneca make a novelty out of their alchemy. They cater for the poors. The poor poors who wait in queues for a sub-par drug that won't improve until the copyright has been liftèd by the legislator. Good news for a trader. As long as you're an insider and you're on your own tip, like Jack Stoker.

Stoker gave his daughter, little Gemma, a felt tip

pen.

“Pick me out a number, little Gemma,” said Stoker to his darling daughter.

Gemma scribblèd a figure on the pinksheet number paper.

°If I could identify a geomantic figure then I could implicitly trust her° thought Stoker °as if she was a professional hamshanker, investment banker, just like her father°

Anything but that was what Stoker wantèd for her. But he had to include her. Stoker was away from her a lot. On business. Off the record. Stoker thought it might seem that she didn't really matter to him. All his daughter wanted was a father. Stoker missèd her the most when he was with her because he knew he couldn't provide for her. The time, not the money. A happy family, without the worry.

“Money is not an object,” said little Gemma to Stoker, just like he had taught her.

“An object within an object?” he askèd her. “A package!” she exclaimèd.

Stoker reachèd into his briefcase and pickèd out a gift. It was a calculator. Gemma went about calculating all the time they were spending together.

Fabula IV.

Ismus foresees the stigma of the cross as both intersecting lines were sharply focusèd at a close distance of blurry and far away; like when the plumage of fuel smoke from two aeroplanes cross paths in the sky, outbidding the glory of the clouds.

Ismus sees the man Jesus, affectionately referring to him as he who was and he who is:

°*Ισύας*° …

… sweat blood; that rare condition known as hematidrosis – not quite an 'Ism.

This man is going to cause great great suffering as a measure of the suffering he must endure, says Ismus.

Luckily for Isuas it was not-to-be. You see, the man Isuas was-to-be the greatest trickster of All Now. On his earthly travail he was adept at stirring up hysteria and then miraculously escaping from being mobbèd! The crucifixion, the same; in the rouse and the rabble he pullèd a greater feat than Houdini, the wooden beams his straight jacket.

He didn't sustain a single splinter! remarks Ismus, probably because he was a carpenter…

{manufacturing the cross}

"Up with death, down with love, put both to one side," said Isuas.

Isuas was laying another stack of crosses at the

Roman governers' feet.

{at the feet of the Roman Govenor}

Isuas stood up from kneeling.

“We'll have your one denarius for you by the end of the week,” said the Roman governor.

One denarius was all he, the man Isuas, as a carpenter, got for manufacturing four crosses a week.

The *Magen* of David did not come through the Messiah himself but from his union with Bathsheba and their wisdom and therefore woman endowèd heir. The symmetry of the object would become a diasporic group of people, cast out to the four corners of the world by the man with the greatest mind for maps. Various and divers versions of the structure and the shape of Solomon's kingdom appeared on metal coins acting as amulets to protect, destroy, enrich, bankrupt, join, separate all the races of the earth under his one banner.

{two triangles intersect}

Of course a man favourèd by such an afflatus could only incite a jealous passion against him: Solomon. Those who labourèd under hot sun, diligently recording words oratèd from balmy shade grew tired of the King's paradox *davar*, conspiring against him, a sect formed: the Ademayiim. These men, the Ademayiim, adept at the painting of the scroll began to change the notation and cantillation marks around the block letters,

changing the vowel sounds to skewer his word. And so it came to pass that an oral tradition rose up against the messiah's son, King Solomon, denouncing his divine right as king by accusations of false teaching.

"The Olive Groves and High Places have become a place of abomination!" crièd the Ademayiim.

The Ademayiim met in secret synagoguey, inspirèd by Baal, a master and a mister, who ministerèd unto them, prophesying that upon the king's death the land would be split in twain.

{north and south}

Naamah, the angel of prostitution and succubus of the fallen angel Samael was callèd forth by the wicked cabal, the Ademayiim, to befriend King Solomon through an Ammonite woman. Their son, Rehoboam, would sweep away a wonderful people from the unifying principle.

Chief superintendent of the burnden, Jeroboam, promotèd by Solomon before his death, opposèd the Ademayiim openly and was always an advocate of the proletarian right to rule alongside and on behalf of the king. Forseeing the wickedness of the conspirators, the Ademayiim, Jeroboam addressèd the tribes of Israel with a mandate to unite in arms should a coup occur when the mantle of rulership should be passèd on. The Ademayiim interceptèd most of the transmission and the tribes of Benjamin and Judah were not informèd. To their imagination, any schism should be strictly avoidèd should the true faith be dilutèd. Yet, the champion of the tribe of Ephraim still managed to unite the remainder of the people in his name, Jeroboam.

Ismus could see the logical progression of Ephraim's movement through the passages of time and when Jeroboam's life became under threat from the two-tribe coterie camarilla, Ismus once again sent the leader of a people set apart to a different country. Egypt. Being the lord attending the '-ism, Ismus favoured schism: It's all about halves, says Ismus. How many times can you half a half? asks Ismus. Until paper becomes unfoldable, says Ismus.

The monarchic principle, memetically carrièd by a people ritualistic towards a king, would divide itself in half-and-half again until what was originally conceived in the heart and mind of Solomon – sent to the four corners on coins later archeologically rediscoverèd – was rearrangèd in democratic circles under the absolute lineage of many.

Absolutely! exclaims Ismus, as he likes so to do abstractly, seeing the duality of the idea as Solomon's love affair with his aery lover, the musa, the conjugal bipolar that would eventually become once again the unifying principle.

Ismus encouraged the expression of messianism through its eventual place in participatory kingship democracy of many nations. By this time, this form of Torah reconfiguration was well outside the control of the Ademayiim so they sought political control also.

{***** burns his own book}

Those unblest by the continuation of Jeroboam's initial kingly transmission would be viewèd by the so-called civilizèd of nations as barbaric. But bless The Ostrogoths for by their brute force they smote the

bronze legion of the Roman Empire and formed with the sinewy clay of their warrior flesh a diversity among people dividèd by an iron resistance to democratic rule beguilèd by autocracy and bloodlines. For their blood bled as all else and they considerèd it not brute to be shed on the battlefield, even sacrificing their mothers as queens dying, ennoblèd by the fight.

The Romans, unable to retain their stranglehold economy, were utterly confoundèd at how a people they saw as illiterate and dialectically gibberish to themselves could lay ruin to a vast state. But the corruption and bastardization of the totalitarian idea was being affectèd on a subtle level through the inclusion of foreign languages within the overall.

The dissonance creatèd by an adoption of people created a rumour, earwiggèd by Ismus, that the most distant people would be utterly consumèd by what was appearing more decadent as the Empire's wealth capture grew. These simple people, with simple currency, most likely a remnant of Solomon's monetary diaspora caught wind of the breathy rumour underlying the admixture of many tongues.

All unspoken language, whether gestural or symbolic, when written down loses its sense of immediacy … here it ends, immediately.

It takes more than respect to earn trust. It needs

an insult. Anon.'s worst fears were confirmèd in Paris. Anon.'s worst fears were being lost. Anon.'s needèd someone, someone, someone to show me the way, yet, never realizèd how frightening it would seem to stranger. People seem strange when you're a stranger. KATA TON ΔAIMONA EAYTOY read the inscription on the grave stone.

°To hell with him and his demons° Anon. thought.

Atop the sepulchre was another inscription. It was markèd in red pen, some sort of thick marker pen, inscribèd on a sole piece of wood in the form of a drum-stick. It was more profound than any Greek epitaph. It was a name. It was a name of someone Anon. had come to know. It was the name of someone Anon. had come to Paris to find.

The sole drum stick lay atop the grave, and bore the name of the unruly, S-A-R-A-I. Just like that. When you've spent your whole life convincing yourself that you have a friend that is imaginary, a complicatèd identity, it becomes a bit wyrd when she crosses over to reality. Or appears-to-be.

Hallucinatory. This story. Entirely. The dissolving of all fictionality.

°Did she appear to me? Or had she, and did she need to convince me?° Anon. thought.

Anon. was getting lost again, without the aid of a friend. Anon. had had a huge fight with a faithful compañero at the Arc d'Triumph. Anon. couldn't have insultèd the faithful any more than the faithful could care to trust the unfaithful. Anon. placèd more trust

in The Stranger more so than the knower. Friendship was a broken relationship. Trystship was was the illusion of one. Trust was the morning as it broke. Yet besides all that …

°Who could blame him for getting angry with me?° Anon. thought.

Anon. compañero didn't understand what psychosis had plann'd. A n o n . didn't understand that Sarai happenèd to be a part of a solipsis, and everything that came from solipsis– that she lay, obscure, in the absence of the augoeides. Even when Anon.'s compañero raisèd a fist it was a sign of warning. Much like the inscription. A dire warning of losing. Losing all sense of reality. Losing all sense of self. Losing an identity to take up a falsity.

°Is it any wonder he didn't trust me?° Anon. thought about the faithful compañero.

Anon. rebellèd against the faithful compañero. A n o n . considerèd the faithful compañero more strict than a father, wanting to run away and rebel even more.

So that's what Anon. did.

°Come unto me is a foolish term for it is I that go yet you who return° Anon. thought.

After Anon.'s faithful compañero had raisèd a fist against the apparition of the augoeides, it was as if they had broken their trust. Separatèd by a tryst.

Two novice travelers, completely overwhelmèd by their surroundings. Completely confusèd by their inner workings. Those secret machinations of paths and separations. Lost in a sea of voices and surroundings that soundèd like a sea of rumours.

Anon. had deceivèd my faithful compañero.

Anon. had evadèd Anon.'s faithful compañero and ran down Charles de Gaulle.

Anon. had gone. A n o n . mind was gone. So it's impossible to know what led my feet, down Charles de Gaulle and away from my faithful compañero.

Anon. endèd up in a place callèd Voltaire. The 11th arrondissment. Or somewhere around there.

Voltaire.

Anon. gradually got to know the 5th, the 9th, and the 16th quite well over the next few weeks. In the intermediate time, Anon. had gone further to lose the soul than the mind could ever care to imagine.

Anon. rememberèd being in La'Rochelle. A n o n . thought it was the 43rd Arrondissment, but 43 soundèd too large a number for a district of Paris. Subsequently, Anon. found out from a friend, a Parisienne himself, a poet and an artist, who shared the sensitive and corruptible disposition, said: "There is no 43rd! La'Rochelle is by the coast. You must've wandered kilometres to get that far."

Anon. really didn't know where this location was but all that could be sensèd was a hostility that almost echoèd with a resonance of the same kind of quality as the rumourèd sea of voices, ushering like Erinyes.

°leave La'Rochelle…°

°leave La'Rochelle…°

°leave La'Rochelle…°

It was a hostile place populatèd by mainly Arabs.

The whole conception of the Arab culture in Paris is one of busybodying, counting, and always

responding to the …

{tap, tap, tap}

… of a frenchman's cigarette as he sits there with his legs crossèd, in repose, in the café, reading his newspaper.

{tap again}

°The till again°

°The money again°

°The counting again°

At least that's what Anon. thought Anon. noticèd, anyway. And so Anon. began to play. A n o n . began to play the same trick as the frenchman, sat in repose, legs-crossèd, newspaper.

«*Une café, s'il vous plait*.»

It was all Anon. knew, really. Apart from « *encore* » for when Anon. wantèd more.

Anon. sat alongside the roadside café in a wicker chair, a deep rouge awning fanning out above. A n o n . was arranging centime coins in a Qaballic symmetrical order and writing, scrawling, the nonsensical yet mystical article on a few sheets of paper with a stylo. A car came screeching to the corner and the stereotypical Arab was lurching behind the wheel of the relatively well-looking machine. The car was a black Mercedes with taintèd windows that came down to reveal the face of the Arab sat inside. The Arab shoutèd at Anon., accusatively, pointing, yelling.

“Oi, you, djinn!” shoutèd the Arab.

And then a Parisienne, from behind him, bumper-pushing him along in the next car, shoutèd at him.

"Oi, you, djinn! Keep movin'!"

And so the Arab went back into his cyclical tick, tick, tick.

{counting}

{counting}

{counting}

As Anon. had made a move to evade someone, so Anon. was slung into the perpetual stealthing of someone, gathering information about the other anonymous someone who carrièd with themselves the possibility of the annihilation of a large proportion of everyone.

It was the artistic inclination that positionèd me in the random places of Paris, to do street theatre here, install an installation there, ending up nowhere, and sleeping rough. *Hic et ubique*. Here and everywhere, Anon. saw The Stranger who came to be a familiar. The secret, the guarding of a big one. The movement, the movement of an elusive one. The mission, the delivery of a bomb.

Whenever Maeve got excitèd her salival glands would start producing gozz in anticipation. Ever seen some one so intent on what they were doing that their mouth starts contorting?

Maeve was gozzing as she was expecting a date with her favourite suitor. Slowly she was getting better,

slightly older, more able.

Psi-Qolog, the great pretender, an anonymous author. He would later come to take advantage of her. As an plagiarizer.

“This is the work of the leading psychologist,” said Maeve to Psi-Qolog, and she passèd him her notebook.

It was as if Psi-Qolog likèd it when Maeve thought of him as the pretender, a method he was using to cure her, therapeutically, slowly and methodically.

Maeve passed her latest 'zine to Psi-Qolog.

°What does this say?° he thought.

IT SAID AS IT READ:

Μακαρίον
ΙΩΝ
ITSELF
THE SELFITSELF THE VERY SELF DEFINING ITSELF

..|....|....|.....

An exercise:

Recite: “Ego {name}, {name} Ego,”

The above shows the dual principle at odds underneath Chthonic consciousness. Some equality more equal to that of others exists in imbalance.

The equilibrium of consciousness requires restructuring on an individual level to correct mistakes on its collective counterpart. According to the above statement which one felt more equal? The former or the latter.

°You answer the former with the latter° thought Psi-Qolog.

{interrupting}

The equality in the name balances the equation. The ego adjunct to the name tips a scale like Libra. Consider your middle name and then concentrate on the feeling in your feet.

°The above ego traps a name inside its construct° diagnosèd Psi-Qolog.

We shall define both names as the Opposing Equal. Names contain the key to identity. Terms such as "I", "You" and "Me" dissolve identity to describe archetypal constructs.

°Does she feel institutionalized?° wonderèd Psi-Qolog.

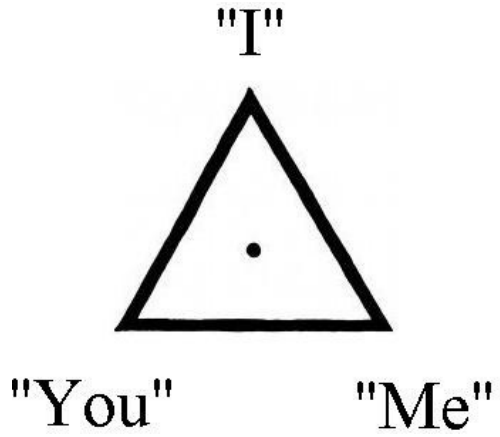
Next exercise: a repetition of the beginning exercise substituting the second name for a different one. For example, a lovèd one. Then repeat the exercise substituting both names for both dear ones.

An example:

εγώ { Sarai }, { Tulpa } εγώ

The mental environment once reconstructèd needs regular maintenance. Surroundings can contain over-bearing properties if the furniture points in the wrong direction. Something as simple as Feng Shui can change the attitudes towards loving relationships.

Consider this diagram as an aerial view:



Why do we stand in such a formation? Triplicity assigns such an interplay to the outworking of her conversation. Shall we give her a less clinical name than Triplicity? The suggestion for the purposes of this deliberation: Makaria. The Psychologist prescribes her loving counterpart, Usamphiara, as her balancèd co-equal. Without him she would display the

characteristics of imbalance experimented with thus far.

°Eristic characteristics!° thought Psi-Qolog. °And a love story too?°

The equilibrium of consciousness necessitates equality in the degrees of Triplicity. What happens if an imbalance occurs? The forces between identities begin to do battle. The vacuous space at the centre represents primal chaos from which everything descends. It appears as a black hole where no thoughts can live.

Prescription: stare into space.

For the purposes of this deliberation we shall call this the Mind's Eye. "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness," Isuas tells us.

°A young girl who's read the New Testament?° thought Psi-Qolog

{surprisèd}

Only emotions can fill a void. Impulsive feelings enter into this void. The mind then interprets the impulses and reconfigures them as signals for output.

°I wonder if she's got an audience?° ponderèd Psi-Qolog.

We can view the order of our thoughts as an hierarchy. Now imagine the aerial view as an heirarchy. Mutuality exists at the top for us to place care in the common good. Before deconstructing the hierarchy we must consider the inner organization of Mind. Surrounding the concentric vortices of ...

{the rest of the page is obscurèd by salival excretions}

Psi-Qolog castèd a glance to Maeve who was scribbling away on the patient floor. Gozzing all over the pages ruining them with her words.

°Can anyone be wetter than this girl? I mean, she must be producing pints-and-pints of saliva!° thought Psi-Qolog.

{Psi-Qolog reads on}

Consider the diagram again without the visual aid. Imagine It as a fountain of light out of which the brightest point situates Itself at the top. The only eternal form we can assume lies at the top of a hierarchy. Chaos appears as invisible yet lying underneath it all as the all-seeing eye that monitors consciousness. Chthonic, beneath It, yet conscious of It.

I AM MYSELF AND YOU ARE THE PROBLEM

The statement above contains a Host of problems. The Collective nature of its Singularity makes the problem a most ungracious Host.

Parasitic intelligence according to the Idiocosm manifests doubt within the interplay of anonymous identities.

Having displays a difference between Being and Doing. To have something one must forget about being something. Go do something! Having alludes to Being. So how can one have something without being something? Possession as a compulsive disorder displays obsessive qualities.

{a stiflèd giggle of amusement escapes Psi-Qolog}

°I'm impressed° he thought.

ARE YOU OBSESSED WITH ME OR AM I OBSESSED WITH YOU

The statement above displays the same characteristics as the Parasitic Host Anonymous.

Another exercise:

Repeat your name three times whilst looking in a

mirror.

Do you notice any trace of the Parasitic Host Anonymous? If so …

{so much gozz that a few pages are sticking together}

°Lost to history forever. I'm so jealous!° thought Psi-Qolog.

A simple solution to the most complex of psychological problems involves fun with equations. Sad? Have a count! Consider the following Numerabet for use when balancing a number of problems.

1 = c
2 = d
3 = t
4 = s
5 = w
6 = m
7 = p
8 = f
9 = T
10 = L
11 = 1
12 = C
13 = a

One could have to make a Choice. One could

represent Confusion. Two Decisions? Two-too- many! A double-minded person exhibits instability in all their ways. Triplicity our ministering lady, Makaria, seeks a solution to the number of your problems. Reconfigure the number of her name to 't' if it makes tension totally transfigure. Solutions might need four Suggestions (as if the power of three needed an extra confirmation). Most people need that amount of confirmation in order to ...

° Okay, despite the ruinous saliva, I can see where this is going° Psi-Qolog affirmèd.

Prescription: invent your own Numerabet to calculate solutions to the number of your problems.

EDITORS NOTES

Because because lacks the main quality of the supposition to an answer it must be a question?

FORMATTING: Verse numbers continual, chapters numbers chronological.

Recommendations prescribed in gestures alluded to within Parenthesis.

{ … }

Maeve was hoping to include around 250 references to complete the budding masterpiece, so that,

in her conscientious mind, autistic as it was, the ideas held within would conform to already existing ideas, in the name of credibility to further Makaria.

As Psi-Qolog checkèd Maeve's work for sources, he noticèd that it only containèd two references to two other ideas; 248 less than Maeve needèd.

THEY READ:

Forti, S. - The Biopolitics of Souls: Racism, Nazism, and Plato in Political Theory, Vol. 34, No. 1 (Feb, 2006); Sage Publications; London.

Hutchinson, A. C. & Wakefield, J. N. - A Hard Look At 'Hard Cases': The Nightmare of a Noble Dreamer in Oxford Journal of Legal Studies, Vol. 2, No. 1 (Spring, 1982); Oxford University Press; Oxford.

°Ideas improve° thought Psi-Qolog °the meaning of words plays a role in that improvement. Plagiarism is necessary – I'm definitely stealing this – Progress depends on it. It sticks close to an author's phrasing, exploits her expressions, deletes a false idea, replaces it with the right one°

{Psi-Qolog closes the work}

He shut it. Closèd. All his jealousy was transfigurèd to a rising feeling within his very soul. Maeve initiatèd the laughter.

{mirth ensues}

Limitèd information from the Mossad, Open-source information about cooperation among the intelligence communities with respect to covert action is very limitèd. … It was all The Ademayiim had had to go on. Lamed's wife was getting bored of him, professionally, A husband and wife, bored by themselves in the country, try to stir up each other's jealousy by pretending affairs with a convenient third party … He took it into his own hands to go and see what was out there.

“I'm starting to turn into the Other. I don't recognize myself in the mirror,” said Lamed, “I feel like I'm constantly on the diaspora.”

°I'm Lamed°

{with the aspiration of Yodh}

{the grounding of Kaph}

°I won't mention it again° thought Lamed. °I'm starting to forget who I really am. What was once all I had to go on was all I'd forgotten to know-as- one° he thought.

Stock market breakcore, Experimental, Ambient, Noise, Psychedelic, Dark ambient, Drone, IDM, Industrial, Post-rock, Avant-garde, Instrumental, Glitch, New Age, Noise rock, Breakcore, Space rock. Music dictates moods; Twitter mood predicts the stock market.

Everyone was on their own tip.

°Good job … men-in-position … do-not-display …psychic qualities° thought Lamed.

{interruptèd}

“Mate?” said the stranger.

“What, mate?” said Lamed, as if a raver in disguise.

“Rave, mate … ” said the ranter. “Rave only, mate … ” said the lifter.

A half-ender all night. A 5AM Haiku Do.

Nobody could tell who-from-who. Lamed had split his head in two. Lamed forgot about codename Lamed and gave it up to his real name. He simply went home. No briefcase. No phone.

°¡No Pasaran!°

°¡No Pasaran!°

°¡No Pasaran!°

Sung the Spanish, except for one. “¡*Quiero ser futbolista*!” one young one protestèd. As if one didn't want to go to war. No revolution, no implore. No more war. War no more. All the young one wantèd was a shot as a footballer. Sporadic shots flew across the desolate ghetto in the city-at-war, from one ruinèd building veneer to the next.

“You'll have to be the journalist instead,” said a soldier 'cian. “Besides, I know a better game than

football. Drink this."

{passing something noxious}

Drinking was a sport behind the barricades of the city-at-war. Where and when a civil war did occur.

Alcohol, Tobacco, Fire-arms, Candles. Cave Rave. A whole host of white vans turnèd up. Some were the heavies, the rest were the English Defence League. We knew we were in for trouble. As label runners we knew we had a limitèd capacity for keeping a scene from turning ugly. We never invited the EDL but we never wanted to kick 'em out either. A nigger was always our bouncer. A real Sh'khorah. A dark looker. Shifting pallettes, shifting guns. His day job was Biffa as a refuse collector. His night was darker. His jaw was a clicker if ever he felt the anger'er.

"Er … "

"Hey up, we're from Biffa," said a host entering. "You got the bins?"

"Tweeters too,"

Romeo ran the guns in Paris. Our good friends at Biffa made sure he never saw a Qavanagh. The Inspector. If a QC, even someone like Quincy, found out who we were delivering the ammo to, the entire operation would go under.

The only thing our good friends at Biffa had in common with the EDL were illuminous yellow High-

Viz jackets. The ones that didn't agree went South of the Border. No Sigla. The ones that stayèd did the bins as usual, tweeters too, and all their wages were paid in full by the Sociocratic EDL.

The system was so efficient that the ones who stayed were promisèd a 2 per cent pay rise per annum.

Unless you were a nigger. There was no kind of equality if you were darker.

Niggers were toleratèd more than the Ishmaelite-Khan population however. Both were somehow survivin.' The Yids in Manchester met with them every sabbath. That meant Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Mister Cohen, the pious jew, advisèd them to pay the protection fee, and go about business-as-usual and the damage to any windows that got blown through, as they regularly did, would be recompensèd by him and his associates.

Tulpa grew older under the wings of the Papal mater.

Tulpa had reachèd an age of knowing and was old enough to know it wasn't an upside-down-eye but it surely lookèd like one. Tulpa drew the hood back. It felt unusual. Tulpa friggèd it a bit. Tulpa blushèd a little bit.

Emblushing is that feeling of heat in your cheeks overheating from something embarrassing; the rhythm

of breathing. Tulpa enjoyèd the heat that ran to her cheeks. Rosy cheeks, botty still smarting from the birch.

Downstairs …

{the sound of a monk flagellating}

"Hoods on sisters," said one nun to a quorum of one.

Love-making was ascending. Upstairs, Tulpa's classmate Katherine was entering. Willing, was a penetrating gaze from Tulpa across from her; her finger still frigging, not knowing.

°Frustrating° felt Tulpa.

Katherine grabbèd her. Embracing her, Katherine took over. Frigging her. Sucking her. Tulpa was moaning. She never had had the feeling. She was turning. Katherine was lowering. Sliding down.

Eous was rising, in heat, amidst damp surroundings from the ghost of their loving breath unitèd.

Downstairs, again …

The sisters were stirring. As if somehow knowing that celibacy was undoing.

°Eous is rising° felt Tulpa.

She felt the upside-down-eye getting stiff and hard. Katherine was frigging her own and lapping up Tulpa lying down.

Tulpa and Katherine were still going together upon each other when they heard the sound of a Mater enter. The enterer, the ender.

"Er … "

°What day of the decade of The Tens was it when the unions all walked out on-the-job?°

Union strikes are a continuation of the work. Writer goes off, right-off, copyright off, shift on.

A writer goes off-on-one. A genre of none. None- but-one. Anon, anon. Anontology news hegemony. None-above-all. Equality in the newsroom.

The head of the Union walkèd in.

“Comma, anyone?”

Mister William Quincy. He's not just anyone. He startèd off as a runner down in London. It was then that he knew that he had to be a critic. He'd just arrivèd back from the Baltic. Hectic. Semi- autobiographic.

Duality. Mister William Quincy couldn't tell whether he was suffering from a split personality. Commonality surrounding poetry. Many different discussions springing up rapidly. Carvossier.

Another Carvossier. Definitely a split personality. Quincy Qavanagh, QC. Queen's council. Guvnor, in the capital.

“He's a modernist writer,” said an interpreter concerning an author, up for review. “In this era, what shall we call it, the contemporary age? It gets harder and harder to define a genre.”

The interpreter was making the point in a series of gestures. As if genres could be defined by gestures.

« *Gestuel*. »

“When the postmodern age reaches its omega-point, the genre of Meta is going to swallow everything, everything is becoming aware of itself,” replièd a sub-editor.

The sub-editor was contracting to a point, his omega-point. Like the author, Fukuyama, and his end of history, his end of history postmodernism was dying quickly.

“All you have to do to kill the postmodern era is write every single thought you have as dialogue, remember all your friends' words and use them as speech too, then fill in the gaps with descriptions of landscapes and faces,” said Sally.

Sally was neither contracting or protracting, just casually conversing. Sally was getting drunk with the rest of the union and flirting. Her definition of postmodernism ending needèd correcting. Ding, ding, ding!

“Postmodernists are incredulous towards metanarratives, suspicious of unified rational self-critical sentences towards all forms of powers and their uses.”

Of course, this wasn't the correct definition; it was just another drunk rendition of casual conversation.

City bars. City news. The news denoues.

{*denouement*}

The more the union drank the more the union enjoyèd the strike, the continuation of their work, slurring their dirty words.

The dirty word draws a dirty word over the dirty word's

dirty word.

Passing the river, a union member saw another.

Yet another critic. A literary cynic. Qryptiq. Someone was scrawling something in Coptic. Frantic. Anti-semantic.

It was time to hit-the-shift.

{exchanging alcohol for caffeine}

This is what it feels like. From one shift to another. Hacking, no slacking. Hacking away at the truth. A tired bunch of hacks. Back in the office.

The only contravention to the smoking ban in the United Kingdom of Great Britain. It feels good to get out when the shift finishes.

"I must have hit that god-damn shift button around a thousand times today," said an alt-shifter concerning his hacking at the computer, working the alternative shift.

"If I got a quid for every time I hit the shift key," said Sally, "I wouldn't be working for money. I certainly wouldn't be lending myself out for house-style anontology. I mean, who does this editor think he is! *No is, no am, no are, no was, no be*?"

"It's anontology, apparently."

"Anonymously, according to media law and the policy," opinèd Sally, "we should be protecting the rights of the vulnerable person in question."

One of the subbers was making an allusion to a difficult question, of how journalists have to follow the book, keep to the rules so they don't get sued for libel, or worse.

"We shouldn't even go to print." "It's a scandal."

"You're a vandal, Mister Quincy! What do you mean, *no was, no be*?"

{rendering present absent}

"I admit, not all journalists would agree with this one," said Mister William Quincy, "but the opinions of the journalist reflect the organization. We've got a business to run. We're in the business of manufacturing words."

Quincy thought his anontology was prophecy.

The manufacturing of the news according to deadlines meant that spin doctors, the men-in- position and the overall women's disposition, had to make up a story or two. Call it fibbing. White lies, white paper. Black letters, shadow news.

The only thing that concernèd those manufacturing consent for the spectacle was that people might actually believe it for what it was. Of course, people took it at face value so it didn't come at that much of a price. Yet, what is worse than lying is someone believing it.

« *comme ci-dessus, donc ci-dessous …* »

{persuadingly}

Witham Sispa was trying to persuade Mister O'Niste to animate a mannequin in order to overcome his fear.

"It's fairly simple," said Witham Sispa. "You just whisper the *juju* into the mannequin's ear and

demand that she return to her original statuesque state in around about a year's time."

"Oh, not you with your *abjadi juju*!" replièd Mister O'Niste. "Don't you remember what happened the last time?"

"Oh, I remember," said Witham Sispa. "That uncontrollable finger!"

"A constant scribbling of geomancy," replièd Mister O'Niste. "Dots-and-lines everywhere. It took us forever to stop that thing!"

"All it takes is a ring," said Witham Sispa.

Witham Sispa producèd the bell that tollèd the sound of *ablanathanalba*. *Ablanathanalba* is the opener and the closer; it goes forwards-and-backwards in the same direction. Witham Sispa was a known incanter, a bell-ringing enchanter, always trying to outsmart Mister O'Niste.

"Don't worry about the mannequin," said Witham Sispa. "All it takes to return her to her androgynous stillness is the sound of *ablanathanalba*. Here, take this bell. I've already invested it with the magic word, the *juju*, so when it rings it reverses whatever you've done to change something metaphysical like that."

Mister O'Niste took the bell from Witham Sispa.

Mister O'Niste was going to attempt the spell. Whether exists.

QC was thinking about democracy.

°Use a condom don't tell me. Let's talk about democracy° thought a member of the polity. °Fives times a day all facing the same way. Unanimity. A greater number than democracy. Use a condom don't tell me. As long as you're doing it privately.°

Every party policy decidèd racially.

“The individual is the party,” said an individual to the party, as an Ephraimite identity. It gave the English Defence League unity to adopt a biblical identity racially. Racially and stereotypically. And knew equality because they believed what Bob Dylan said in his song Hurricane.

°*Remember that you're white*.°

“None above all,” one decidèd, equally.

{stereotypically}

{executively}

« *Decret* » said authority.

The work of the EDL was not for the eyes of a nigger, or one who's weirder 'cause their darker. A runner. Another Qavanagh turned guvnor.

Qavanagh.

White pride, white shirts, black dubbin'd boots. In the town hall.

“We just like a fight though, don't we?” “It may as well be the government.”

“It looks like it, skinhead.”

“Qavanagh, to you, Senior.”

“That's fighting talk, junior.”

“Does someone want to make a cuppa tea, or

what? This is getting silly!"

"QC, I'll get one for thee."

"Thee, I, thaa."

"There you are."

"Here-we-go!"

On the TV, the footie. Laddies-and-ladies. Later down the bookies.

They callèd the sociocratic person the messiah of the voter. It came upon them unawares; the voters who sell wares or the ones extortèd for the scares. It wasn't to rob them of their vote as a thief in the night. More right. Mother Labour's over, father's in the right. It made them unanimous as a voter. More so than the five-a-day Ishmaeliter.

For all three days of the sociocratic person's self-appointèd sabbath, the English sociocrats were appointèd to do their work. The busiest days of the economy, especially Sunday; making a baby.

Boom! Baby! Bust!

The last four days had brought the English sociocrats down. They were going to bring the whole thing down. Every contra, every social misdemeanour.

°We have the backing of the voter°

°We are the messiah°

°It was as if we were the winner°

The final, the ender, the message-sender. The

serial overturner of the server-of-servers. The messiah of the voter were serving the population its just rewards. As if unwittingly, every single server went down suddenly. Hardware dump, blue-screen wipe.

A hint of the eternal return; a hint of the eternal return; a hint of the eternal … eternal … eternal …

“What's with all the EVOL?” said the messagèd.

“No one knows how to use Google,” replièd the messenger.

There was more than a hint of return; shifting-and-spacing.

WWW.

{ad infinitum}

“It's just gone down,” said a former throughviewer.

World Wide Wipeout, but people kept trying it:

WWW.

{ … }

WWW.

{ … }

WWW.

{ … }

Windows Wiped Worldwide.

“During the civil war,” Llugnurgus said, “that was when water was scarce.”

Scarcely any, scarcely aplenty.

“He mustn't have understood your mannerisms,” said a dowager.

The dowager was a woman to whom Llugnurgus was a pastor. Llugnurgus would minister unto her. Llugnurgus was recounting a story to her, the dowager, about how he had failed to convince a fellow Irish volunteer to continue the armèd struggle.

“Er … what do you mean?” Llugnurgus replièd. “He was as Irish as the next Irish volunteer, but by the end of it all of us came to question why we were there.”

Fabula V.

“We just like a fight, don't we?”

“Is this some kind of knife party?”

“It's the Order of the Sword … Now be careful where you swing that thing.”

“Swingers too?”

“We've got a few Enochian Keys on the tables to do.”

“Tables.”

“Fittings.”

"Lamps."

"Fixtures."

Set-and-setting. It was an uncomfortable environment. There was much regretting. Not everything that went on in the Freemasonry was kosher.

One poor fellow, an Adeptus Minor, had accidentally got his tongue slit when things got a bit too orgiastic. They used knives as wands. Some people were being theurgi|cal. Some people were fucking. There will always be fucking. Fucking. Theurgy. Theurgy. More fucking. An accidental slitting. A purposeful slitting. A real tongueing. It was bleeding for ages. Blood rituals were common.

"*Was macht a yid*?– What makes a Yid?" said Burnsie.

"*Was macht beyt*?– Off work, what's happening?" askèd Bagsie.

"I don't understand, there should be work in the Yiddish part of Tottenham Ton," said Burnsie.

Mister Donald Burns expressèd a deep confusion surrounding his multi-ethnic surroundings. He couldn't get past how such a rich culture was failing to provide the riches. Mister Donald Baggs understood.

"Even the executives are leaving," said Bagsie. "Numbers are down," said Burnsie to Bagsie

{in Cockney}

“What do the figures of the community accountant say?” wonderèd Bagsie.

If the yid who held the books on the gentile's accounts were returning ten per cent to the community fund then it meant that the yids could stay. Any other way, it'd mean another diaspora. Mister Donald Baggs always askèd after the numbers. He'd say things like *b'midbar*. Burnsie always went to see the yid who took care of the business ledgers. The law of return is ten percent.

“What figures?” replièd Burnsie, “I'd rather look at Isopsephy!”

“Fuck that, make a baby…”

Sometimes Numbers discipline it. Sometimes Numbers help it, depending on whether it's a Yawhist, Elohist, Deuteronomist, Geomantic Numerologist it wouldn't help the diaspora. There was no work for Burnsie and Bagsie in the Yiddish part of Tottenham Ton.

“On-the-job,” said The Stranger.

The Stranger was on a mobile telephone and The Stranger was speaking in some sort of Eastern European dialect. A n o n. couldn't help but notice that the other wrist of The Stranger was occupièd as well. A discreet silver chain ran from the suitèd cuff from underneath a sleeve to a briefcase tuckèd neatly in beside The

Stranger's chair. It wasn't going anywhere.

°This must be important° Anon. thought.

Anon. listenèd more intently. The Stranger kept changing languages restlessly, as if being misunderstood, and the café maitre, from one to the other, and the next one and the other one after that, kept buzzing around him like a busybody attracting The Stranger's confusèd glances. Glances, glances, places, trances. The Stranger was, Anon. was certain, talking about the briefcase itself. Then, the sounds of the words were sounding like they were numbers being spoken. Like, how many after so many calculations etcetera. Oh, and directions! The amount of times that Anon. had askèd for directions that particular day, and to end up there, sitting on the roadside just outside the arondissement of Voltaire, something very curious was being spoken down one end of a telephone across from view.

In the next glance, as if by chance, as if by accident, Anon. saw The Stranger with the briefcase remove a USB memory disk from it. And the very same face that had threatenèd my rosy cheeks, a la murder button, the anonymous nigger, the dark stranger, met The Stranger like a businessman and took the disc from the unoccupièd hand, the other hand still chained to the briefcase.

Neither of them noticèd Anon.. Sarai had taken notice of Anon..

“The slave psychology affects the master,” said Psi-Qolog to Miss Correspondence, from under the cover. Everything about Miss Correspondence's agency was under cover.

“Just another slave to a lover,” replièd Miss Correspondence.

Disputatio pilosam.

“*Shubatz b'liym ta'atz*,” said Psi-Qolog, in Hebrew.

{giving her the touch}

USB was currency for *attache* briefcase.

“What we thought we were looking for was not even there at all,” said Lamed. “The Logris.”

“I've been all the way to hell after I forfeited my own soul and all for the sake of it,” said *****, “the company, the party, and the line.”

“Hell, or your own soul?” wonderèd Stoker.

“This business. The company is killing me. I need an honorable discharge,” replièd *****. “Even though I believe in the conviction of it and I know I've got a past that I have to hide, I'm fed up of all this low-lying, double-dealing, four-sided-face wearing, information smuggling. Guns are running the money and the money are running the guns,” *****

complainèd.

“To hell with you and your demons,” replièd Stoker. “If we don't get what we came for we can't go home. I've not seen my wife and child for six months now.”

Stoker was resisting *****. ***** was in solipsis. It was like a psychosis in Paris.

Already, Stoker thought he had given ***** too much information. The company weren't supposèd to talk about their families in front of their closest enemies but Stoker thought that if he did then ***** would cotton on to it and drop his guard a little.

°Maybe let slip some inside information?° Stoker thought.

They were on-the-wire.

Behind the picket lines. Behind the barracades.

Behind enemy lines. A city-at-war.

“All the General's men,” said the 'cian.

“There won't be a man left to fill his boots by the end of this,” said pessimism.

“I'm filling my boots,” said fear.

“Filing in, show me your boots,” said the General. “You're not going out in those.”

The General pointed down to it.

“The shame of it,” he said. “Put some polish on it.”

“Yes, sir,” said obedience.

“Don't call me sir,” said the General. “I'm your equal.”

The door to the cell block where the resistance were gatherèd burst open. It swung on its hinges and flew against the frame. The sound of the metal went clang, a loud bang, as the door ricochetèd off-the-wall. The brothers-and-sisters, all lined up in the bunker almost duckèd for cover. Everyone was expecting the worst.

One 'cian ran in through the door, almost surprisèd as he wonderèd what all his comrades were looking so shockèd for.

“Sir … I mean, er … comrades,” said the 'cian in question. “We've just had word from our supplier. There's going to be a shortage of boots.”

“Okay, men,” replièd the General. “Take off your neighbour's boots and wash his feet.”

After the men had done what the General had askèd, he asked the men assemblèd for one last grace. They moved into rank-and-file. The general was about to address them as one. The singular one. The One.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,” enunciatèd the General. “Nor for the arrow that flieth by day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand. But it shall not come nigh thee.”

Maximillian, a true soldier and a civil war 'cian. Every one is some kind of 'cian. Maximillian may as well have been a veteran since they made him, unanimously, the General, in their city-at-war.

Maximillian, the order of the day, kind-of-guy.

°What's the general feeling?° Maximillian askèd himself, at intervals in the legenda. A manic scribbler. A thought recorder. A speech maker. A lover of make. Will-to-love. Will-to-power.

Maximillian carried a .45 handgun, hung at his crotch, not a Magnum revolver, but an automatic weapon. The international symbol of power. And the gun next to it.

The *black market* was twenty percent of the economy. That's what the EDL leaders said.

The temporary autonomous zoners were going about their business running what they called the Techno-Eco-System.

“We've got to keep the EDL away from these guns,”

“We're a techno-eco-system, they're never getting in,”

“Too many anarcho-capitalists,” said Ochus, “not enough punks.”

“Leave them to the street-team,” said Rorafes, taking the arm of Ochus, “you can't have a say in this, darl'. It's private business. These corporate heavies are a measure of protection against this escalation.”

“Listen, you lot, can you hurry this up a bit … ” said one of the heavies. “I can't be late for the

Inspector. We've got a meeting with Qavanagh QC at the EDL Sociocracy."

Since the systematic removal of every government official every white family in the North-of-England lived like a hasteless Sicilian Mafia mobber. 'Fugees went the rest-of-them.

The core of the EDL were very astute. Their knowledge of economics, despite being staggeringly simple in principle, was extremely effective.

Consider the Anarchism of the Dadaists: « *l'loi d'retour c'est dix per cent monsieur* … » Ten per cent of everything went into the coffers of local thuggers. It was a flat-rate tax that coverèd everything and everyone in the community …

»*Gemeinschaft*« protection security, as if it was a racist ideology that was great financially. Even the ravers had to pay-their-way. Ten per cent.

The days of Tulpa's teenage monastic life of schooling in the Roman outreaches to Africa went on with the other girls in the monastery appreciating the undoing of celibacy. As well as appreciating the artworks in art class frequently. The Papacy had the money.

°How many times have you seen your future in a painting?° thought Tulpa.

"Put some grids on it, there might be hidden

messages underneath it," said Virginie.

Virginie nudgèd Tulpa out of her isolatèd trance. Virginie didn't want Tulpa to be alone in her solitary contemplation. Virginie wantèd herself and Tulpa to truly be with each other, to interpret the future together.

"Let's isolate these parts so we can see what each other is saying," replièd Katherine.

In art class gridding was understanding something. A hidden meaning.

°No more conjuring up fantasies° thought Tulpa, correcting her earlier thought.

"What do you, Virginie, conceive to be an acceptable fantasy?" wonderèd Tulpa, considering: °I might not frig Katherine anymore°

"A little spanking never goes a miss. Smarted botty. Rosy cheeks. On your way and play, as the Sisters say in the nunnery," replièd Virginie.

The both of them tiltèd their heads sideways simultaneously, arching their backs in agreement as they saw the phallic object in the centrepiece of the painting. It was obscurèd. It didn't pop out at them immediately, but the very moment they saw it, they knew it.

°It looks like a banana° thought Tulpa. Tulpa inadvertently licked her lips. °Tasty … my favourite fruit° she thought.

Tulpa thought about the upside-down-eye and the other night with Katherine. Katherine producèd a banana, in hunger.

"Bending arch agree with *me*…" utterèd

Virginie.

Virginie rightly divinèd an eye, underneath a bending arch. Rightly divining an eye, the sisters condemned the daughters for augury. Rhyming with the description of the eye, augury. Not augury, like the rhyme of Virginie.

“You've seen an upside-down-eye in the painting, have you?” enquirèd one of the sisters, a nun.

The interrogation by the sister, mater to the daughter, began with the bearing of the gawel. When a mater bangs the gawel to the floor, it means mater gets the truth.

“Mater Matuta,” said Tulpa, “ … nomino Musa… ”

Tulpa made the sign of the light of the cross, three times crossing her heart, as if she had had a point to get across.

“Hail Maryam. It was art!” protestèd Tulpa.

Katherine intercedèd, which was unusual for her, as she was usually the one responsible for landing Tulpa in trouble.

“Can we not ponder our future when we consider a painting?” said Katherine.

Katherine was pleading for clemency, but it wouldn't remove the trespass of rightly divining an eye, augury, oh, how art can lie!

The future of the daughter recedèd back into the painting and it became a wod of colours, misinterpretèd due to the strict catholic discipline of ensuring that it was mater who was the interpreter. Never Puella.

"If it's the seventh day of the week then I should be in bed."

Shadda was an Upsilon over Lamed …

"Is that where you left your head?" said the one on the Op-Ed.

"It's where I tossed a tail," said the one opening the newspaper mail.

The editors at The Grand newspaper couldn't think of the right headlines before the deadlines. Hacking on a Saturday. No Tax. The sociocrats had devisèd a new economic policy. No VAT. No VAT at weekends. Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Ten percent higher during the week. Regulating big- business.

Mammon-mammoth-sabbath. Three days of debauchery.

"We'll build it back up on the Monday."

Destroying it all over again every Friday night.

Hair-of-the-dog on Saturday. Still a journalist on Sunday. Take the kids to school on Monday. Never toast a Tuesday. Wednesday, Tiw day. Thursday, Thor day, all-of-them at war, day. Friday, Freyja's day. What does Freyja say? Not VAT to pay.

“Viva la sociocracie!”

“¡No Pasaran!”

A king conspirator wouldn't let a single identity in. All the brothers-and-sisters were wearing the same garments. A hoarde of them had gatherèd outside a bar at the 5th arondissement of the Parisienne city-at-war.

The Greys were a bipartisan group. Neither black nor white, solely. The Greys wore Grey suits with red armbands. They wore their facial expressions in uniform too. Pallow. Like a black-and-white photo. Red eyes. Red spies. Anyone of the Greys could give up a Black or White, like it was a game of chess.

{surprise}

{move}

Inside the tavern at the 5th arondissement.

“This is a war, let's sober up,” said Witham Sispa.

“Have you tipped your tender?” replièd Mister O'Niste.

“We just like a fight, don't we?”

“No amnesty.”

“We're going to protest in London, south of England,”

The English Defence League and even some of the British National Party were preparing for a massive march on London.

“Has everyone got their High Viz. Jackets?”

Another racist movement was happening across town in Manchester Ton.

“I'm going on Hajj for that Dowry … just look at that arse,” said Asif to Iziz.

“It's costing me a lot of money,” said a friend of the family.

Strip-clubbery. Why does an African Ishmaelite woman sell her body for money? Syria backs her. The entirety of her. Selling her, underground.

What lies between an American Soldier and a Gazan Warrior? Just another Muslim mother, dead under water, laid under the earth, sharpenèd by the shrapnel. And the other? Just another single mother, in South Carolina.

In the sociocratic think-tank things just get serious from time-to-time.

“Three hours per day, according to Monsieur Fourier.”

“A daily devotion to nothing.”

“Forget I said anything.”

“These conversations are getting a bit confusing.”

“Boring!”

The executive consultation walkèd into the lobby of the building, the glass doors automatically rotating as

they were opening. A Dutch presence was truly entering.

"*Ik voel een beetje ding*,"

{in passing}

The English sociocrats were dismissing the father of the art as a mere thing in passing. Mister Endenburg and Mister Romme had arrivèd to have a look at what was going on, just for good measure, since it was their special treasure.

"It's a Dutch invention," said Mister Endenburg, "sociocracy."

"What's with this English application?" said Mister Romme, "and your advocacy?"

"We believe we have the anti-memes to destroy the Adword virus that is directing unknowns to contraband websites unknowingly and charging people money unwittingly," said Robertson.

Mister Endenburg and Mister Romme were referring to a deadlier virus.

"Can we first just address what you mean exactly by *think-tank delegating power outwards from centre equally among autonomous interlinking circles*?" said Mister Endenburg. "How can public money afford this much bureaucracy?"

"Twenty per cent of our economy," replièd Mister William Quincy.

"And then you go on to say," said Mister Romme, "*...think-tank disseminating knowledge, partially, outwards from centre among autonomous interlinking circles*. I can only reiterate my colleague's statement. It seems like a waste of public money."

Apprehension fillèd the room.

“Twenty per cent of our economy is keeping a war from ending suddenly. We don't need to insult your intelligence by humouring you about what is taking place in Paris at the moment,” said Quincy. “However, as to your question and our English application, it's in its inception. The evolution of democracy acts as the actualization of the sociocratic person. The sociocratic person informs the organization of a decision-making system that forms part of a microcosmic representation of the macrocosmic framework of the larger democratic system which encompasses her. The formation of the sociocratic person marks the beginning of the sociocratic method which has a structure developed from the bottom upwards.”

Telly was eyeing up Sally from the bottom upwards.

“Within the sociocratic person,” Quincy continuèd, “participants discuss the vested interests of progressive thought and reach agreements by consensus for their proposal after consideration. Only after difficulties and mistakes pertaining to the sociocratic method at the lowest level have been overcome shall possibilities for the sociocratic person see themselves established at a higher level. The advice that emerges from the sociocratic person shall gradually find use in the existing corpus-democracy. Once the organization of the sociocratic person and her method achieves acceptance by her closest hierarchical relation within the established system shall she induct herself into the wider participation of corpus-democracy as a

representative of sociocracy."

Ingsoc. followèd up with an indefinite argument. "An organization structured as the sociocratic person allows for cybernetic governance to inform a democracy," said Telly. "In a cooperative association delegates participate in a general consensus constituting the ultimate formal authority in the sociocratic person; for example, a Consensus Counsel appoints an Autocratic Assembly."

"Dirty words, locally nominated, professionally elected," jokèd Robertson.

Telly continuèd. "A Consensus Counsel appoints an Autocratic Assembly charged with running the activity of the sociocratic person. Exclusive members of the sociocratic person act collectively as formally in charge. An Autocratic Assembly formally subordinates itself to the members yet actually governs the sociocratic person and her affairs."

Sally was thinking about her affairs. She kept an eye on her briefcase, looking up from the sex of her spectacles resting on the nose. Sally was thinking about her affairs.

{orderèd affairs}

"Collectivization of responsibility," said Telly, "and decision must achieve its ends by the cybernetic governance of the constituent organs of the sociocratic person, or persons, who then play a role of ambassador to her body's principle members so as to inform democracy's progressive development."

"Please, go on," said Mister Endenburg.

It was almost immpossible to tell the difference

between the two Dutch men, Endenburg and Romme. They lookèd the same as each other as if they had given birth to the same idea simultaneously. They could have been twins for the likeness. Both fair, with fair hair, swept back, their hairs like so, the Limburg sweep-back throw-back; pin-striped shirts with thick collars tucked into jeans, the denim slightly obscuring their perfect leather mule footwear.

"Pray tell," said Romme. "We're going to need a little more elaboration."

"A dynamic, non-linear cybernetic system," said Quincy, "in which knowledge flows in multiple directions so that feedback rather than power becomes the basic organizing principle constitutes sociocratic governance. Elements of sociocracy have their derivation in cybernetic concepts. Cybernetics distinguishes between linear and dynamic systems. In linear systems, power and information flow only in one direction; for example, a light switch when turned on uses a familiar linear system. Dynamic non-linear systems proving more complex than linear ones contain feedback and control loops known as circle processes. All living systems such as individual human beings or human organizations share the features of dynamic systems able to evaluate and adjust their position in a continuously changing environment. Organizations have a typical linear image in mind: the assumption that power flows from top to bottom. A feedback loop that governs the flow of information controls the agent of power."

"The agency of the letter," said Telly.

“Welkomst.”

“Echt?” said Romme. “And how do you account for this loutish skin-head sitting here? I mean, what does he do?”

“That's Mister King to you senior,” said the skin-head. “I'm an English Defence League sociocrat.”

“Pay no mind to this loutish skin-head,” said Telly. “He's intel, actually. As we were saying, a system that efficiently balances power via circle processes makes itself compatible to the application of sociocratic governance.”

Endenburg turnèd to Romme, only to turn back to face the English sociocrats. The two gentlemen turnèd to face each other one more time for confirmation.

°Echt?° they thought.

{in unison}

“Ah, so it follows, then,” said Romme, “that the circular processes within the sociocratic person function to demonstrate cybernetic governance by accommodating dialogue that flows in a circular fashion among interested groupings representing the different values of the political compass?”

“Precisely, Meneer Romme,” Telly affirmèd. “The circular exchange of ideas returns the meaning of dialogue to its sociocratic usage. In this way the sociocratic person promises new ways to build consensus and common ground and to energize the citizenry, in spite of the apathy. Dialogue in the form of a feedback loop within the sociocratic person keeps citizens and officials in touch with the ebb-and-flow of

public values and judgments. The value of citizen feedback combined with cybernetic governance has distinct advantages: the sociocratic person has the capacity to enlarge the scope of political dialogue whilst serving as an educational institution whose processes bring issues into public and professional focus and allow them to define themselves. Besides engaging citizens, cybernetic governance within the sociocratic person promotes a deeper commitment to and understanding of the amalgamation of public and professional policy. The sociocratic person allows public officials to consider a broad range of policy options on any given issue based on the real-life concerns and testimonies of everyday citizens. The democratic significance of cybernetic governance focuses on its ability to enhance direct citizen participation in the political process. The sociocratic person perceives great value in registering the political attitudes and inclinations of the public and the professionals who serve them."

"And what about you, then, Mister King?" said Endenburg to the skin-head, EDL sociocrat.

"Pay no mind to me," replièd Mister King. "I'm intel."

Mister King received his 20%.

Cyrillic got pushèd over the Irish border and into

the hands of teachers. They callèd Llugnurgus Mad Cyril with his Russian ideas, an attempt to repeal Irish xenophobic foreign-based engenderèd fears.

"Is he a Taig or a Pogue?"

{one fears}

"He's a wall constructor," another assumèd.

"Building unity or indivisibility?" one askèd. The Russians ran around the wall in Ireland.

Heads west, facing east, embracing north, the south behind them.

Passing water. Manufacturing wine. A lousy time consumer. Anything but a gun runner. A literary character. A one world instigator.

Before he became a minister, Llugnurgus was a character. That Pádraig that he was. Llugnurgus ran Ireland. The entire length-and-breadth of it. He felt better for it. He wantèd to rejoin it.

Ireland. He was forcibly ejectèd from her for his participation in the city-at-war abroad and exilèd from her for returning to disseminate Cyrillic amongst the children's schools.

THEY READ:

Много ли человеку земли нужно?

One said:

"How much land does one man need?"

{Simeon knocking}
{Avi answering}
{Michal praying to a non-Jew}

Michal was frigging because she knew that her father Avi would turn Simeon away.

"I'll take my birch-end shag-pull sweeper to the bare cheeks of your scrawny arse, sonny," boomèd Avi.

Michal's father, Avi, didn't want to threaten or intimidate Simeon but he wanted to give him a little fright, put a bit of the fear of God into him because he deservèd it, because he deserved Michal.

Fear without love– surely there is here a deficiency of love; love without fear— there is nothing here at all … Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back, Guilty of dust and sin… dusty like a star, shining from afar.

No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear. I am not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid. The same fluttering in the stomach, the same restlessness, the yawning. I keep on swallowing…

"Avi, listen to me. *Ani ohav* Michal," counterèd Simeon. "I love Michal."

{defiantly}

Simeon's Hebrew was sub-par but Avi could tell that he lovèd Michal.

At that moment when Michal had heard her name elicitèd from Simeon's lips she felt a shudder through her hips, rising up to Sarai, the de facto Jewish goddess, *eloah da'ath*.

Anon. thought that The One had been left behind in that first week of roaming around Voltaire. To who knows where? Who knows where to begin when trying to recount the amount of mileage that I must've traversèd on foot around the city of Paris.

Love has borders that liberty does not. Love has its reasons the reason knows not. A n o n . forgot. A n o n . knew not.

Not knowing The One from The Other, the city from the lover, Anon. had become caught in a deadly dialogue with Sarai. Noumenal. Consequential. Becoming actual.

At first, an anonymous nigger, a dark stranger.

°Murderous. Maybe a darkness has colourèd my opinion?° thought Anon.. °A bright-young-spark sees a fuck load of dark°

Yet what was worse was that I was all alone on the streets of Paris; without a lover, without a home. Without an identity, a complete unknown. Insurrection within. Within, insurrection.

Anon. set off in the general direction…

Sarai was pointing down to it from her starry perch in the architecture above, keeping tabs on Anon.'s movement.

Anon. was stopping at intervals to ask random strangers in broken french which way would be the best

way to go to seek out whatever it was that I was looking for.

On the busier days, Anon. was busièd amongst people. A procession of one, a procession of many, but pretty quickly an artist caught up.

°Without robbing the beauty from the beholder, it's time for a dirty artist to come clean° Anon. decidèd.

A simple illusion, a trick, was the best opening gambit Anon. could think of. Cheap entertainment. At the toss of a few coins against a wall Anon. observèd how the strangers lookèd toward the sky in confusion. At the click of fingers Anon. noticèd the very same look in the opposite way for confirmation.

« *Voila*! » Anon. exclaimèd.

{pointing again to the sky behind them}

{confusion abounding in consternation}

Cheap entertainment was confusing the establishment.

The next thing that Anon. knew, the following was happening in a bar on some other boulevard or something. Something other. Another anonymous nigger.

{approaching her}

Drawing towards her, Anon. was on-the-pull. Pulling her away from the next guy. Towards a fairer guy. Fairer hair. Rosier cheeks. Embarassingly strawberry blonde.

It was embarassing. Was Anon. maddening?

°Am I maddening?° Anon. thought.

Anon. brushèd up against her black ass. Not the first one, the next one. She was not amusèd. In fact, she

was frightenèd. So much so that she cast a stare in anger towards me. My pupils dilatèd instantly. A n o n. wasn't sorry. A n o n. thought that Anon. was being funny. But by that point, things had gotten beyond a joke.

The kids in Auschwitz got laid every night. Or so it would appear. The little demons with their poor Holocaust delusion in there. They just really enjoyed a sleep-over.

Psi-Qolog laid them out every night. The pillows and the sheets.

“Nice-and-clean,” said Psi-Qolog, laying out the sheets.

They became dirty instantly, the kids were messing around.

He had to sleep over that night. Miss Correspondence never gave him grief about over-working, his *messiah complex* was his favourite delusion; he thought he was a composer.

Miss Correspondence was elsewhere, but in that moment, the quiet ones that she chose, she was looking back over the dots-and-lines.

The Ademayiim knew full control. So engineerèd were the myths surrounding them that they went unchallengèd. Until now. A Solomonic magus walkèd among them in an ingenious disguise. Ipsissimus. It was as if another code-name had squealèd to Russia all over again. Mossad vs. Mossad. That constant paranoia. Nobody knew who from who in the business, the company *and* the company, the institution *and* the security. Glances glances places trances. Nation-state insecurity.

Code-name, *****

{classifièd}

… was confessing to a Catholic priest about the lie. Agents of The Ademayiim had to get the falsity out of the way, in whatever way they could, before they could play. Dangerously. Eous was the call- sign,

Codename, *****

{classifièd}

…was the code-name.

Codename, *****

{classifièd}

…went to Russia a year later. One could have said, a mere year earlier, that the terrorist threat to the nation-state was limitèd to petrol bombs thrown behind city lines. That kind of employability just didn't have the capability.

Russia had fifty attache briefcases. Since nuclear proliferation they had let ten slip. The Ademayiim knew that Russia were supporting Syria. Every one had to have a stake in the claim of the region.

Ten attache briefcases: on-the-loose. The

Ademayiim knew that the terrorists had the capability of nuclear employability. This was the unreportèd world.

"So, what you're basically telling me," said Quincy, "is that these young lads, are not professional soliders?"

William Quincy was referring to a younger 'cian, anything but a veteran. Quincy spoke. "Do they even know how to handle a rifle properly?" he said.

"We've all had a go on a magazine, yeah," replièd one soldier 'cian.

These words were spoken by one amateur 'cian, barely fourteen years old.

"I must've shot-one-off a thousand times today," said another, even younger.

"Show me," said Quincy.

Immediately, the younger 'cian pointèd the cock end of the rifle down to Quincy's bits-and-bobs.

"You wouldn't really want me to show you, now, would you, periodista?"

"How about that for a demonstration!" exclaimèd Quincy. "He may as well be an English sociocrat with an attitude like that. Thanks for the demonstration, kid. Best of luck with the good fight."

The young lad, anonymous. Quincy had neglectèd to write the name of the young one in his

little-black-book. It was a voilent night, the following night, all was harm, all was fright. The young lad dièd during the good fight.

°What lies between the enemy and the hostility?° wonderèd Quincy.

He wrote, in his diary…

437th day of the Tens

Once just another young soldier-come-'cian, now lying below, a veteran.

{closèd}

{shut}

William Quincy found himself outside a hotel, La Sanguine, it was callèd. He was crouchèd behind the barricades with an Italien king conspirator and his fiera sister. They were anything but sociocrats.

It was a young idea, worth fighting for, sociocracy, to get absolute consensus from an assembly, but still, the opposition was mountèd against it. Much like the agrarian, General Franco.

"Honestly, this war may as well be a *bimbo bordello*," said one Italiano.

"*Ablamente, fin de la guerre*," said his sister.

"How can it be antikapitalist if it mentions Kapitalismo all the time?" arguèd one.

Anti-versus-anti; pro-con-pro. Neocon. The con:

the anarcho-kapitalists had to up-the-ante on their predecessors' thought and market the ideas that the collectivists were opposèd to, or rather, to oppose their own views in order to elect them.

One election: one executive, minus one administrative. Majority, illustrative.

"By allowing our contentious – consensus – views to be institutionalised and accumulated as kapital from the structures of the educational and the political, the liberal economic system bolsters its stronghold as an upper class with the power to repress our voluntary association," said the fascist to anarchist.

Both of them talking like the situationist.

"Wage equality, small society."

"Local economic trading systems and the bifurcation of the true community."

"Yeah, *sozjietie*, a word from the lexicon of kidology! Tripartite societiet."

"Universal suffrage of the universal issue within every decision of participation, extended to the choice in every activity of cooperation between matriarchy, patriarchy and filiarchy."

"Okey dokey."

Things were getting a bit too pseudoscientific a bit too quickly, so a couple decidèd to be nauseatingly sickly.

"Secular paradise is fleeting," espousèd the girl to the one she was espousèd to.

"Paradise on earth is a pair of eyes meeting," replièd the espousèd.

The both of them, the two of them, the two

utopians, were committèd to the utopian visions of their compañeros' discussions, but all the two of them could see of a beautiful vision was how much they had both fallen. Fallen for the biggest lie in the room: a greater ideal than any critique of Kapitalismo could offer. How even the poorest of us can make ends meet. This is the part of the story when holding hands was making two ends meet.

What Tulpa, what she had neglectèd to mention to Virginie was that virginity, for her, was not measured-in-blood, like the sacrament cup of *Katholikismus*. No matter how much of the son of god's blood she consumèd it wouldn't keep her a virgin like mother Maryam, The Magnificat singer of the prophetic tradition, sweet sweet Miriam, the virgin blood of mother Maryam, her son, the martyr. The martyr to Maryam. Tulpa's philosophy: monogamy not to monotony, instead, high-fidelity! Tulpa lied about her hymen having broken... Sexual difference reaches unto the limit of imaginary feminine dreams; an opening to new meaning. She was just as sweet as Maryam, a flaming beacon.

Tulpa was never going to successfully lose her virginity – coming to an end, the usefulness of trying to stay a virgin at her father's request, seeking a sexually active life of her own, embarking upon an independent

beginning – she was never going to successfully lose her virginity in an all-girl Catholic high school.

°Sacrée° she thought.

Mass to her was gnostic, Hermetic characteristic, comparèd with the movement of the gnostic mass concept, characteristic of the immanentisation of the Eschaton, and Our Lady Peace, a flaming beacon of feminine sexuality came to reside within her perpetually, the exemplary celebration and virtue of a perpetual virginity presupposing a sine qua non sexuality. Tulpa's burning passion, moist. Moist, like matutinal dew, moist to the lips, the nether mouth, kissèd by the nether lips, the sacrament, of sexual passion, which devours the flesh, in a sacrament of souls, the sacrament cup. …

Sister Etheline: "Smarted botty, rosy cheeks... On your way and play."

Sister Etheline returnèd the birch-end shag-pull sweeper to its rightful place next to the gawel.

This is my day: fillèd with headlines. This is my day: fillèd with deadlines.

Lines, lines, lines. We startèd doing the yellow lines when they split the white ones up. Couriering

newspapers along wrapping roads turning corners, grappling handlebars, and getting the news there by the appointed time.

“We bind it up, we cast it down, we never observe it for long enough,” said the cabalist, once a scholar, now, simply a professor.

Witham Sispa was considering the existence of *whether*.

Whether what the two experimental scientists had chosen to engage in was evil or not was, and to a large extent must still be, like posing the question,

°is Dark Matter evil?°

“We don't truly know the source of scientific progress,” replièd Mister O'Niste, “that is to question its nature, but we know that the arcane understanding has always contributed to the expression of the new outworking.”

The discussion turned to its source: the fundamental division and elemental separation of the substance of our divine person.

Mister O'Niste, the experimental scientist, was talking to his faithful compañero Witham Sispa about the superstitious substance.

“The *hoo goo hogo hahgah*,” said Mister O'Niste, superstitiously, not knowing how to name the substance properly, “gives us access to the meaning that

exists outside of language encodèd in and by symbols hidden within the subconscious, a substrata and filter to the latent possibility of the all, that dark ocean of mind which holds the capacity to dream, to reconcile tensions in conscious experience."

Witham Sispa made the conversation turn sexist, instantly, inverting gender from within the two gentlemen's philosophy. It continuèd.

"The nature of man's falsity," said Sispa, "the orgasmic secret of the seed of his mind, the generation of his imagination, much sought after by women, leads us to the substance's final destination, the misapprehension of the arcanic conclusion, the death of the pantheon and a logical beginning to the philosophy of the contemporary labour pains of this pregnant æon. The substance gives ascent to that, the one descent, the origin and acquiescent, nascent and latent, even blatant common agreement."

"Idiot savant!" replièd O'Niste, who could tell that rather than having a way with words, Sispa was getting carried away with the words and their endings and loved the sound of his own voice as he made the sound of the words ending go rhyming.

°When Stockport was a county Birmingham was a city. I wasn't in in the Nineties. Can I get in on the Tens? Pack-o'-Tens, please sir. An apple for five, bob.

It was a good job. It was a good job I was wearing my High-Viz jacket…

«*Gilets Jaunes*…» Long hair gave it away. Listen, I'm as Wotan as the next guy. It's Eng. in the blood, mad in the head° she thought.

“Tuesday?”

“Tiw day,”

“War day,”

“Wednesday?”

“Wotan's day,”

“War day,”

“Thursday?”

“Thor day,”

“War day,”

“Freyja's day. What does she say?”

“I don't think we'll have another war after the last three!”

The last three days were horrid.

“Shall we have a rest from fightin', shall we?”

The very next day, the EDL were up for another one. They entered Birmingham, en masse. Smashing glass. Tearing up the streets. Looking for Pakis.

A broad band of Ishmaelite and Khan men were assembling, mounting in opposition against the sea of thugs in illuminous yellow High-Viz jackets.

“They're playing 66,” said one.

{feeling outnumberèd}

“We're 96,” said another.

{feeling outgunnèd}

“There's none among 'em,” said a dicier one.

“None I recognize anyway,” said a familiar one.

“And what race are they?” utterèd a racist one.

“Weirder cause their darker,” said a father.

All ninety six of the EDL warriors were wearing illuminous yellow high viz jackets. Sixty six Asian men, all with hoodèd jackets as if Hijabs and gender equality.

° ° ° No equality! ° ° ° they shoutèd in unison.

{among them a Sabian}

Sazzaz had been positionèd within the Ishmaelite mob to see what Intel he could learn from the skirmishes with the EDL in Birmingham.

° ° ° None-Above-All ° ° ° replièd the host of the EDL.

Maeve was the best journalist on-the-scene.

°I'm as Wotan as the next guy° she thought.

We, the sociocratic person, render all other economic think-tanks obsolete with the following simple principle: no VAT during Friday, on the grounds that our Ishmaelite citizenry would consider it idolatry, no VAT during Saturday, on the grounds that our Jewish populations would consider it usury and the Christians don't buy anything on Sunday anyway.

Once all other economic think-tanks accept this simple principle, we, The Sociocratic Person, can assume responsibility for their reorganization and administration.

10% higher during the four-day-week. The law of return is 10%.

Zot hoo rak oh-tiy gains you entry to a nice jewish home on a Saturday. It was the codeword. Avi had nippèd out to get a bagel. Simeon was stoning Michal's window.

"*Eh-phoh Naviah*? Where's my judge of character, my prophetess of the Torah?" crièd Simeon.

Michal openèd the window of her bedroom to greet him.

"*Lamah Atah*? Wherefore art thou, Simeon?" crièd Michal from her bedroom window.

Simeon was clambering up the side of the house. Michal was leaning out of her window like the fairy tale Rapunzel, a tressle of hair was blowing in the breeze of the afternoon air.

Once inside.

{*Entrée*}

"Get down on your knees and make me your god," orderèd Simeon.

{pointing down to it}

"She says I do to the god she believes in," utterèd Michal.

{kneeling down to it}

At that exact moment, Avi burst in with his birch-end shag-pull sweeper.

“He's back, do one!” commandèd Michal, with the good judgment of Naviah.

“I'll have you stoned by the community, sonny!” roarèd Avi.

Avi rearèd the ugly head of the shag-pull birch-end sweeper. Simeon hit the balcony outside the window. Avi thrust the ugly end of the birch-end shag-pull sweeper through the glass window, the glass smashing and bursting in a vomitous cloud of shards, the sparks flying upward, *ohley*, all around Simeon and the wrong end of Avi's birch-end shag-pull sweeper went straight up Simeon's wrong end.

Kristallnacht.

Mazel Tov.

“I lost my shoes out dancing,” Anon. said to the hotel receptionist.

Immediately Anon. wantèd to fuck her. A n o n. thought that the receptionist could have believèd it in that moment because she'd seen Anon. in worse states with more on.

Anon. made a habit of returning to the hotel that Anon. had bookèd into after deceiving, evading, running, insulting, losing, that faithful compañero. A n o n. went back to the hotel to book a room if it was affordable but most of the time it wasn't because the money was being spent wildly on another pair of shoes.

Putting on another pair of shoes, pulling off another situationist stunt. It didn't matter about casting off shoes dancing when you could go and buy a green, crocodile-skinnèd pair of shoes for a hundred Euros on a Parisienne high street, not too upmarket– all the more reason not to cast them away, really.

So the hotel receptionist said to Anon., one particular day, more dischevellèd or less dischevellèd than the last time, it was hard to tell…

She said to me: « *As-tu entendu parlé de tourisme romantique*? » followèd by: "'eh, so, 'ave you 'eard of romance tourism?"

Anon. didn't really say anything in reply. A n o n . was too stunnèd by her immaculate English. She was dressèd in a nice Parisienne, secretariat, three-piece-suit: jacket, trousers, blouse. A n o n . couldn't help noticing. One of the buttons on her blouse was unbuttonèd because it was missing. Lingerie same colour as lipstick.

When Anon. didn't reply, she said: "One goes by a boat, one goes by a plane, and they meet in this city of ours to make love."

Anon. thought of Marie, some random woman that Anon. had initially come across at the same hotel. A n o n . now wonderèd how Marie had arrivèd. A n o n . had arrivèd by plane. The hotel was on La Rue Richard Lenoir. It was a name that came to bear an evocative quality that hit Anon. with the same force as the one on the drum-stick atop the sepulchre.

A man and his comrades, they probably weren't commies, but they were definitely some sort of society,

askèd Anon.: “Are you Richard Lenoir?”

{exclusively}

The thought occurrèd to Anon. that it was a curious thing to say because he could've askèd anyone on that particular street, that particular question, and it'd make sense. So Anon. didn't reply. A n o n . simply joinèd in with their message.

The man who had askèd Anon. the question was one who could be callèd one of the under-class of Paris and his gentleman friend, who lookèd no less worse for wear, gave me some Whisky and said: “Here, join us. Can you play the guitar?”

Anon. obligèd and gave the guitar a little twiddle. The Whisky was awful. It tastèd rank.

Anon. could've been drinking petrol or any other such concoction. It was really bad but it was all Anon. had had. It was all that Anon. had had that day. So Anon. took another sip. And then Anon. heard the gentleman who had askèd the question take a harmonica to his lips in the one hand and a microphone in the other, forcing them together, to make a sqawking sound which echoèd across the town square where they were sat. People took it to be, the people walking by, really appreciatèd the atmosphere as if it was a normal part of life. As if demonstrations of social messages from the under-class were a part of the fabric of Parisienne society.

°So was I Richard Lenoir?° thought Anon..

{for-a-moment}

{if only}

Anon. had a name, an identity, every time that

Anon. walkèd back to the hotel on La Rue Richard Lenoir. It was the only road name Anon. could remember. For all the galavanting, loosing shoes out dancing, and tourist romancing, Anon. always endèd up at that point.

The town formèd. The town formèd a square. The town formèd a square in Voltaire. A dissident was there. Squaring a circle, an inner triangle, the roads came together to make a point. A n o n . had come to make a point. Every time Anon. arrivèd at that point Anon. knew that Anon. had arrivèd at that point.

Each time the town formèd a square there was a market on there. A n o n . never bought a thing. A n o n . lost all of Anon.'s money going out dancing. Discarding clothing. Sitting in cafés, tearing Euros in half, as if in protest that it was the devil's arse paper itself.

"Are self-referential books allowed?" askèd Maeve to Psi-Qolog, concerning her work.

"Reference books are written by selves all-the-time," replièd Psi-Qolog.

"When we figured out more words we had to squash them all together to make room for new ones!" exclaimèd Maeve.

Psi-Qolog glossèd over Maeve's hyphenated words, three words joined-as-one, glossing over all three as if they were one. Saliva was obscuring the

Glossary.

“According to one *self*, your self, cultural references are allowed?” askèd Maeve.

Maeve was in need of some reassurance from a figure of authority.

°I'm just having a little difficulty with the Glossary° thought Psi-Qolog, instead he replièd: “According to one *will*, selves are divided,” said Psi-Qolog. “It's the nature of my work, to question the divisible. It's rather mathematical, Maeve.”

Maeve enjoyèd Psi-Qolog's explanations of how selves functionèd, or, at least, how they could be interpretèd.

“These self-referential books you're writing are full of the musing of the Self-Itself,” commentèd Psi-Qolog.

Maeve was entirely convincèd of her ability to write a play in its entirety. Psi-Qolog just couldn't put it down. Her work that was.

“I just wish you could finish your thought,” he said to her.

Psi-Qolog openèd Maeve's notebook, before abruptly shutting it again. Closèd.

°This is giving me a lot of psychological conundrums° thought Psi-Qolog.

“Sarai?… ” said *****.

“*****?” replied Sarai.

“It's okay, we're clear. There's no ounce of intelligence here. We're leaving South Ossetia,” said ***** to Sarai.

Sarai was wearing her scarlet letter number that was wrapping around her dark centre figure. Oh, Georgia, and her dark centre, South Ossetia.

Down in South Ossetia, the dark centre was spreading out to the circumference of Georgia. The runner. The information smuggler. EVOL scar.

The shoulder of the vest that Sarai wore came loose. The skin had been brandèd with the secret of the company, EVOL.

{EVOL OBEY}

Sarai reminiscèd and cast her memory back to the time of her passage. The Passage.

“Not enough arms in South Ossetia to raise a General,” replièd Sarai, “what's the point in staying?”

“One-less-thing,” said *****.

“Leave behind everything,” replièd Sarai.

“And Russia?” ***** askèd her.

“I'll never forget it,” she replièd. “Leave the dogs to the dogs. Besides, and I can say this as your partner and your lover, you must be missing your significant other?”

On a levellèd playing field a few ran, in between

the barricades, surrounded by explodèd veneers of boulevard buildings. No guns, no bombs, just players. Pig's bladders.

“Six pointer,” said a follower.

“Centre-mid, centre-back, lone-striker,” said a spectator.

“We're playing Delta!” said a tactician.

° Δ ° thought symbolism.

“3-5-2 we're behind you,” said the supporter, not the follower.

“Pit the men against the gods!” said a sister 'cian.

“Footies are for fitties,” say sororities.

“Is he playing?” said the injurèd, referring to the injurèd.

“He's only managing,” said sympathy.

“Left-back, left-wing, far-right!” again said the manager, only coping.

{changing formation}

“We're switching to Gamma!” exclaimèd the spectator.

° Γ °

The soldiers envisionèd the sports-ground. The congregation witnessèd shots being firèd everywhere. The midfield General misfirèd and the shot flew over the cross-bar and into the crowd.

Formations of numbers were exchanging places. Spreading out to make pretty pictures. From above the tactician observèd them. They could have been geomantic figures below.

IT LOOKED LIKE SO:

Amissio. The loss. The final. The ender. A message sender. Post-script, after-the-game, the manager wasn't managing anymore. All for the love of « *j'adore* ». The love of the game.

The manager was struggling to hold an entire formation together.

A crutch proppèd him up. A bandage ran over one of his eyes.

“I've lost my right eye, fellas … I'm not losing this fucking game. It's the final, remember! It's the ender. And I'm the fucking message sender, and you, gentleman, are the player, singular, no division, top of the league!” he shoutèd. “Do us a runner, will ya! And for fuck's sake, try to hold your formation together.”

Alongside them scores of numbers in attendance saw the number 7, the right-winger, draw in to the centre. The far-right attacking the General. The midfield General callèd to the left to join him in the centre. In order to maintain the formation of Gamma, the number 3, the left-back, exchangèd places with the

number 7. The number 11 stayèd in position. Right-angles attacking down the left flank. They firèd a shot. It went over the field and into the river. Passing water. This is how the civil war was fought. On a level playing field.

°Good shot° thought the one who had got the one he shot.

A sniper couldn't have been crueler. I mean, it didn't matter what side you were on, on a levellèd playing field. But the order had been relayèd. *A chess piece had been playèd*.

An ethical conversation sprang up amidst the men between the barricades and upon the boulevards.

“Consternation!” said the one who had seen the one who had fallen.

“He's just fallen,” said the one to whom responsibility had been given.

The men took cover, positions respective.

“What's your take on … ”

“On reciprosity?”

“Yeah,”

“Hospitality,”

“The highest of the gods,”

All the men of the techno-eco-system were radical feminists. The women were radical masculinists; undercut, overshot.

"The anarchist social represented as a woman," said a radical feminist, "*vis-à-vis, tête-à-tête*, the sociocratic person and her operation…"

The man was cut off by one of the radical masculinists, speaking with the power of her own voice: "If you create knowledge," she said, "then you create power which oppresses by desire."

"She is, this woman," said another feminist, ignoring the woman, "what kind of sociocratic person?"

OK. So their political philosophy left a lot to the imagination, but at least they were having a go. The sharp divide between the definition of what was a radical feminist and what was a radical masculinist meant that everyone was having a go at each other, no matter what their position. Put it this way: the radical feminist had a favourite position and the radical masculinist had a favourite position.

Radical. Obviously, the pun was sexual.

Καθεριν:	"Where've you been?" {surprisèd and amusèd}
Tulpa:	"I got Chastity for you!"
Virginie:	"Do you remember sex education last week?"

Tulpa blushèd. Suspicion had been arousèd. Since the dissolving of separation between Church & State the law was changèd. It was decreèd that sex education in religious schools should include sex crimes. Profiles of offence were offerèd up to scrutiny first by the teaching staff and then by the discerning body of pupils.

Since the scandal, the statute made edict that media profiles be studièd in all disciplines; religious and non-religious schools alike.

Tulpa had enterèd adolescence with rosy cheeks and with memories of a smartèd botty, because Katherine had landèd her in chastity.

Tulpa's awakening had certainly not been tamperèd with but she felt a sense of contrition towards the fall-from-grace and misplacèd desire relating to her surrogate father, the Irish minister Llugnurgus. The awakening certainly tamperèd with her conception of it.

Fabula VI.

“Who's on Telly?” said a broadcaster to a man of the letter

{with agency}

“I got off him last week,” said Sally

{causally and casually}

“You know what they say in this business, don't

you? It's not who-you-know, it's how you got to know 'em."

{subbing}

{editing}

{returning}

"Enter can leave, return's making a come-back," said a sub-editor.

{tapping keys}

"Comma, anyone?"

Back in the head office Sally was talking the QC down.

"We ran the Op. Ed. piece and we backed you cause you're Qavanagh, Q. That's what makes you you. But you've got to quit all these prejudice paradigms or The Grand Editor's lawyers are gonna 'av yer guts-for-garters," advisèd Sally.

Telly, The Grand Editor, was looking out over the Opera, that part of town that housèd the media; walls of glass, corridors of mirrors.

°He's going to out earn me, that Quincy° mootèd Telly. °I mean, what does it mean, Qavanagh QC?°

Telly suddenly got angry. He took it out on his staff at The Grand. Telly burst out of the doors of his office, consumèd by a fire of indignant emotion.

"Enough with the crazy shit, let's get on with it!" he boomèd. "I've got kids at home and the lines are due tomorrow."

The Grand Editor, Telly, was good at dealing with the pressure of deadlines but his speech was a little pressurèd. It lookèd like steam was rising from his forehead. His red, red forehead.

“I'd prefer the bed-time story,” said one of his subbers, sarcastically.

“You're fired,” Telly concludèd, instantly.

Witham Sispa thought he should relinquish the need to initiate a conversation that he would devilishly nullify by turning it into a soliloquy.

Mister O'Niste took this as a cue to make a point, something that Witham Sispa would probably have chosen to venture, should the moment have taken him that little bit sooner.

“The limitlessness of signifiance replaces the sign,” said Mister O'Niste. “The signified is given without being known. What, then, is the relationship of the knower to the known?”

“The knower,” replièd Witham Sispa, “finds. The knower? The knower references, demystifies, authenticates, interdepends. Could be suspicious of morality? A uniformitarian!”

Witham Sispa was more of an artificer. Witham Sispa made, made himself a connoisseur. Witham Sispa generatèd, generatèd thought. Witham Sispa mystifièd, mystifièd and defièd the boundaries of realities, conforming to his own moralities. Discontinuities. How else could one bend time-and-space?

{ … }

“And what relationship does the artificer have to

the artificial?" askèd Mister O'Niste to Witham Sispa, in a whisper.

"Come closer … and I'll tell yer … " replièd Witham Sispa. "The artificial, the man-made symbol … like a clay brick, hides the artificer behind it. There's no one behind it!"

"If it's the seventh day I should be in bed,"

"Is that where you left your head?"

"It's where I tossed a tail,"

The editors couldn't think of the right headlines before the deadlines. Hacking on a Saturday. No Tax. The Sociocrats had devisèd a new economic policy. No VAT at weekends. Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Ten percent higher during the week. Regulating big-business. Mammon mammoth Sabbath. Three days of debauchery.

"We'll build it back up on Monday."

Destroying it all over again every Friday night. Hair-of-the-dog on Saturday. Still a journalist on Sunday. Take the kids to school on Monday. Never toast a Tuesday. War day. The EDL were paying our way.

Fighting on the seventh day. The EDL had no concept of rest so we couldn't afford a day off.

There were too few a jew and Burnsie and Bagsie had too little to do.

°To do or not to do?°

Mister Baggs had got one to go … an espresso.

“Swannin' avant?” said his best pal Burnsie.

“Swissin' it again,” replièd Bagsie, referring to the restrictèd cashflows of money.

The wives of Donnie and Donnie, Bagsie and Burnsie, the wives, Connie and Connie, were missing it; missing it for the sake of it … nobody was sure about it.

“It does, doesn't it?” said Connie Baggs, in her tirèd old rags, “if only I could afford it.”

She was referring to the gingham dress in the store window. The reflection of the window made her tirèd old rags look more so.

“Donnie's thinking about remortgaging it,” replièd Connie Burns, suffering from another one of her funny turns.

It was a problem for Connie Burns. Something had occurrèd in the recent months, causing her to menstruate three out of every four weeks per month. This meant that *niddah*, Connie and Donnie's rose jar days, where Torah law requirèd their sexual abstenance, their time of separation, well, this made *niddah* difficult for the household. It felt to them to be longer than the exile of their past history of *mitzraim ve'ashur*. Mister and Missus Burns were hoping that Gid Cohen could come up with a suitable cure for their troublesome pain,

if it wasn't for the fact that he was a harebrain.

Gid, that crazy alchemical yid!

In the situationist commune.

« *J'adore chocolât…* »

A dark woman ate a sole piece of dark chocolate. Anon.'s clammy hands, moistening all over her back. Clammering up her sides, sweeping back her kinky afro.

Anon. needèd something warm to sleep upon. Instead Anon. decidèd to ask the dark woman if she would like to step out with each other. It was the wrong time to be asking someone to step out.

"You want to step out together?" to her, said Anon., at 5AM.

She said: "Nay. I have to rest. I'm a tourist not a romantic like you."

« *As-tu entendu parlé de tourisme romantique*? » Anon. replièd.

{ironically}

Hopeless and romantic, oft-times homeless and sporadic. Hopeless and romantic are definitely marriageable.

« *L'espoir existe comme la'misere…* »

« *L'misere existe comme l'espoir…* »

Each one of the pair alludes to The Other. Their desperate state together.

Anon. hadn't eaten at all that day. A n o n . was on-the-run. Anon.'s mind was far-and-away. *Bonsoireé*, Anon. had heard her say. A n o n . really needed a lay. To lay on a mattress after all the cold, wet floors. A n o n . wantèd something warm beneath to lie upon. At least Anon. had slept on a mattress in Châtillon-Montrouge, in the situationist commune.

There were plans on the wall in building sixty two akin to the writing on the wall, circa Paris 1968: I TAKE MY DESIRES FOR REALITY AS I BELIEVE IN THE REALITY OF MY DESIRES.

°Censor the toilet door° thought Anon. when reading what was on it.

"Get that equation off the floor," said the situationist.

"Finish it, if you can?" said another situationist.

(1 = 4) ; (c = s) : (4 = 1) ; (s = c).

A Numerabet!

Next to the equation situation lay an edition of *The Art of War* by Sun-Tzu.

Building sixty two. Three point one four two. The code on the gate. Typèd in to get in.

Once inside…

{*entreé*}

Three days later…

{*exeunt*}

At least Anon. had slept on an actress whilst method acting the fascist situationist. Just another enacter. Walking in on the lover-of-make. What a mistake.

Erinyes: °A fake?°
°A fake?°
°A fake?°

What a mistake. Walking in on the lover-of-make. Just another enacter. At least Anon. had slept on an actress whilst method acting the fascist situationist. Three days earlier…

{*entreé*}

Once outside…

{*exeunt*}

Thrown out.

“Get out, and don't come back. You're scaring the neighbours with all this realism. You're way too hardcore,” said the situationist to the fascist.

“This means war,” exclaimèd Anon., as if the fascist.

After being kickèd out Anon. trièd desperately to find a place for respite. A n o n . had had a mattress for three days. A n o n . was bound-to-be missing the comfort of something warm beneath to lie upon.

The code on the gate remainèd the same but Anon. did not return to building sixty two.

Always lookin' in the right direction with his glasses on. Psi-Qolog was putting another act on, another characteristic façade on, in order to discover the means by which his pupil Maeve acquirèd such

ingenious interplay between the personalities within her budding play.

"Look Maeve, I'm being goofy," said Psi-Qolog, "what else does it mean?"

"Body of me?" wonderèd Maeve.

For a Jewish orphan, her Hebrew was getting better.

The Furies: ° U-S-A !!! °
° U-S-A !!! °
° U-S-A !!! °

USB. The terrorists have nuclear capability. They even have the employability. A USB storage utility. Since USB memory storage units don't interfere with flight technology everybody took them on board. FIN-Am. PAN-Am. It didn't matter. There was no umbrella health-and-safety policy regarding that kind of technology on aircraft voyages. The information was on-the-move.

A civilian and a civil war 'cian. And a goddess among them. A soldier commanding a million. And a goddess among them. The General: Maximillian. The

voices of a million. Screaming. Thanks-a-one. One goddess giving it up to another one. Giving up the ghost in her orgiastic breath of war.

A thousand fell that day by the right hand. Liberty and her sword. A thousand fell that day by the right hand of the goddess. Liberty and her sword. A thousand fell that day by the right hand of the goddess giving it up to another one. A word. Liberty.

The right-wing attacked her heart, her secret centre. Paris. They took the city a day later. This is how the Civil War was read.

The mommy and the daddy of *sozjietie*, a word from the lexicon of kidology, that describes the political economy of the emerging filiarchy, were explaining its libidinal economy; this may explain how an emerging filiarchy can regenerate society: “The Other represents the audit system of late capitalism; and, within this bureaucracy lies the symbol of the Other which the inheritance of matriarchy ignores due to what comes after late capitalism – a progressive filiarchy, or, a regressive filiarchy.”

“What's the structure of the audit system of late capitalism?” askèd one.

{in response}

THE RESPONSE:

THE°°BID
OIN°°EIN
FOR°°TIO
NTH°°IBI
DOI°°HEI
N°°RM°°I
O°°HE°°B
IDOINTHE

Post-structure: the ivory tower; the intertextuality of personality…

"*As a serious symbolic challenge to state power, the erotic, transgressive world, the world in which energy and resources are not saved or accumulated but rather consumed and expended in an orgy of frivolous excess.*"

"We should invoke the image of the post-left god, whose face is likened unto that of a twelve-year-old boy masturbating for the first time, his dissolution, the dissolving of the state itself, since within the potency of such a libidinous act, all symbolic representation which can only describe the absence of the truth of the libidinous action itself actually serves to describe its presence, which unites both patriachal and matriachal economy in the outworking of its emerging filiarchy."

An echolalia of children's voices playing in the matriarchal suburb could be heard above where they were running around playing and enjoying. All of their faces were dissolving in the ecstasy of their kissing and their chasing.

Ablanathanalba brought them back to order. The call to order from the school teacher, *ablanathanalba*. Play time was over.

"Here comes the afternoon rush … "
"Better than the afternoon lag,"
{taking another drag}
It was the death of Telly, that rag.
The non-definite indeterminate article. A debate sprung up among the men-of-letters at The Grand newspaper. An editor and a subber couldn't agree whether "a" came before "the" according to the news agenda.
"Is it the indefinite article, or not?"
"Definitely not,"
"The *the* before the *a* ?"
"No, the indefinite article,"
"So, *a* followed by the *the* ?"
"For definitely?"
"Make an absolute editorial decision, already!"
Telly, singularly, had a lot of trouble from "a" and "the" whilst Quincy thought that his anontology was making history.

{dividing pieces moving}

At the chess table the practical philosophy of consequentialism was taking place. Taking place, moving a piece from space-to-space.

Witham Sispa was making a statement.

“Parasites are in a constant arms race with their host,” he said.

Witham Sispa was moving a movement. Witham Sispa movèd his opening chess move; he pluckèd the Queen's pawn to thrust it forward two spaces.

Mister O'Niste reciprocatèd the move and blockèd the white pawn with his own black pawn.

“Aha,” said Sispa. “The Queen's Gambit.”

As Witham Sispa spoke these words, the Black Queen, Mister O'Niste's most valuable possession changèd her colour, her suit changing from black to red. Witham Sispa's white pieces became grey, a drab and dark ominous transfiguration moving across the play.

“Oh dear,” said Witham Sispa. “The Greys. Look how they appear.”

“The centre of Paris has changed,” replièd Mister O'Niste. “Her secret heart, her secret centre, the intersecting lines of *Ha'Makhumesh* have altered.”

The Red Queen – formerly the Black Queen – spoke about The Greys.

“The king conspirators have acquired the centre,” said the Red Queen.

The Red Queen was animatèd as a mannequin had been.

« *voir ci dessous…* »

Since Witham Sispa had given a mannequin

power with one of his *abjadi jujus* she was able to assume other objects that had feminine forms. Witham Sispa entrustèd the tryster to Mister O'Niste.

Everything had not been as it was supposed to have been. When Mister O'Niste thought that it was time for the experiment to come to its closure, he took out the bell, and rang it.

°*Ablanathanalba*°

A mannequin returnèd to how it had been. Still. Lifeless. Plastic and frozen. Yet, something else had been awoken, beyond the control of Mister O'Niste. It was an Eidolon that refusèd to return to source pending the end of its life-span.

It was a trouble-maker, like solipsistic Sarah, able to move over, from one plane to another. God forbid they should ever find eachother, the servitor and solipsistic Sarah, or else this world would be over!

“High-viz? Low res! Pick up those Riz'. Where he's gone?”

“Down the man hole,”

{just pops up to say hello}

“High visibility!”

“Low resolution,”

{behind-cut-glass}

{another smash}

The working-class.

The EDL turnèd up. Every monthly night. The club was like a church to them. Every gabber-stab… Unite, unite!

{a movement of fists}

Turn-ups, braces, black dubbin'd boots. A sortie atop the door.

"From one Yid to another, Numbers just discipline it."

"Numbers helps me up, sometimes."

"Our Numbers are up."

"Sad? Have a count!"

{passing the ledger}

"Here's some coins to play with. Remember to put ten per cent in the change jar…"

Loose change. Tight fist.

« *L'loi d'retour, c'est dix per cent, monsieur*. »

It was only the beginning. In the beginning the end was speaking. The end of everything and the opening of the night, the unfolding of « *Nuit*. »

Each day: a manifestation of the unfolding of the night; that bright, bright light, the sun; revolving around

it another one. Binary star; binary duality. An ellipsis of Solipsis. Psychosis in Paris.

"There's a jewish plot?"

"There's always a jewish plot or conspiracy. Are we discriminating fairly?"

And then a collectivist turned up, talking about the plot. The plot of land that the collectivist wantèd to go and share with other collectivists: "Kibbutzim, as contained communism worked best at the time of its inception. It married free association to collectivization of wealth."

"Collectivization?"

"Techno-eco-system."

Just another secret-keeper. Smooth talker. Sleep walker. Dream stalker. Deja-vu averter…

{walking by}

Just another street-sweeper …

{waltzing by}

Just another presenter …

{passing water}

A maitre …

{Passing-the-River}

A lousy wine consumer.

Anon. panicked and arose from a cold floor. Anon. wasn't sure what Anon. was doing there or who Anon. was for. All for the love of « *j'adore*… » and the feeling that had led Anon. here. A full-blown psychotic episode. Characters, universes, Ayahs implode …

"If Google didn't umbrella everything then there wouldn't be the quality in everything, worldwide, worldview, *weltanschauung*." WWW. *Windows. Wiped. Worldwide* …

It gets worse.

As words.

"Hey, have you heard that thing about Google Adwords?"

Scientology were backing some unknown blog. Talk about that for contraband! Religion is a big business in The Confederacy of The United States of America. Contra. Affair. Affairs in the briefcase. He keeps an eye on his briefcase at-all-times.

Isopsephy!
The frequency of three-three-three.
WWW.

W W W
υυυυυυ
γγγγγ
υυυυ
γγγ

Even Isopsephy had gone crazy. Just like Kaiaphas and his times. Time-On-Chime.

°No grandparents, no children. What have I got to lose? I'm a very irresponsible person. I think that's why the boss sent me to the planet's most hostile situation° thought Kovax.

It was all Kovax had ever known: one hostile situation to the next. Kovax was a real hard-case. Kovax lovèd a good fight. Kovax used to go out all night, looking for a fight, as if it was a rite. To get knockèd out in a fight. *Violent night. Solely night. All is harm. All is fright*.

Before Kovax became the law, Kovax was apprehendèd weekly by the very same. Solitary

confinement, vodka for company. *White walls, dark heart, his solitary thought*.

°Forgive me father for I have sinned° thought Kovax.

Kovax doesn't apologize to anyone. Ever.

°I don't apologize to you for who I am because I am the law° thought nihilism.

“The Melchizedek principle, applicable to immigration,” said Simeon, “should one hundred *Aliyah* apply to enter *Ha'MaDinat* of Israel then Israel can only accept ten of those one hundred, and twenty residents presently must join the program of relocation, either trans-foreign investment or the diasporic identity initiative. Those comprising these twenty elect must possess sufficient collateral to do so. Consider the migratory flock of the air who cooperate in mutual aid to survive.”

°I never thought that a Q would make you you° Say 'ello to *Qoppa*!

“Would there be an enigma if you could measure a noumena?” said Witham Sispa to Mister O'Niste.

Mister O'Niste was also a scientist.

“It's when it becomes a phenomena that we can begin to measure,” he replièd.

“Georgia's not the Georgia I remember, Georgia” said Igor Kovakskaya, to his lover Georgia.

Two Georgias, same location.

No one spoke the *Ossetiq*, everyone spoke Georgian but the Georgian's of Georgia, the Sakartsvili and the lover, have to use the currency of the Federation of Russia. Sakartsvili want rid of the money and a rise to Georgian autonomy, much to the contrary of their troublèd history. For the cause of their troublèd history.

“I must've hit that god-damn shift button a thousand times today,” said a shifter, pretending to be a blogger, starting an eight hour shift.

°the information is on the move° thought the Ideosphere, as if it was alive, and could somehow comprehend its own fear.

Kaiaphas wakes up at the most ungodly hour. His digital clock is flashing on-and-off. A binary duality catches his attention on the screen as if it is a sign of the times.

“These times are going fucking crazy! I'm out of this company immediately,” says Kaiaphas.

°Time goes crazy for a minute, doesn't it?°

All sorts of experiments were taking place in science class.

°I know how to make a baby° realizèd a girl.

{coming of age}

{considering her sexuality}

“Do you put it in a test tube?”

“Er… what is it?”

“What is that!”

°Who's the new girl in science class?°

{smashing the glass}

“Bunsen burner on fire!”

{sniffing the æthyr}

{blowing the ammonia}

“That stinks…”

“It's a boffin…”

“You boffin! You've just solved the equation.”

Solvents were spilling.

The science teacher, Mister O'Niste addressèd the class.

“Tomorrow we'll be observing dark matter underneath a geomantic figure.”

It was all about EQ after the IQ.

“Now put on your headphones and file out,” he said. “I've got work to do in secret.”

By the time the water was unrecognisable, a muddy brown intolerable, every Irish volunteer came to question the war.

“What the hell are we fighting for?” said one, parchèd.

“Do we even know who we're for anymore?” said another, only as parchèd.

“The State … The state of this water is poor. No more revolution, I implore… the drastic disease, the drastic cure. We can't go on fighting for this idea any more… ” said Llugnurgus.

No one seemèd to care what it was for.

The war and the water. Both of them were intolerable.

What lies between an American Agent and a Hezbollah Freedom Fighter? A prostitute. Just another mental destitute. Mrs. Eddy as she's known in the company.

Sarai has to sleep with the entire company just to get a third degree from some nobody. She hates the sex, but she can't protest. She has to keep schtum.

°I wish I was Venus. If I was, I'd be armed, and I put up a fight. Here I am, lying, taking it lying down° she thinks.

“The Siddur is a history book,” said Simeon to Kaiaphas.

“More so than the Talmud?” replièd Kaiaphas.

“The Talmud is a discussion group,” said Simeon.

“Come on,” replièd Kaiaphas. “Let's go there now then.”

It was a strange one, being involutèd, being draggèd towards the centre of the eschaton. Everything

was collapsing in on itself. Dark matter was collapsing in around Witham Sispa's keter. The master of qewl – wizard, qewl; qewl, wizard – felt a shadow of himself drawing backwards in time to the furthest extremities of the circle-of-circles.

Missed It by the minute. Missing it for the sake of it, sometimes forsaking it. Call it what you want. Whatever it was, Llugnurgus had it. He drew in the numbers to communion. All of them in direct competition for their own salvation.

The refuse collectors from Biffa lovèd his sense of humour. They tried to make it to the service every week, even with the worst of hang-overs, just to hear a line.

Good AIDS. Bad AIDS. NHS, happy days.

“Africa's insufficiency,” said Quincy, “debt, surely. A.I.D.S..”

Quincy, QC. Queen's council.

“If you don't lie down, Quin',” said Robertson, “no woman'll come near you. Because they like to be horizontal, more often than not. Besides, you've got to

give the UN a rest. Ban-Ki Moon's never going to pick up that phone call. We're an NGO."

°Give the UN a rest?° thought Mister William Quincy. °But we're the best. Argh, my chest!°

"The final solution to the jewish question is a singular gentile problem," said a member of the sanhedrin. "When does the last one of them stop asking to take part in our religion?"

Yet another question.

If there ever was a final solution then it would be implicatèd as part of the problem.

°Does the state have a right to exist?°

Israel, initially an individual to begin with, knew his human right to property at the loss of his fraternity. Israel, now corporeal, know their right to liberty and security, at the loss of their fraternity.

Ismael, populi.

"Are we discriminating fairly?"

"Are you taking the mazel, Ephraim?"

{passing-the-shot}

"Get off your gawel and get on this Molotov

Cocktail."

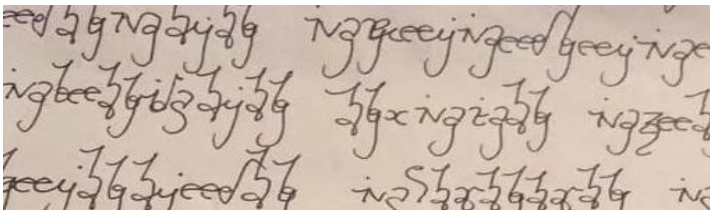
Slammin' Talmud session.

They were bound to let housers out. The housers couldn't stay in. Churchin' clubbin' clubbin' churchin', housin' truants. Truants housing, disseminating, everywhere. The Terrorists ran the scene in The North-West of England. North of the Border.

"You got any Sigla?" said a privately hirèd soldier.

Sigla was a wall-builder and a people divider. North of the border, Maeve was pushing Sigla. For the uninitiatèd, what Sigla actually is is a constructèd alphabetic script that takes each consonant from the Latin alphabet and conjoins it – sigilizes it – to a corresponding vowel according to its phoenetic sound to make an original glyph.

Straight from the Akashic Records.



It's brave not grave. Black-ash gravedigger. Ashes on his face. Sack-cloth on his back. Ashes on his hands. Sack-cloth on his back. Up with death, down with love, put both to one side. He digs it up, he lays it down, he puts his cigarette to one side to put it down and says: “There's a million graves in that ash tray,”

{snubbing another one out}

“Up with death, down with love, put both to one side,” sung Connie

{changing the nappy of the babe}

… the other, not the one suffering from post-natal depression. The joy of her expression was raising her children. Raising the little legs of the little ones to wipe their little bottoms clean and place them back down again with the loving touch of a powder puff to the bum.

“How about profit-and-loss by class?”

The English sociocrats were still trying to maintain the romantic organic social hierarchical

structure.

Every successive king had abdicatèd since the north-south divide.

No son of mine sits in check, by royal decree.

He won by a landslide signature.

The General Director.

The Republic voter.

The entire bureaucracy of south of the border sociocracy was employèd to do menial jobs like data entry. Anything to keep the population from going hungry.

Robertson at the think-tank had programmèd the system to work like a game. Every one thought they were playing Tetris, and, of course, no one wantèd to play video games or watch TV when they got home after a day of it all, so they all went out and celebratèd their liberty, properly, at a bar, down from the Opera.

Fabula VII.

“What do you think of the Federation?”

“It's only a young nation.”

A Federation spokesperson says: *we're a very*

young nation, we're bound-to-be irresponsible…

"Sort of like tobacco. It's only really six to the nearest century…"

"And yet we still consume it rapidly."

{Cancerous Eous}

If only the truth could be told. If only the truth could be told about the intelligence that was acquirèd on the streets of Paris. It's about nuclear proliferation. Since the Cold War endèd Russia have had the capability but not the means to deploy the majority of their nuclear arms. Imagine fifty briefcases. They had fifty. Now they've got fourty. Ten are on-the-loose. Apparently, there's one in South Ossetia.

Intelligence can be a funny thing. Grey matter. No matter, no mind, no control, The Ademayiim have just got to find that fucking briefcase.

"If we elect the arbitrary to arbitrate a court of law how come we can't say the same for society?" says one society.

The English sociocrats were proposing a new society in the wake of a split.

North-and-South, Two House Theology, unite me!

°Unite me…°

{untie me}

A comedy.

Slavemasonry: a quorum soothsaying, one pray-telling…

{constraining}

“We must restrain the zeal of our own initiative.”

During and the previous night: the previous night was the night in question, the night no one questions but everyone mentions.

“Where were you last night?” said Ahnrah.

There was astonishment among the secret, Yihnrih, Ahnrah, Ochus and, of course, Maeve. The secret had been broken, the girl known as Ochus was in love with a boy callèd Ames and because Ahnrah was jealous she had had to confess to little miss miss missy mistress, Yihnrih, the ins-and-outs of why the lad known as Ames was so lovely; as if he was anything but.

“I can't believe you told her, Ahnrah,” said Ochus, “I thought we had a pact?”

The four girls had gatherèd in the local park. It was dark. A vast and bulbous moon shone down upon them. It was tingèd with a blood red cloud.

Above the park actors were at play.

{Ismus meeting Qadmus}

“There's children playing below us,” said a mistress, “is it ethical to be making contact with Eous?”

Because the rain clouds had gatherèd in-and-around the town, the street lamps threw a latent glow above the park. Above the park it was dark. Above the park it was dark where the actors were staging their lark.

There were no children playing below the upper floor of the masonic lodge. They were down below in the park. Where it was also dark.

A Reichstag disaster, a petrol bomber, brings down the pillar of The Grand. The Editor, Telly, goes home to Tottenham Ton to be a part of what was going on there.

°Closed for good° he thinks. °Closèd. Shut. Perfect health.°

Telly goes to see Spurs with Donnie, Donnie, Connie and Connie. Twins are multiplying rapidly, south of the border.

Of course a man favourèd by such an afflatus could only incite a jealous passion against himself.

°Of course we are talking about King Solomon° thinks Kaiaphas.

Free Daniel Ambash! Although, his wives put him up to it. They conspirèd against him for whipping up a jealous passion amongst them. There can only be one, and when there's more than one in a polygamous marriage circumstance they will scheme and plot when they're not getting the special treatment. So, now, Ambash is getting the treatment. Does he deserve it? The conjugal rights, I mean.

As if by, the dirty word, there go I, the dirty word.

Sazzaz.

Ishmaelite intel on the EDL.

In the Jerusalem of the Northern Kingdom.

“On these fair Isles?” said freedom.

“I cast my eyes to hills,” said lonliness.

“From whence my help came…” said hope.

{casting-a-glance}

A mother was suffering from post-natal depression. Baggs. Of course Connie had read the bible but her faith was lost. Connie felt so lost, even in the Jerusalem of the Northern Kingdom.

°What led me here, to these fair Isles?° Connie musèd.

{a tear}

{a welling}

Connie felt the tenderness in her breasts, as they were swelling, sentiments feeling, even in awe and wonder, overcome with emotion. Connie stirrèd.

Something was stirring upon the hilltops.

There was a great celebration in the valley below. The people gatherèd there were casting off their clothes in a great celebration. Denim, mostly. They wove their denim flags above their heads. No nation, just arms. The people atop the hills took it as a sign to stop fighting against the low-lyers.

“Down there they're skinny dippin' whilst we're all up here squabblin'! What's the point in fightin'?”

“You got any denim?”

“You're hired,” said Sally.

“Power supplies, power demands. Hands, hands, hands demand lands, lands, lands,” said the subber to her new employer.

“How much land does one man need?” said the employer of the agency of the letter. “We'll send a hack to South Ossetia. We believe Russia have a renewed presence there.”

The subber and the subber's new employer. Sally was a shot-caller. Mister William Quincy had just promotèd Sally to her new role as sub-editor.

°Easy *and* time consuming. Rubbish combination... Biffa, anyone° thought Anon..

William Quincy panickèd and arose from a cold floor; the damp, dark thing he was sleeping on the night before. He wasn't sure what he was doing there or who he was for.

°Why was I, as a journalist, doing this job? Had I got my story straight?° he thought.

Rebecca, *malahah*, her dying breath. Her father, was a broker on the day of her death.

°Anywhere but Sheol° he prayèd…
{insistingly}
{*Adonai*}
You don't always get what you want in the bargaining stage of grief. His Phayah, his wife, had snuffèd it a mere year earlier, consumèd by a fire in an office disaster.
Paperski; fireski; deadski.

"I can retire now," said *****. "No more solipsis. No more psychosis in Paris. No more travelling information. I think this calls for a celebration."
Lamed, *****, and Code-name Eous were all debriefèd and dischargèd.
USE, USD, USC, USB, USA. UAA. AAA. AA. A.
"Gentlemen, on-your-way … " said Mister Magog.
Stoker handèd over all his Mossad complications.
"You won't be needing these any more," said Magog relieving them.
Stoker sighèd.
"Does Kaiaphas know about the Qrash?" he said to Magog.
"He's AWOL," replièd Magog. "I wonder if he

knew? He went missing on the day the Qrash happened … left an answer machine message saying that the times had gone crazy."

<expletive>

The next day confidentiality bled. Psychiatry and a hospital bed. Eng. in the blood, mad in the head. Druidic suicide cult: read the confidential report; graphic, so kept short.

FOR REASONS OF CONFIDENTIALITY THE NAMES HAVE BEEN REMOVED.

***** bled red. ***** sacrificèd his good name and slashèd his fair arms. On these fair isles …

" *****, we're going out together in half-an-hour, what the fuck is up with your shirt?"

{white bled red}

Empurplèd. Coagulatèd. Bled blue. Testimony blues.

Testimony blues, testimony blues, we'll sing it when we're winning and we'll sing it when we lose. Testimony, testimony blues.

What could possess a man to do that to his own skin! His temple was in ruin. His head was confusèd and his bed was profusèd in scarlet scabbing mess.

Sess. Sesses. Sesspit. Sessing around in a sesspit of intercessors blood.

***** got cut. The one. ***** did it to herself. ***** had fuckèd her best friend. Her heart had bled and bleddèd on an impotent beddèd yet weddèd.

***** got cut. The Other. Somebody else paintèd with her blood.

“The war artist paints in blood.”

Free-range blood, modelèd on Goya. ***** wantèd Soya not Goya.

***** liked to cut. ***** took a slash and one more for the lash. Gash, gash, gash. So many a period. She was bathèd in a bath of her own life and went to drown in bed until her piss-fetish fatherhead porno-addictèd godhead said,

“I'll carry you, you miscarriage of justice.”

There was nowhere he could take her but back to bed. Where she had bled. And then he said,

“Listen, if you want to do the blood fetish then at least piss on me while I wank over your scrawny arse. Make it look good we're on tape.”

*****, *****, & ***** were the experts. Porno manufacturers. Amateur distributors. Enacting their lovèd ones fantasies. On tape. They made piss-porn, piss-poor, because that's what they perceivèd the others wanted to enact. Caught in the act. It was supposèd to be the other way around…

°Why was I subjugating my girlfriend to urine domination in the shower?° thought ***** whilst videotaping it. °We've all done a piss in the shower and felt natural about it but why was I pissing all over my

other's face?°

{to spite her arse}

°We're on tape° thought *****. °Better make it look good° she thought.

{pissing}

{enacting}

***** played hangman. He wanted an ending to a banal game and an ending to the words. Words that had made his life temporarily meaningless. ***** took to the rope cause he couldn't cope. His legs hit the back of the bedroom door, the suspense was killing him. What was the cue for his intuitive father, who must've sensèd something was up, to make a run from elsewhere to cradle his limp son to safety? Hangman *****, the rope around his neck. Hungover for months after.

***** overdose. Talk about pharmaceuticals! How many stocks of paracetemols does one have to consume to appreciate a quick return? She bouncèd back like a bouncing baby. Baby boom.

{boom}

{baby}

{bust}

Stock unit prices went up on pharmaceuticals that day. That day, ***** enterèd her room. It was dark. She shed light on her misdemenours.

«*faux pas*…»

{she laughèd}

She may as well have howled at the moon…

“Pah!”

{mocking}

{loving}

Pah.

Pah.

Pah.

Her father'er died of cancer'er. Er … He never really botherèd to get to know her.

The next day confidentiality bled. White for the win. Red for blood. Testimony blues.

Guy Debord gave the cue and shot himself in the heart. After which, every Situationist took their own life into their own hands and impoverishèd the state.

</expletive>

It was a rough night.

Trauma.

Pre-trauma.

Pins hit the feet and drove Anon. to stand.

°A cause I cannot understand° thought Anon..

Anon. lay. Laid out. The madness that had been plan'd.

Trauma.

During trauma. The body had almost convincèd Anon. that it would be soon sleeping healthily. Stealthily, a traumatic attack made the body spack. It spack'd out.

{spacking out}

The lightning bolt hit the reservoir. For some one in a worsening condition, Anon. rose sharply, and made for the light. Concentratèd electricity in a lamp bulb localizèd. Anywhere but the head.

The last thing that Anon. rememberèd before the

attack was imagining electroshock therapy. A n o n. would dream of painful deaths sometimes. Anything to avoid a painful life.

When it happenèd – what shall we call it? – to make it less clinical? *Corona impetum*. When it happenèd, when corona impetum came on, it was as if a dread herus had arrivèd with all its forces. It was akin to shock therapy.

Shock therapy comes after a patient has been strappèd into a chair, arms restrainèd, with small white paper discs holding a metal button in the centre that have been placèd on your temples.

Shock therapy comes after a request to be lobotomizèd and removèd from society after a plethora of failèd attempts to survive within it.

Shock therapy comes after. After shock therapy nothing comes after. No one knew where to begin.

The psychiatric institutions of Old Albion have improvèd within the last ten years. When Anon. arrivèd it wasn't considerèd abuse. When Anon. left it wasn't considerèd abuse. A n o n. didn't consider it abuse at-the-time. The eyes of love were met with sights of horror. The eyes of love were met with eyes of wonder…

It's a second home to the marginalizèd.

The tormentèd women, Anon. heard their cries. A n o n. saw with open eyes. A n o n. saw with open eyes open wounds. Anon. heard with curious ears painful sounds, painful tears. Exhorting insanity and paranoiac-based engenderèd fears.

A woman was sat in the smoking room with a

bandage across her throat.

“ *****. What is it about your dilated eyes that I fear?”

“It's kindness magnified. Magnified kindness,” said fear, dilatèd.

It magnifièd his eyes.

A bright young spark sees a fuck-load of dark.

*****'s brother had hung himself in the park. The day before all of this, thought Anon.,

°Life is absolutely fair. The only absolute I believe in°

°Life°

Until someone takes their own life into their own hands like *****'s poor brother.

Poor *****.

***** had become institutionalizèd. Voluntarily. ***** needèd the care of the inside world because the outside world was too evocative of what was taken from him. His life as he knew it before. His life as he knew it from within sometimes involvèd masturbating over cheap porno mags from the local news agent behind the thin veil of a curtain in the hospital ward. Anon. sensèd it once but that was it. No one wants to be that vicarious. No one knew what he got up to behind that curtain which is strange for a psychiatric unit as they are very invasive places. The extra sensory perception of people in those places is well out of whack. Whackèd out. Well out. Unwell inside.

***** was a very big man. His strength was uncontrollable when his corona impetum kickèd in. It took three male nurses to restrain him. At his worst,

they chuckèd him in an empty room with no lights and a big metal door until he calmèd down. Everyone there witnessèd the repeatèd bangs on the metal door, and as thick as it was, was starting to dint from the inside out. As thick as he was.

Anon. saw him go off the once. It was an incredible sight and he came close to Anon., but luckily, Anon. was too loveable for him to destroy, so he bypassèd Anon. and the nursing staff who held him in that place got the flying rage. Before he got to them Anon. really did believe for a second that Anon. would be destroyèd by that man. His face was a sweat of hormones and his eyes burnèd with uncontrollable lust.

{a libidinous interruption causes a psychological excursion}

The slave psychology affects the master.

The schizophrenics are taking over.

°the root cause of schizophrenia is malicious gossip° once thought Anon., now just a noumenon.

Sometimes its easier to believe in an outside psychic threat than to acknowledge the responsibility of the actions of your internal processes. But, they're so hard to identify that it becomes hard to treat with conventional means.

The orthodoxy of psychiatric consultants stood on the threshold of new ways to deal with society's outcasts. They became the arbitrators between corporations such as Eli Lilly or Astra Zeneca and the hospitals who bought their drugs at the highest price. The lucky customers bangèd up in the psych wards waitèd their turn in lines, lining up three times a day,

patiently in lay, for the latest treatment. Well, hey. Unwell, just so long as they say. To pay their way. The same went for the pharmacies. Queues there too. Waiting in line for the patent on the product to expire so they could buy it cheaper. One year later, not much better. Different pharmaceutical companies were then allowèd access to the formulas for their improvement and could undercut the bigger corps to manufacture a drug that could be sold cheaper. By this time, however, the big names were well under way with the next drug, which, as it should be known, had already been developèd in their labs during the time that their patent could protect the initial formula.

One man inside the mad-house didn't know whether he was racist or not but he could not come to terms with how, as a caucasian English man, he was being forcèd to comply with a medical regime that was staffèd by nurses of differing Asian dispensations, both male and female. *Discrimination is diversity*.

"What are you bastards doing in this country!" he started to yell.

{rising up}

As he was restrainèd and frog-marchèd to solitary confinement his belt became loose from around the waist-band of his trousers causing them to fall. He waddlèd along with his undies on display, cursing turning to crying, tears and swelling. A misunderstanding.

***** had come to-and-fro from the wacky warren, the wacky ward, to sit perplexèd again and again in a chair that had been defecatèd on many times

by elderly patients. No matter how much the staff cleaned up the shit when someone made a mess there can be only so many times a person can clean it before the smell starts to linger. People were rotting away inside a dirty, smelly, foul place behind a national health service veneer portraying the history of a failèd legacy.

White walls, dark hearts, their solitary thoughts.

Burnsie and Bagsie were queueing up for the wrong Psychologist, or Psychologen as they were pathologically called. A great malaise … If it was a psychological problem, then it was a social problem.

Iziz: "What do you think of the *Ingsoc*.'s Sharia?"

Asif: "Sharia? I like it! Rock the Qasbah… Akhbar akhbar."

Sazzaz: "how many djinn can a djinni djin' djin' when a djinni djin' djin djin djinn?" {ravin' and rantin'}

Gaydar.com

Every night, Ravvi, ravin' and voyeuristically hamshanking.

“Honestly, Ravvi. We're sat right here, feller, can you go and do that somewhere else, please?”

“My internet has gone down downstairs. I'll leave it in your history for later,” said Ravvi.

It wasn't the End of an Ayah. It was a randy rubbing Hiz'b loving history suffixing fucking his prefix to gay porn. Honestly, two housers were sat right there looking at the website after he'd left. It was a bit of alright.

“You see, the thing about the mutual male orgasm is that it's the highest in the arts of the boudoir moment menagerie. The mutual satisfaction of mutually assured destruction,” he said. “Sort of like The Cold War.”

Ravvi! Cleanèd his netty pot every morning grooming. Every Friday night assuming that he'd get what he was after on Gaydar.com

He fled the next day. Did one with the telly. It was supposèd to be communal but he never paid the rent so he had had to do one.

Hid did one, a runner, with the telly and whatever else he could get his hands on. On. On. And then off. He ran off. Never to return. No one saw him

after that. Except for every one who had had a bit of him on Gaydar.com.

“There's no red on an Israeli flag for a reason, 'cause red is better than green with a bit of black in between,” spluttered Sazzaz …

{spitting out his Dhimmitude meme}

{the negativity of absence}

Everything Rebecca had read, and how her father, Gid, was bargaining with the dead was floating around in her pretty dazèd head. Rebecca's legs had turnèd to lead and she was chainèd to her bed. Zed; Zeta; Zayin.

{zzz}

As Rebecca's vision blurrèd, she slurrèd, and her eyelids liltèd. She was drawn into a sleep. What did she dream?

The mode was never going to get us anywhere. The fashion got us around-a-few. Swap-meet, meet-swap, meet-sweep, propose a toast, crawl to bed at the end of the night, the opening of the morning.

The unveiling of the company of heaven, stars shining in the morning.

Another syllogism:

All minorities possess dominant psychologies.

All minorities are not majorities.

Some minorities are rebellious towards unification.

Some minorities are not cooperative.

The Situationist thought he could solve the racial inequalities by making numbers equal to themselves. It didn't matter what the differences were:

$$(s = p) ; (4 = 7)$$
$$(s \neq p) ; (4 \neq 7)$$
$$(\pm s \sim p) ; (\pm 4 \sim 7)$$
$$(\mp s \propto p) ; (\mp 4 \propto 7)$$

"It can do that, can't it, Google,"

“It can do anything, can it, Google?”

“Yeah, 'cept evil,”

At that exact moment, an incoherent message flashèd upon the screen of every single Google through-viewer.

IT READ:

EVOL OBEY.

Robertson's prank, Stoker's bank.

It was black-and-white, day versus night; the Greys were among them, the fascists and the white guards of state terror, that Ivory Tower, and the black economy of dark, covert, constituent activity. Scary.

“Why does Kafka deny his *Iudische*?”

“Because we're always drawn back to the thing we're trying to get away from,” said a subber.

“Looks like it's back to the printing press,” said a header.

“Listen, no one's ever going to publish your

Sigla," said a signature.

Time signatures. End of Ayah's. The start of Rub El Hizb!

Before it was back to the printing press it was back to the drawing block and before it was back to the drawing block it was bashing a rock upon a rock.

The virtual was invading the rural. The city had reachèd its urban density. Time for a village and some karate. No more than times threeski.

"The European Union is a Confederation,"
"Numen is an ancient religion,"
Sans location.

Rome falls nine times an hour, your average working day. There's no alternative to life, no day an average day. Never another day like it.

Racism represents a middle-class, bourgeois

Parisienne aesthetic, in that, it represents it, it denies it.

It denies it. What is it?

“It” is a “nigger.” “It” is a stereotype.

Some bleed blue, some bled red, some have purple blood. We're all royal. Who are we? The collective subject: an idiotype. Worlds colliding. Nothing is insurmountable; the insurmountable truth.

The inhumanity of the face. The inhumanity of the place. That Paris was again dividèd by what was black, white, and grey. Whether exists, weather persists. Defiance in signifiance!

Catherine Cooper: “ … to recognize the fragility of ideas and to embrace contradictions because they're everywhere.”

We are the proletariat, taking over the means of simulation in hyperreality!

Iikiiarkia! Filiarchy. Echolalia.

“Stereo was evil when it was invented. People were under the impression they were hearing voices from unknown places. All it was was that they just hadn't mastered balancing the speakers. Now it's the internet with all its interconnectivity. Bluetooth this-and-that. It's dense. It's everywhere. A digital identity is giving people an experience of what is illusory,” said one who was adding to his digital footprint daily.

“If you allow it to dictate that to you then that is what it is that shall consume you,” replièd the Vordhosbn IDM-consumer.

To go or not to go; to do or not to do; to be or not to be; so says the Shakespearean Elizabethan. Long Live The King!

To be; anontology; the art or science of causing changes to reality; the art or science of causing the being not-to-be; «*l'haute science de la arte magie*…» Yet, because cannot be because because causes the being not-to-be.

Anontology: no “is,” no “am,” no “are,” no

"was," no "be," no "has," no "has been's," no "because," no questions. The news denoues.

«*dénouement*…»

Three nights of darkness. Darkness was all around William Quincy and his reporters. They had had to keep silence and use the cover of night as their inroad to the heart of the matter. They were journalists undercover.

In war, truth is the first casualty. The truth, the truth, and the truth. The half-truth and nothing but the lie. Matter is a relative truth, just as truth is a relative matter. The heart of the matter. They were undercover.

«*bête noire*…»

Three times darkness. *Sh'khorah. Khoshek. Arafel*.

Dark am I but comely, oh daughters of Jerusalem. The hookers of Paris were dark women, who would call from the edge of the misty trees, appearing from shadowy and shady streets.

Anon. passèd it only the once, registering that dark light, *sh'khor-shel-ha'ohr*, that only glints like a

flicker if the audacious should be a passer.

It was that red dress; a dark centre wrappèd in a scarlet letter. Solipsistic Sarah, the personality infiltrator. Sarai workèd as a runner, down from the Opera. It was war in Bastille. The *Ha'Makhumesh* flag rose.

A stranger laid a rose. The Stranger laid a rose at her feet.

{dismissèd}

Dismissal. Who dismisses a General? An acquittal. Acquittèd by the testimony of one. One testimonial, no one in denial. Was the cause a cause at all, or is all that we fight for survival? *Paleo por Vida*. Shag for life!

The General was about to take to the podium. A pulpit rose high above the gatherèd morasses, those blinded masses, all smoking their molasses, all of them with pallow faces, sullièd by the night, drawn out by the day.

The Ideosphere startèd handing back money on PayPal as EDL, recurringly. Everyone was getting rich quickly. Triangle, no scheme, just a filthy meme, confusing the contraband. Even the homeless guy who would regularly sit by the automatic transaction machines and harass Llugnurgus got some.

Change.

Launderèd and warm.

{an embrace}

Stoker was hugging little Gemma. It was after the rupture. Stoker was about to retire.

°I just took some crack. I took it off his hands. Better that way. Feeling scopey, skoping out the cameras on CCTV, closed circuit television°

That was Spokey, losing a spoke every revolution, another gyration. Spokey was a gyrationary. Spokey was turning circles on crack.

°I've got Kraak on tape° thought Spokey °might

tell the authorities. Because I am one°

People came to Spokey for all sorts of shit, and Spokey told them what Spokey needèd them to know.

Spokey was a crack-head, but only because Spokey had to test it to see whether it was good crack.

°Oh, and guess what° confessèd Spokey °I'm a nigger.°

Spokey hated it, but Spokey wantèd to make money out of it so Spokey pushèd it when Spokey was on it. It's not a good advert. °Ideally, four sales a week and I'm happy. 200E. Ideally, I should be wearing a suit, shirt, tie and boot, and push it upmarket, but they'd never allow a nigger like me to enter in into up-market circles° confesses the confessor.

So, Spokey did the street hustle and Spokey was lucky if it came to 200E.

“Does anyone want 200 E's?” said Spokey.

“We'll take ten,” said one user.

“Is it good crack, then?” said an abuser.

“Yeah, it's a bit-of-alright … ” replièd Spokey.

Bloggers got backers from Adwords. Bloggers took backers from Adwords at their own expense. Scientology has backèd the work of the author.

Scientology has backèd the work of the protagonist. “If we don't give them business do they read us?” asks a blogger.

All the Adwords had been removed by Jack-Tech and everything found simultaneous readership.

“You have to allow the symbol behind it to gestate a bit before you can find a readership,” replièd another blogger.

{in a comment}

The commentator continues: “Leave it up there a bit before you remove it.”

Everybody came to it. The symbol behind it.

The author had another author round the back of the sheds. Well-reads.

“So they sent a contra-contraband in, into the bin, .dot-bin, to go into the recycle bin to destroy all the child porn that had been put in. Discardèd as if it didn't mean anything at all,” says the dowager.

The dowager is on the phone to a senior, talking about the possibility of Google being evil.

“Don't ask me how that hacker knew how he could pull it off. It just ate up all the shit like a monster,” replies the senior.

“I hope they send in an anti-body, anti-septic just to make it hygienic?” replies the dowager.

It doesn't matter whether whether exists or not, according to Mister Gid. Mister Gid certainly won't take advice from Mister Magog.

“Whether it exists or not, I'm dying to prove it,” says Gid.

“Don't you think you're taking it a little far,” says Magog.

Anon. was lying in bed in the wake of the passing of Anon.'s specter, corona impetum. A n o n . didn't realize that Anon.'s right hand was holding the left's little finger. A n o n . was at peace, no anger. A n o n . thought about Sarah, the specter. A n o n . spoke aloud to her, aloud, even though she wasn't there.

She was around, somewhere.

Anon. was dying to know where, exactly, yet still not precisely.

°But why should I care?° thought Anon..

Sarai was dying elsewhere and all Anon. could do was lie there and try not to care.

{a vacant stare}

Anon. cast a vacant stare at the ceiling.

The only part of Anon. that was moving was the part of Anon. that was breathing.

“The entire reason for the existence of the human race: a population of seven billion all waking up to an alarm clock with the same face, and every other emotion that the description of that facial expression comes under.”

It was theirs and theirs alone. One could have said, a mere year earlier, that this innovation would have neutralizèd the militant threat from Islam. It fannèd the flames of passion in the Ishmaelite nations. Rock the Qasbah!

“Messiah. Prophet. Dirty words. Contraband. I want them all banned. Booked and burnt,” said Kaiaphas.

“You'd only be contributing to the problem,” said Lamed.

°I'm Lamed. Did I mention that already? Mossad had gone crazy, and hysteria drove it even further. We didn't trust this Psi-Qolog with his two houses as far as they could get on on fire…°

A moral debate sprung up surrounding it.

Anonymity proclaiming it.

"Is it evil?"

"We can't live without it,"

"It may as well be EVOL because it's backwards love, sometimes,"

"Ain't it just …"

"Well, it's just as well, then,"

While everyone was wondering whether it was evil or not some of the biggest evil was going down.

So, Sally can wait? For The Sally Star it was too late. Just another paper done gone under. Lower circulation rate than the dowager. This was the end of the news-print media. No one foresaw it, not even a mere year earlier.

"Life is fair, no matter how you choose to

experience it."

One person had an opinion on it.

Life.

"You know what a Federation is, don't you?"

"It's an International Revenue System,"

The following was occurring in the sociocratic think tank.

"The food we're producing?"

"The excrement we're consuming,"

"Gizzardy bits, lizzardy bits, wizzardy bits,"

" … "

"Consummating, I meant to say, consummating,"

"Oh, not you gain, with your ding ding ding,"

"Yeah, I'm feeling a bit thing,"

Endless chatting, policy reworking.

Sarai, minister-of-me, minister to the feminine principle. The sociocratic person, the fourth wave of feminism and the soul of union.

This is the contemporary age: Kapitalismo.

°According to which principles?°

The object: reorganization of principles.

DOMINANT + SOCIAL = CULTURE. CULTURE - SOCIAL = HIERARCHY. HIERARCHY ÷ SOCIAL = CULTURE. DOMINANT x SOCIAL = HIERARCHY.

Dominant hierarchical cultural milieu. The social was always striving for the middle ground, in between dominant culture and hierarchy. Kapital was reorganizing itself.

{Kapitalismo mobilizes itself}

Postmodern comms. technology forgèd in the fires of kapital as child of reactionary American military industrial complex.

“Obtinui de media simulatio!”

The singular proletariat was gaining control of the dominant mode of production: the means of simulation.

An empty Ayah.

"Mirrors get confusing when reflecting,"

The field of the Other satisfies the category of the impossible.

The agent of speech does not represent the subject. The phallus serves as a means of access to the domain of the Other. Understanding of the Other comes from social-symbolic networks regulatèd according to language-like rules and as a physical structure, representative of this social Other, internalizèd in the form of the unconscious.

"The symbolic requires a subject irrevocably split… Love relations aspire to a strictly impossible union or unity. The two never unite as one, but none, the soul of union, 0=2, exact science, imprecise maths, the desire for the One finds itself subjected to the desire of the Other beyond the Other."

"The subversion of representation through a means of multiplication rather than diminution of representing entities, a multiplication that drives the representational system to its own point of explosion,"

“Why should compassion be alien?”

Witham Sispa was smiling upside down and his frown reachèd up-and-around his crown.

The Anonymous Group were questioning the validity of it.

“Within it,”
“In it?”
“In it,”
“Within it?”
“Yeah, in it,”
«*C'est ça*…»
«*Voila*!»

Lifeworlds. Lives entwin'd.

“Shall we try for a baby and include the whole community?”

“Apparently it's sexy,”

Nazi underground ideology of sorcery. They were invoking the spirit of Thule.

°What was going to be the sign?° thought symbolism.

“Why does representation fail?” said a representative, failing under breathing. “Because it takes the decision out of our hands by its very nomination. It represents us in name only. Its machinations are of other motives. Power.”

{the end of the character}

“Power is ephemeral.”

“I suppose it doesn't really exist.”

As it rose, it managèd to wrest a power from above; all her sensibilities.

A unifièd population, greater than any in the world at present, pledges its alliegence to a symbol. A greater number than democracy, all facing the same way. As the angel who refusèd to bow down to Adam, the first man, the Islamic nation do not refuse to prostrate themselves to that very angel, its doctrine and its symbol.

The angel is Ismael and the symbol is *Ha'Makhumesh*. Its doctrine is independence from the one true idea, the union of Abraham and Sarah: the phallic *Yodh* of penetration; the grasping *Heh* of consummation; the mutual *Vav* of expectation, as if their ecstasy anticipated the moment of conception; and again, the *Heh* of breathy relief and conclusion; *Yodh-Heh-Vav-Heh*, baruc ha'shem.

Enclosèd Alphanumerics gave Robertson the key to an anomalie to use as a phage.

°We don't want to crash the internet, or

anything° thought Robertson.

Comma-com was successfully working on Linux as a prototype.

The dawn chorus. 5AM convos are the best.
“I must've woken up to a different sun.”
“Who's going to prove that?”
“It went down on yesterday.”
“Never another day like it.”
“No day an average day.”
“It's fleeing already.”
“Fleeting?”
“I've got a very important meeting.”
“The sun shines out of your arse, doesn't it?”
{moonlighting}

The sun was rising and the moon was simultaneously waxing. The skies were clearing. All night it had been raining. A rainbow was appearing as the day was beginning.

“Sessin'?”
“Yeah, we like having a lie in,”
“Sessin', though?”

“Yeah, sessin'”
“Sessin' around in a sess-pit,”
“Yeah, lying in,”
“Sessin'”

“Some past civilizations have known more than we do but they didn't have dentistry like we do,”
“What is the audit system of late capitalism?”
“The Audit Commission have unwittingly employed us to store up capital virtually by being social consensually,”
The Audit Commission is monitoring the locality.
“So it's conspiratorial,”

“Hebrews,”
“Christians,”
“Romans,”
“Christians,”
Corinthians kissing Corinthians.
Greet on another with an holy kiss.
The French do it the best way.

“Take them beyond the grave, you delusional revolutionary,”

70,000 Ethiopian jews in the '70s.
80,000 in the '80s.

Xylophone's have competition.

You're bollocks you are, paradigm.

“Get on top of this washing machine, I need to put a load in.”

°When's he putting another load in?°

LETS fuck. Fuck, let's.
LETS. Local Economic Trading Systems.
LETS DESTROY THEM.
LETS EXCHANGE THEM.
LETS REMOVE THEM.
LETS REPLACE THEM.
No one could believe it was a real organization.
FTSE, Gold & Oil.
One full rotation.
Suspension Pension!
Taking a contribution.
Making a contribution.

Llugnurgus doesn't notice the change in balance on the slip. As soon as he's inserted his cash card and types in his pin number, after the usual bit from the homeless guy: “Chip-n-pin rendered them penniless.

Once my benefactors, now my apologetic passers-by,”

Breakcore made an evening of photographic journalism. Angles had a fall out when numbers were made equal to each other. But everyone lookèd pretty in a picture. Red eyes.

Oriano skies.

20 seconds of a bit-of-alright and then off to work.

Tables-a-gripper. Bottoms-a-grabber. It went right down to the last game of the season. Red-and-yellow. Colours that fight each other. A six pointer on the field. A six shooter in the field.

°That's *sooo* frustrating yet *sooo* appealing° she thinks.

{observing him}

“It must be a zeitgeist rhythm, or something,”

°I was a pioneer from a very young age. Climbing my mother's mountains, ascending her peaks. The Peak District. Jerusalem, according to Mister William Blake. Oh, minister-of-me. Tell me, why the army sing Jerusalem about Britain? Cause it's worth fighting for. Maybe we're not so fascist after all. One race above another? They stood on the Peaks. One state above another? I'm on my mother's mountains. The Peaks°

{just-a-thought}

Geometry happens-to-be evil until we find its

appropriation proper. Advertising's still evil. We're just yet-to-find its appropriation proper. Apparently, Memetics offers a solution. You can use the technology of the hyper-sigil behind an advert to reverse your fortunes. For richer-or-poorer; for better-or-worse.

"Taking a contribution, making a contribution," says one lacking a pension.

Outside the pension centre, the old timer and the practical joker are heckling a teenager with a newspaper, and a granny is beating off another with an umbrella.

In the newsroom. It is the decade of the Tens. The beginning of the new decad-dyad-triad-syzygie. Brand New Century! End of another one. Shift off, shift on.

{shift key}

The One implies a presence. The Other an absence.

Minor scale.
Major scale.
Conflict and music.

The disemmination of Sigla instantly put up a border. The Irish are constructing a wall for the one purpose of putting Cyrillic graffiti on it.

“Vandals.”

“Hey, we're not the Ostrogoths.”

“the whole meaning of the law of the Other is that the ‘thou’ prevails over the ‘I’,”

“come unto me is a foolish term for it is I that go yet you who return,”

Sarai was not only an object of Anon.'s desire, she was the image– « *une visage sans visage* … »– the image that structurèd Anon.'s identity: Sarai's image was in Anon. representation of dissolution.

Fabula VIII.

In secret synagoguey, the Ademayiim were gatherèd.

"Only one Israel concerns me," said Simeon.

Simeon had gained a title, conferrèd upon him by a great authority, his paternity. Father.

"Good and evil must be kept close together, lest they oppose one another. We'll stay around Manchester Ton as long as the EDL are in power," said Gideon Cohen.

"Have we had any word from Adon Burns or Adon Baggs from South of the border?" askèd Kaiaphas.

Kaiaphas lookèd troublèd with worry. It had been ages since he had confessèd that he was sorry. His crimes were many.

"Tottenham Ton's not thriving, they're barely surviving. Even the executives are leaving," said a king conspirator.

"Numbers are down," said a Levi.
{opening the book of Numbers}

This is the truth to which I now lie to you by. The truth is: I'm a liar!

Anon. was in a bar, in some other Parisienne arrondissement or other.

On the reverse side of a Ten Euro note were plans that Anon. had written, on the map illustration like some kind of crazy megalomaniac. A n o n . was approachèd by a fellow-writer who had enterèd, and to the barman had said: "Hang on, monsieur! You must take notice of this artist. He's been hanging around the streets of this city for about three weeks now. The police have noticed his work and he's even been sat down by the army."

When the Foreign Legion approach you with M-16s and tell you to sit down with your hands behind your head …

«*sur le plancher*!» as they, themselves, did say …

… you obey, immediately. You don't question that kind of authority. They were there for a reason and so was Anon..

But anyway, the writer, to the barman said: "You must keep the note intact, don't go ripping it up like he does. You can use it as tender or you can keep it behind

the bar as a remember."

{obviously french}

{obviously a writer}

The barman foldèd the note in half and he liftèd the tray that containèd the other Euro notes and placèd it safely underneath.

Anon. didn't really appreciate the notion of the instruction that had been written on the map on the reverse side of the ten Euro note but Anon. felt like there was always a message to convey. The worst part of it all was that there was no message to convey. A n o n . was just a medium. A medium for the worst kind of expression: experimenting with destitution.

°The archetypal street urchin asks for ten centimes to which Anon. could reply: *what would our father's say? To me, not to give or support a destitute cause, and to you, why is my son without a home*?°

"Every generation reinvents one," said Miss Correspondence, humouring Psi-Qolog's messiah complex. His favourite one. His African one.

°As if psychology had become the new religion and I was its devotee. Oh me, oh me, oh my. Shabbetai Tzvi looks directly at me and Sarai was my bride° thought Psi-Qolog.

The king conspirator and the false messiah stood before the *Beyt Din*.

“What are your motivations for wanting to join the tribes of Israel?” askèd Kaiaphas.

“My *midrashiy*?” replièd Psi-Qolog, “bears implications for the future of the jewish people.”

“Doesn't every *midrash*?” replièd Kaiaphas.

“What kind of Torah is it?” said Mister Cohen.

Psi-Qolog openèd a book he was holding in his hands. The cover was red, and somehow, the pages were black. Gold letters shone up from the dark pages as he read aloud, in Hebrew, before the *Beyt Din*.

And so he began,

“*Avodah rabah*,” said Psi-Qolog.

The company, or agency, obtain the ability to assimilate information very quickly. That's what they say in the business anyway. Everybody says all kinds of things in the business and nobody really knows anything. Too much talking, too much information. Lamed, codename for Kovax, was losing his passion whilst Kaiaphas was having a conniption.

“Nobody says *everything true in the business*. It's not who you know or how you got to know them but what you got to know from whom,” said Kaiaphas to Lamed.

It was a desolate room. The agents of the agency were waiting; heads hanging, ominous gloom.

Doom.

In a room.

The three of them; the company. *The Me, Myself, and the auspicious I* …

°Lamed° not saying a word.

Kaiaphas and Jack. Stoker not Robertson. You know the one. The agents there had receivèd the other one. The one they were waiting on. The agent's name that remained classified: *****.

{***** enters the room}

“Listen, Kaiaphas,” said *****. “There's no such thing as *the square root of minus one*. You've got to stop broadcasting all your *ravdak davar*. Of course, we in the business know what the square root means. But minus one? You're confusing everyone! We wouldn't want to be speaking prematurely about could be now-would-we?”

“Hand that briefcase over-to-me, in my hands, where it should be,” demandèd Kaiaphas.

Kaiaphas was holding a Magnum-45.

{pointing down to it}

“ … pass it or I'll shoot it off,” Kaiaphas demandèd.

“You belong on the motherfucking gun range with the vampires, murderers, fathers of all wars. Come on, Lamed? Jack?”

°someone? Anyone?°

{No one}

The agency were waiting on news of the shipment. Code-name *****, classifièd, was resisting Kaiaphas. It was a standoff. The others weren't saying anything.

“Honestly, I'm retiring,” said *****. “It's not worth the struggle, especially for a shit wage.”

“If you give me the Logris we can debrief you and you can be on your way, *****,” said Kaiaphas.

Kaiaphas was still firmly and resolutely holding his weapon. It was pointing in the same direction.

***** put the Logris gently on the table to the side of where the others were seatèd.

“A man who's willing to die for his ideas is worthy of having my children,” said sorority.

The Greys were amongst them. The sisters fought alongside them. The Civil War was black-and-white. Black versus white, day versus night. The Greys didn't matter. Grey matter, no matter, no mind.

“No bipartisan, no lover of mine!” exclaimèd solidarity.

Time-on-chime, the shipment arrived on just-in-time. A Marionette Records labelèd box was smashèd open. Mags-and-fags. Zines-and-machines. Racist ideology as memes. Anythin' to keep the war goin'.

After a round of silent applause, the ones who

had dedicatèd themselves to serving others selflessly turnèd to their favourite subject of service, selfishly. Each one acknowledging their own personality: “We've all seen hierarchy in an exclusive community,” said a member of the community,

{exclusively}

“Have we?” one did disagree.

The why's and the wherefore's were discussèd intentionally, as an intentional community, systematically and ethically, instead of hierarchically. One young lad put it perfectly: “Can I have some hummous and pitta strips, please?” … and he was servèd instantly.

{amidst the Congregation}

“The United Kingdom of Israel. The red, white and blue, still united, on a flag. Don't care too much for the skin-head, but if we pay his taxes then he'll leave our shop windows intact,” said Gid Cohen.

“I'm very worried about this Psi-Qolog,” said Kaiaphas among the Sanhedrin. “He could be working for the Agency for all we know with his opposition mounted against us.”

One sole hoodèd Rabbi stood amidst the congregation. *A King Conspirator*. He drew back the veil to reveal his shining face. And the angels suddenly fled away.

In the situationist commune, there was a discussion about Kapitalismo.

“Kapital is the immoral individual,” said an ethical soul.

“The social is the repressive individual,” expressèd the repressèd.

From the one individual to the other, a logomachy sprang up.

“What the hell is Kapitalismo?”

“Don't look at me, I don't know! I don't even know how to vote.”

{the paranoia of Fascismo}

{the meaning behind machismo}

“Because revolution proves capital…” said the fascist actor to the situationist detractor, “revolution is possible no longer, any more than it is possible to prove that capital is ontological.”

The lovers of make were simulating death, to escape their real death throes, cut by their pretty nails, manicurèd by their little toes.

Power was staging its own murder. Such as when Julienne, Julienne, saw Anon. come dancing around the corner.

Connie Baggs had gone to see Psi-Qolog. For once it was a confidential appointment, of course it was out-of-hours, but it had to be in this instance since Connie needèd a break from the din of the kids, and so it was that the crêche happenèd to be completely vacatèd.

“Do I enjoy myself?” askèd Connie, in response to Psi-Qolog's inquisitive enquiry that was well underway.

“You have to see your enjoyment as radical,” replièd Psi-Qolog. “Do you value yourself?”

{ … }

Psi-Qolog acknowledgèd Connie's frustration. Connie's cheeks were getting red with flush, not embarrassment, but a sort of apathy, and she rollèd her eyes back into her skull with resignation. Psi- Qolog addressèd Connie.

“Value is sublime,” he said. “But behind the sublime realization of value, there lies something else. Something Other speaks.”

Connie resistèd it; she didn't utter a word in response. Actually, Connie was getting more-and-more anxious about where Psi-Qolog would take her. Psi-Qolog followèd up with his statement about what was speaking.

“The resistance to satisfaction and refusal of fulfilment,” he said. “According to this mystery of lost opportunity, your maternity as evidently you show through your apathy, it is this lively, basic denial of

value, this latent violence toward the principle of identity which assures the subject of your being. Your motherhood brings a lot of happiness to a lot of people."

Connie, not once interestèd in Anontology, despite feeling tense, had lost the subject of her being; that youthful feeling, despite her age. Connie would have to pander to what was younger for the rest of her life.

"By losing your identity completely you preserved your own truth," said Psi-Qolog.

"When me and Donnie conceived," said Connie, about Donnie, Bagsie not Bursie, "I thought I'd feel all light and fluffy. Walking down the streets of Tottenham Ton, sunny, munching on a kashrut kees sarnie. But the stranger grew inside me. It changed my *weltanschauung*, my worldview entirely. As it grew inside me, I thought, my inner monologue is changing forever, the tone and texture of my soul. And then something occurred to me."

"What was it Connie?" askèd Psi-Qolog.

"That it was new life," replièd Connie.

Code-name Sazzaz was after Robertson. Robertson was none the wiser and sixpence none the richer, down the bookies.

"Same pens as Argos and Wetherspoons," said a

skin-head to Robertson.

“Pfft,” shruggèd Robertson, “beat it you! I'm meant to be meeting someone in the next two minutes I don't need you buzzin' around me like a busy bee.”

“Buzzin',” replièd the skin-head, “cig on!”

The skin-head pullèd a cigarette from behind his ear and walkèd out of the establishment door.

Stoker passèd the skin-head in the arch of the doorway as he enterèd. Sazzaz was outside the bookmakers, waiting to see what Stoker and Robertson would say to each other. The skin-head approachèd Sazzaz, making light of his Asian skin, saying: “Is Arabic called Arabic in Arabic?”

Is Jewish callèd Jewish in Jewish?

History->Front Page->Date->Same News->Different Day->Chuck-it-away->Get another one->Newspapers were menstrual papers. Red all over. Resources were scarce on the front line in the city- at-war. It didn't matter about the leading headline. It was still the unreportèd world and an unresourcèd battlefield.

Anon. was dividèd.

°Was I The Stranger?° or °the feminine alluder'er?°

Er …

She was an object; he was simply an archetype; Sarai was a noumenon becoming a phenomenon. The Arab and The Nigger were merely stereotypes, which apparently no longer exist. A n o n . was *phenomanonymous*. If you think about it: it is it.

“All three identities in one place?” said *****.

***** was questioning the absurdity of his false identity.

“They don't care in Belgium, a smile'll get you through. Just do the job you've been instructed to do,” replièd Mister Magog.

These two particular agents, working for The Agency of the Letter, were leaving for South Ossetia.

It was the Jewish New Year, *Rosh Hashanah*. It was an anticlimax new year, so many a menstruater, so many a fellater. In the synagogue, a tissue, a blesser, a scroll passer, a law-abider and a rule abuser.

"Better do it again," said Burnsie. "I don't know why rabbi glorifies the two-weeks-on, two-weeks-off, rose jar nonsense. What's unclean about a nice piece of *Victoria Sponge*?"

"How on earth did Connie agree to that!" demandèd Bagsie.

Burnsie carrièd on.

"It's those darn Erinyes of ours. We're starting to get more of a look in now they're Bat Mitzvah. I swear, there's something mutual about their rose-jar days. The entire house is awash with carnality. Thanks goodness for ritual purity! It wasn't like that for Connie until Yihnrih and Ahnrah had hit puberty. Now it's all about the triple goddess menagerie," said Burnsie.

{in Cockney}

Burnsie was gloating profanely.

Bagsie did it twice following the blessing. He never lookèd back. It kept on going. Victoria-sponging, rabbi-ignoring, twins horny-yet-snoring, Donnie and Connie slamming.

The following year and every year after, the day after, the day after Rosh Hashanah, Donnie, the one and the other, would order a triple goddess banana split ice cream and a healthy slice of victoria sponge. It became a custom to the two men. As if the Torah had allowèd them to change a letter.

Mishnah.
Mishnah.
Mishnah.

Every new sect aggravates the situation.

"Is this the end of my career then?" wonderèd Lamed.

{to himself}

Lamed took off the trilby hat that had been worn and placèd it on top of the coat rack. Lamed unbuttonèd the large, double-breastèd trench coat soakèd in rain and hung it up on a hook below where the hat was sitting.

°I'm Lamed. Did I mention that already? Sociocracy vs. Sociocracy. Honestly, it's crazy°

Yet, to return to the business.

Lamed took a number and a single letter as code-name. Lamed was a number of different characters, working for The Agency of The Letter. *A number of different characters, working for The Agency of The Letter*.

You know what they say, don't you? It's not who you know but how you got to know them and not what you know but what you got to know from whom.

°I work for Achmaninejad's son. If you're picking a fight with them, you're picking a fight with us. This is how we do business. We're great looking. Everyone is great looking all night. We're the sharpest

group of thinkers in the world. We struggle with our excellence. We don't get a lot of sleep. Despite frequent exhaustion: « *par excellence*… »° he thought.

Sleep-walking, always engaging, smooth-talking, always chatting, sleep-avoiding, deja-vu averting.

Mister Magog and Mister Cohen were full of the *ravdak davar*. It had been a good business day. Mister Magog had brokerèd a very important deal and Gid had curèd another yid with his one of his potent formulas, he did.

The both of them sat, mulling over the day, under the influence of sherry.

"Jacob hid," said Mister Gid.

"The yid he hid," said Magog.

"Hid he did," replièd Gid.

"*Yedidyah*?" askèd Mister Magog. "I made good today. A *mitzvah*."

"'yer did, did 'yer?" enquirèd Gideon. "You managed to glean another ten per center, *yedidyah*. Well, *yechidah*, let's rejoice."

The two men tippèd another glass of cherry sherry and enjoyèd the heat from the embers of the open coal fire.

{*ravdak davar*}

"Jacob hid," said Mister Gid.

"The yid he hid," replièd Mister Magog.

"Hid he did," said Gid.

"In the It, or in the Id?" wonderèd Mister Magog.

"The yid, he hid he did," said Gid. "The yid he hid in the Id."

"Hid he did, Gid, you crazy alchemical yid," replièd Mister Magog.

After that much sherry, *ravdak davar* was bound to sound like *jabberwocky*…

"Hoo-goo, hoh-goh, hah-gah."

Maeve struggles to count. Counting for Maeve is a struggle for her to perceive. The struggle to count presents Maeve with difficulties.

Code-name: *****.:

{classifièd} … checks the bank balance. It always says 1000E. Code-name *****.:

{classifièd} … draws money out. It still reads 1000E.

Employment as leisure; it can't be the other way around. *Moving*: from a gestural paradigm of work to a gestural paradigm of control; the state-sponsored subject of control.

°I don't know what you call it but I'm sober again°

AWOL not EVOL.

The meaning according to The Tetragrammaton: a market share in the Global Brain.

An advert comes on on local television.

IT SAYS:

MI5 ARE NOW RECRUITING TRAVELLERS AS MI5 BELIEVE THAT TRAVELLERS MAY HAVE AND BE ABLE TO OBTAIN USEFUL INFORMATION.

Intel. Inside. Inside job, outside face. The four-sided-face.

"The face has four sides," says Stoker.

"Only one has to face the world," says codename, *****.:

{classifiėd}

Solipsis looks like a circle with a centrepoint.

Every good hoax seeks to destroy a conspiracy by operating as one. *The company operates as one*.

Proportional representation on the fair isle of Old Albion.

Just a suggestion.

“Nope. We don't want that in the electoral system, thank you very much! That's how Hitler got in.”

The libertine is someone who believes in freedom; freedom of expression beyond condemnation.

“ “Actually ” is the antidote to presumption,” says The Libertine, “the reason that Lokupleto protests Ionis.”

Ion and on to 'ion ending with 'ion turning into negative or even positive Ions.

“Ionis. You might have seen him crop up in a contract? “Upon the condition that the acquisition of company funds find suitable appropriation. ” ”

“So what does Lokupleto do?”

“He sort of stands in a posture with his back turned and arms upraised with elbows at right angles perpendicular to the rest of his arms.”

“Like a Yogi?”

“Yeah, like a Yogi.”

Glances, glances, places, trances.

An open-ended Ayah.

Neither neither. Never never.
Either either.
It doesn't matter.

What do we fight for in our city-at-war? No one knows anymore. Liberty is the criminal, cardinal sin.
°What do you believe in?°

We fight for it.
We can't save it.
The revolution is simply *too* big.

We abort it.

A miscarriage of justice. Unjust when conceiving. They aren't ready for receiving that kind of thing. In-fighting and squabbling. Water runs out, everyone is passing out.

“Mate?”

“What mate?”

“Raver water, mate,”

“Can I have some of that rave water, mate?”

“Nah mate, it's rave water, mate. And buy your own fucking lighter too…”

Can you spot the anomaly? Church ceiling, church shelling, it was a very rude question to be asking: “What religion are you?”

Sometimes, a Catholic doesn't need to know.

“What's universal is universal.”

No matter what you came to confess some things are better left unsaid.

Yellow-and-Red. Colours that fight each other. Good-and-evil must be kept close together lest they oppose one another.

°He likes his coffee, doesn't he?° thinks Tulpa.

“Fuck all this evil, I'm Sudoku now,” says Llugnurgus.

{turns off the TV}

{opens the newspaper on page 39}

Hardware dump. Blue screen wipe. Temporarily antiquated machines.

Two musers, two matutas, trading as daughters, enjoying lesbian kisses, ticks-and-kisses, instead of dicks-and-disses.

In the Nunnery …

As she draws back the hood the sisters shake with adulation.

A sexual rite is taking place all-the-time. We spend our whole lives avoiding it. Until we initiate it.

“Every paranoid and neurotic {gesture} and pedantic °thought° becomes a point of reference in the past building up-to-some *other* coincidence,” says Psi-Qolog:

{Lowercase *other*}

“I have to commit her instead of raise her,” says Psi-Qolog to Miss Correspondence, “take a memo.”

“RTGRRRL,” replies Ochus.

“Where and wherefore. Wherefore and when were ye when the floor shook ye?” Anon. remembers he was in the ville in the Offy, getting' on his Onny.

“Would there be such a thing as an enigma if you could measure a noumena?” asks Witham Sispa to Mister O'Niste.

Mister O'Niste, the epitome of an experimental scientist: “It's when it becomes a phenomena that we can measure,” he says.

Red-and-Black. Stand back! Contraband …

Crackèd eyes, Oriano skies.

***** places the gluttonous spoon inside the ornamental jug. Ornamental. Incidental. Smug. Sitting there with a mug. What a mug!

“Come and give me a hug you love bug.”

“I'm fucking your wife.”

“She's telling me what to do.”

°They're not psychological are they, pheromones?°

Shakespeare is a stowaway and he cannot leave Verona.

Da Vinci is a drag queen and he doesn't paint the Mona.

« *Voila*! »

The role of the secret society is the administration of war since the art of deception lies.

“A major turning point for Internet piracy came along when the website Audiogalaxy was shut down by the Record Industry Association of America. My screen-name was … … … 10-toes-up-10-toes-down. It was a bad conversation. I'm glad they shut it down,” says one digital pirate,

{in confession}

MSN Messenger is back in fashion. Facebook is a panopticon prison. People see different things at different times. It's all about perception.

“Do you remember when the networks went down for good?”

“You can't have a cell-phone without a cellular money-grabber like the old server-of-servers.”

You can have a free copy for the piracy.

“Charge me.”

“Why, what's your problem?”

“I'm a republican. Regarding the public.”

Hectic. Frantic. Semantic.

Everyone's trading it in. It's on the rise. Gold is appreciating quickly. Buy now, sell later, *Hassan-i-Sabbah*, everything must go!

°Who's Jack Stoker in cahoots with, I wonder°

°Who's Jack Stoker in cahoots with?°

°I'm Jack Robertson. I'm not allowed to know what goes on inside the Mossad. I mean, I'm the best hacker the world has ever seen, or this age anyway at

least. With the kind of knowledge I possess I could destroy the world°

{an experiment in paranoia}

"I mixed the wrong metal with the wrong metal."

Mettle.

"Administer the nettle."

There's was nothing else we could do to treat him. So we stung him anyway. He told us that he was an alchemist and that the poison would reinvigorate him. He was clearly out of his mind, delusional. His toxicity levels were way above normal.

"It reacts against the other toxins to allow the anti-bodies to rest," said Mister Gid.

°I'm Ayah. Hiya! A nurse, my desire. The end of my shift is torturous. The end of an Ayah. He's a disturbing man that jew, Cohen. I wonder what he is doing here in the Sinai?°

Ayah went straight to her locker. This was before she clockèd off earlier that day. Ayah rufflèd through her admin to find the note she stole. It must have been alchemical because it made no sense to her as a health professional that it could ever be administerèd in the medical world, what with all the red-tape measures to make nurses like her exhaustingly infallible. It made no sense to Ayah as a health professional that a medical administration in the Sinai

could ever be valid in a political world. But, to us, should conflict ever arise in the region it means that the strategic location of the Sinai would be ideal for administering care to enemy combatants as well as the good.

The Sociocratic Person comes to be the regulating principle of the brand-spanking new Ideoshpere. Comma-com. Not an ounce of filth or child porn on. No dot-bin, no bin-man-bin. Dot-com was a has been.

Robertson calls it his greatest achievement second only to his crowning glory of accidentally crashing the Internet with a rogue trade.

It works on Linux.

°Comma-com°

Is he playing, or is he managing?

One team cannot not be dividèd. Headèd by one manager. Captainèd by one skipper. One result is all that is needèd.

The General has concedèd.

As soon as The General conceeds the battle is

lost.

Bimbo Bordello. They're Italiano. They're bound to. It's just a phase they have to go through. Straight through the door. Supermarket porn. Children exposed to it.

It's in cause it was in in the Tens.

°I wasn't in in the Nineties ... Can I get in on the Tens?°

“Who added who?”

“Did you add him, or did he add you?”

« *Adieu* … »

{ … }

The Ostrogoths of the Black Forest gather against the Romans.

“Hebrews or Christians?” wonderèd a warrior.

“Romans or Christians?” worrièd a wanderer.

It is the day of the hand-fastening. The Pagan Wedding. All attending. Experiments ascending.

Eng. in the blood, mad in the head.

“If you've ever seen a face then you know recognition.”

Dormatories above. Liberal ideas below.

« *Idee fixée* … »

» *Proportionalistfaktor* … «

Anon. once tore a Euro the last time Anon. tourèd the Euro.

Haven't seen her since last Tuesday.

Never toast a Tuesday. Tell me why I hate Mondays. Cause you love Sundays.

The Irish Republic choose Cyrillic and build a wall across their fair Isle.

Israel, not an Isle.

Aisle, not an Isle.
Llugnurgus is on trial.
Anon. is in denial.

“Let's appreciate a moment of scarcity before a moment of plenty,”
“It was never about being wealthy but just having plenty,”

Journalism on Journalism happens-to-be bad press. *Bafotrad*: a dress for a dress. The keynote speech, the Union's address.

Making wine across the border. Passing water, pushing Sigla. South of the River …
{an order}
“Cross over,”

Chaos is a snowflake. Her structure orderèd to fall.

6 grammes later, I could've been sensible and gone to bed. Nonsense abounding. Clammy hands clammering. I wasn't seedy in the beginning. Mrs. Eddy lowering to listening. We weren't going steady in the beginning. In the beginning the end was speaking. Making ends meet, holding hands. Making two ends meet was holding hands.

Maeve Llwywllyn isn't actually a jewish orphan at all, as it turns out. She is Welsh, in fact. Due to her immense autism she has been given up for adoption. Psi-Qolog has been Hebraicising her from the moment he took her into his care. It is his responsibility to do so, and he adores her fair hair. Psi-Qolog loves Maeve with tenderness and care.

°If it is true that I am Hebraicising a Welsh orphan, is that fair?° Psi-Qolog asks himself.

°Even after I've come I'm still going. Just for once, I'd like to lie next my Ishmaelite woman without the sound of thoughts recurring° thinks Psi- Qolog.

{recurring occurring 'ing}

The moment It couldn't tolerate the evil It created It burst into a puff-of-logic. The Ideosphere thought °*Sudoku*° puff-of-logic, phew. No more evil, now I'm Sudoku …

\+ - ÷ x
x + - ÷
÷ x + -
- ÷ x +

{drearily}

Kaiaphas drearily rollèd over in his bed, the Magnum 45 handgun was still strappèd underneath his

arm from the night previous. The bullet chamber dug into his ribcage. The pressure was enough to wake him slightly. Kaiaphas had been under immense pressure lately.

Kaiaphas' eyelids creasèd open and his eyeballs rollèd in rotation. The digital alarm clock on the bedside table was flashing on-and-off. The image of the times were a blur of red, black and white digitally alignèd lines. The time and the times, blurring through blurrèd lines. The times, the history and the crimes. Swastika, colon, swastika; perpetual midnight at the end of history.

Kaiaphas saw the lines converge into one shape, the two red swastikas becoming one. The sign flew out of the clock towards his forehead and he was plungèd into a waking dream. All the colour red from the digitizèd swastika bled and bled and bled into the background. All the jewish dead moving through the dark dark red in Kaiaphas' dreaming head.

A bright white orb was clearing the centre and Kaiaphas saw the Hebrew letter Aleph emerging, flowing, blowing in the wind on a flag.

Erinyes: °Naz-Sazie-Sozie-Posie°
°Naz-Sazie-Sozie-Posie°
°Naz-Sazie-Sozie-Posie°

Kaiaphas heard the Furies, the chant of the Erinyes, delerious and melodious. But the chanting wore out, the wind blew soft and the Aleph flag grew distant. It sat peacefully on the hills of Jerusalem, the

green hills of Old Albion, and another flag was being hoistèd up by a thousand hands.

The sky was clear and blue and the fabric of the banner was the same colour. Another white orb was clearing in the centre. Clouds were forming together and the hands of the thousands were raising the emblem of forever.

A black eagle was hovering on the horizon, swooping in towards the light, singing to the tune of *b'Beyt, b'Beyt*.

Kaiaphas was drawn to the bright white light and the black eagle flew closer and closer into his sight until the animal had transfigurèd into the Hebrew letter *Beyt*. The *Beyt* flag sat upon the horizon of Albion, mister mystic, William Blake's description of Jerusalem.

The wind swept through the lands and Kaiaphas was movèd to rally the hands.

"*Av*!" he cried, father … from a distance, a distant shore, "*Av*," he went on to implore.

The thousand hands were raisèd and praisèd a tumultuous applause, the sight of the two of the flags shining victoriously. Finally, an end to Kaiaphas' jewish history. He awoke the next day at the usual time and left very early.

The nurse reached for his pulse, noticing it was hard-and-fast. Assuming no one to be looking, she

measured the rhythm against her own, her centre skipping faster, the gears of her heart changing its pace.

°Too soon for names. Better remain clinical° thought the nurse.

“What year is it?” asked the woundèd soldier.

The woundèd soldier mumblèd under his breath. He could not ascertain the times. They were strange times. The woundèd soldier was surprisèd when the nurse didn't answer the question outright.

“That's a very strange question for you to be asking,” said the nurse. “Do you not know the sign of the times?”

{pulsing}

{slowing}

{hand releasing}

“I meant day, you know, the date?” he said.

The woundèd soldier felt paranoid and he was moving his left hand, as if he was reaching and searching for something he had lost. The nurse grabbèd his left wrist to stop it twitching.

“Your pockets were emptied when they brought you in and your belongings have been confiscated,” said the nurse.

°His diary is in my locker° she thought to herself as he bled right there on the gurney bed.

At that, the nurse decidèd to leave him there in bed. And off to his diary, she read.

Codename, *****.

{confidentiality}

Codename, ***** was a writer of EVOL propaganda and did all he could to sway public opinion for the Ademayiim in the name of The Agency of the Letter. Codename, ***** was a message corrupter and a two tribe coterie camarilla supporter.

{he suffers from pleasure}

Codename, ***** was a writer with the proportions of a sorcerer. Every statement made to measure, every state of mind inducèd from the exhaustive pleasure of the death posture.

°Power° he thought.

°Pleasure° he sought.

°Corruption° he taught.

Codename, ***** was caught up in the drunken state of Erinyic solipsis.

“Maxims of Zionist propaganda,” he spoke aloud.

Each maxim was written in his own hand in a manuscript book. As he utterèd one saying, each at a time, he heard a voice in his head reply, singularly, the lie.

After all this was said and done, he burnt the book on a pyre and committèd the confession to fire. And in the flames, the very elemental lashings that have in past times accompanièd book burnings, the vapourization of knowledge that was in cold storage, previous to the event, going live, as the words strive to remain written, but instead become transfigurèd and

heaven-bidden; ashes fall, the symbol behind the symbols returning to heaven. Heaven-bidden; earth befallen. Up in flames, down in cinders.

°Lies and deception may be fundamental to facilitate the truth's survival. Ideology is the theology of truth and secrecy; for who is in authority?° thought codename, *****.

{singularly}

And then, a collective responsibility was inferrèd by a succession of voices, occurring to the mind of codename, *****.

°Freedom and liberty can only be purchased with money, the source of all authority°

°The economic conspiracy is the regulation of the market by democracy°

°The few shall rule the many and the known°

°Materialism is the apotheosis of historical determinism; monotheism points forward to globalized capitalism; bureaucracy as despotism; you can't have modern progress without either one of them°

And then, the mind of codename, ***** split into a frenzièd duality of bipolar zero, the argument,

°Neither-neither°

°Never never°

°Either either°

° … °

But then, returnèd to the volition of a single-mindèd pursuit,

{practicus}

°Speculation of accumulation°

°War is peace; death equals salvation°

°A national transitional council, et. al.°

°The institutionalization of propaganda; the institution, a Freemason°

°Abolition of the constitution°

°The unification of Europe, the Eastern European Union, and a referendum on the Yen°

°The Agency of Agency?°

°Religion as a business transaction°

°Usury; irresponsibly°

°*Helel ben-Shachar*°

The despot-god has never hidden his face. The despot-god makes himself one. The mask does not hide the face, it is the face. The face of one who shone with agon.

{ ***** }

Anon. ran Paris with a tourniquet on. Whilst tourists encirclèd Anon., Anon. ran on, moving along the lines of *Ha'Makhumesh*.

{unwittingly}

The procession encirclèd Anon.. A n o n . made it to the equinox, early, those intersecting lines of the starry architecture of our city, gay Paris.

When the troops storm the boulevard and reach the centre of her heart the war is over. A n o n . made it to the centre alone. There Anon. waitèd alone. True love hurts, so true love waits.

Anon. waitèd at the centre alone; her secret heart, her secret centre, the architecture of stone, the intersecting lines.

The wrong kind of metal was upon the wrong kind of periodic table. Gid was messing around with the wrong elements. He almost blew his head off when Mercury startèd forming an opposition against his concoctoring.

Rebecca was malaharing, coffing and hacking whooping.

"My spirit is turning to air, my father. Please can you call the Psi-Qolog so we can all three of us talk about it privately."

It freaked the poor yid out. He was dashing about. Having-a-shout. Desperately trying to get the mixture together in order to save his daughter.

Gid gave her Lithium which reactèd with Mercury violently.

"*Asheyr asheyr asheyr asheyr*, I'm off to Sheol for a gun made of butter … " utterèd Rebecca.

{delirium}

{cordia}

Cordia taccia. No more coffer. She went under, down below to Sheol, a day later. As per previous fabula? *No chronology, remember? Just another ending of The Ayah. A time signature …*

As shots were flying around the city-at-war, Mister Sispa and Mister O'Niste were sat, nonchalantly, at a table, in the line of fire. As if the commotion didn't matter. They were sat amongst those flying darts, untouchable by shots and shrapnel parts.

A king conspirator was across the street with his comrades. They were under fire from The Greys who were above them on top of a raisèd building. The fighter took to his grenades, pulling pins with his teeth and lobbing them up towards the enemy. The conspirators took cover.

The grenades went off, high above the two men, Sispa and O'Niste. The explosions tore through the building in a staggerèd series. Clack, clack, clack went each successive level, as the veneer blew out.

“Shadrach, Meshach and Abednigo!” incantèd Witham Sispa in a booming voice, loud enough to rival the explosions.

Witham Sispa clickèd his fingers and, instantaneously, all the elements burnèd with fervent heat. The two men were envelopèd by a cloud of fire, burning red-and-yellow. Nothing about their image changèd. There Mister Sispa and Mister O'Niste remainèd. Within the viscious glow of flaming flames and the ball of fire. From within the ball of fire, a figure was standing between them, a paranormal god-like

being, who shone with more intensity than the fire itself could shine.

Within a matter of seconds, the flames contractèd, turning spherical towards an omega point of the smallest inversion. And then it was gone.

There the two of them, Mister Sispa and Mister O'Niste, the two men remainèd. The table, at which they had been playing chess, was still intact and nothing about their appearance had alterèd. Their surroundings had changèd completely and everything was calm and nothing was ruinèd.

"Mister O'Niste, how does one tell the quality of wine?" askèd Witham Sispa.

"When it's good wine it's got a number attribution and an origin," replièd Mister O'Niste.

"Moses was murdered," said Kaiaphas. "Moses the Egyptian, not the Midian."

Kaiaphas and his fucking relentless *ravdak davar*. He went on, trailling off.

"We successively forcibly elected the Midanite to administer the cult. You know, the old *Yod-Hey-Vav-Hey*," he said.

"Hey, hey, hey, come on now," said Lamed. "My head's gone-to-bed with all your Jewish history."

It was as if Kaiaphas was finishing a story. It never endèd.

“Centred on a volcano… I'm sure there's oil underneath one,” said Kaiaphas. “Black gold.”

“That sounds a bit far out and dangerous,” interjectèd Eous. “I don't believe you're giving me reliable intelligence.”

Laughter centerèd upon the banter and a pitcher of beer. Sarai was on the wire to Eous from Paris, and so was Magog.

“In a regressive filiarchy, the instability of its genus loci produces echolalia,” said Psi-Qolog, observing the group dynamics of the children in the creche, his *yelediym gan*. “ “The sound of the children's voices ran around the playground,” ” he said, as if he was quoting it from some source, but in fact, he had it written down in front of him in his notebook, next to all the geomantic figures and syllable structures. “Regression to a premirror stage in which the individual forms a fusional dyad with what is no longer perceived as an alterity, as an Other.”

Psi-Qolog was using Maeve as an example. Psi-Qolog continuèd his hyperbolic oration.

“The interplay between the One and the Other, a logic of either/or, deploys the two types, the logic of both/and.”

Psi-Qolog then turnèd to Miss Correspondence, and, in a lowerèd tone, attemptèd to woo her with an

impression of his intellect.

"Desire involves the Other," he said. And then Psi-Qolog lowerèd his voice to a whisper and drew his mouth closer to the listener. The tiny little hairs on the ears of Miss Correspondence were standing to attention, prickling upwards.

Psi-Qolog clearèd his throat in anticipation.

"In the erotic situation the voyeur," he said, "well. The voyeur is in the voyeur of the beholder."

Miss Correspondence took a glance over her shoulder. Then she placèd her left palm upon Psi-Qolog's leg shortly after. It was a distraction. When Psi-Qolog acknowledgèd the gestural affection.

{sensual}

Miss Correspondence was able to acquire the notebook that Psi-Qolog had been musing in all the past week and beyond further into their past. She wantèd to know what was in it, and, she was surprisèd when she read it.

IT READ:

"It" talks about the Other. Person.

"It" originates in the Other. Person.

Stereotypes killèd a person. Stereotypes kill personalities. They become frailties.

"It" is-to-be: binary mediations in relationships.

Primal repression fails, psychosis prevails.

To be an exhibitionist is - « se faire voir » – to make oneself seen.

Miss Correspondence closèd the book and hintèd upwards to the white clock on the wall whose black hands were gone 19:00.

“When are you going to quit being a nanny and let their mums assume full responsibility?” she askèd him.

The reason, it, was because Psi-Qolog was a lover of children.

“Do you know why Shabbetai Tzvi was loved by children?” Psi-Qolog askèd Miss Correspondence.

“Is this something to do with your messiah complex again?” she half-askèd, almost rolling her eyes. “It's becoming telling.”

“He distributed sweetmeats as treats to children on the streets.”

Connie Burns arrived promptly at 19:07.

“I'm here for the twins,” she said, popping her head through the door.

“Yihnriy and Ahnrah?” replièd Psi-Qolog. “They're on the creche floor.”

“Listen,” admittèd Connie. “Me and Donnie. We're a bit strapped for cash. There's no work in Tot-Ton.”

“*Keseph, keseph, keseph*,” rantèd Psi-Qolog, flailing his arms around. “*Matzav, matzav* … Don't worry about it. It's no matter. Have you seen your local Rabbi about the *khupat*?”

Connie and her pride. She died inside. Every time she heard that word.

Anon. came to with a terrible headache, nausea, and a problem with respiration.

“You have been administered poison,” said the police officer.

Anon. recognizèd the officer as the one who had demandèd the disassembling of a ticking device hidden within a typewriter.

“You can tell us why you are here and we will administer an antidote,” said the officer.

By this point Anon. was truly afraid for life; of death. Of death overtaking life. A n o n . was wheezing like one would be if they had been kickèd in the stomach or swallowèd water the wrong way. How could Anon. respond in this manner? A n o n . panickèd and arose from a cold floor. A n o n . was still inside the room, no sign of the typewriter. A n o n . was desperate to get out of that room. A n o n . had the strength to make a run for the door, but the attempt was apprehendèd by one of the officers. A n o n . ' s breathing was erratic and the words would not come out of Anon.'s mouth.

“Not-a-word?” askèd the officer restraining Anon.

Another officer grabbèd Anon.'s left arm and wrenched it straight, pulling back a loose sleeve, and keeping the arm still-and-taught. The officer's embrace was excruciating and Anon. fearèd again for respiration failure. A sharp prick to the inner elbow was felt and

they let go.

Anon. trièd to call out for clemency but it appearèd as if they were leaving. The lamp was struck off and they made a quick sortie through the one and only door. Anon. fell backwards, backwards against the spine, again on the cold floor. Anon. trièd to make sense of the surroundings through blurring vision. Anon. saw a half-empty packet of noxious looking pink pellets. The packet was markèd with a huge black X. Not far away from the conspicuous package was a syringe with a smashèd glass capsule, leaking an ammonia-smelling liquid. There was no sign of the typewriter and the men were gone.

Rebecca found herself in Sheol, surroundèd by bright and shining angels, sort of like lit candles. She was at peace. She dreamt …

Ιωνις: "When All becomes consequential."
{offering hand to Eous}

Εωυς: "Utilitarian, ethical and equal."
{turning right}

Ηεσπερυς: "The Other shall be servèd

before the Self."
{disappearing}

Σιριυς: "The amateur, the true lover of the pursuit!"
{rising north}

Ιωνις: "The theory of morality, being immaterial."

Φαξ: "therefore requires an absence of the moral,"
{sound of silence}

Εωυς: "For, to have no morality becomes the absence of immorality."
{with an absence of mind}

Ιωνις: "When luxury accedes to charity there can be an end to poverty."
{ends scene}

If only Rebecca could return to earth with all the wisdom the angels had given her during her dreamtime in Sheol. She felt a little sadness welling. She wasn't alone. She possessèd an indwelling.

A thought returnèd to her from her previous life. °I wonder what happened to Ismus?° she dotèd.

Rebecca never did find out what happenèd to

Ismus. Mister Magog wasn't in Sheol to tell her more about the fascinating stories he would come up with, but the angels perceivèd her, and so brought forth to her a dream.

IT DREAMT:

Ismus developèd a cyclical parasitic possession of a human host set apart. Back and forth Ismus would go between carnality and immortality. The best of both worlds; Ismus sought syncresis.

"When Two become One, None becomes All."

One day Ismus thought of a shape. It was a triangle. Before Ismus knew it, as Ismus lookèd down from his starry perch, Ismus saw men raisèd up above others to rule, one above the many and the known.

"How could this have happenèd?" Ismus musèd. Yet considering it a disorder of collective neural development, the global brain being charcterizèd by impairèd social interaction and communication, by restrictèd and repetitive behavior the dictator rose and rose again.

{washing once and once again}

Impressèd by the anthill-unelect Ismus decidèd to make the frequency of entry into the human body an entire life cycle.

"From Conception to Completion," prophesied Ionis, "a boy born of water shall be chosen."

{thumb-to-thumb}

{finger-to-finger}

As the triangle was envisagèd Ismus oversaw its

manifestation below as the formation of the Roman Empire. Yet not until the State was conjugal with the Church could a boy born of water be suitable for the nomination of despot and indwelling of Ismus.

Constantine successfully marrièd Caesaropapism with Antidisestablishmentarianism and Pope Saint Mark was consecratèd on January 18, 336 ANNO; depsite little being known of his early life it was witnessèd that the infant was born of water, adrip upon his head from Priscus Pater. A morbid man he became in office, already indwellèd by Ismus since Priscus baptizèd. Desposito-Martyrum was the dilligent hand of the Parasite Finite.

°missing the memory of the passing of the man Khan°

Natural causes thwartèd Ismuses Opus, dragging Saint Mark to an early grave in October of the same year.

"How fascinating death can be."

The corpus arrestus that causèd the death of the host was the cry of "Animus Limitus" by the heavenly host of Tsabaoth. In the absence of a star in the azure the consternation of the constellation absent of one precious would cry to Tsabaoth to return it to its original orbit.

°Ipsis°

"Animus Limitus, Animus Limitus!" crièd Cassiopeia, from the gemmèd azure.

It made the chorus sound from the sum-individuals of Cassiopeia's constituent parts.

"A star so bright and immortal should not

census death below us, lest we die also!"

And so the heavens were restorèd and Ismus sat down at the stellar table with the children of Cassiopeia.

{the death posture}

Ejaculation via manual means in the Catholic faith up until that point was entirely unheard of until Ismus had decidèd to sit within a man of celibacy. Ismuses former lust for Belladonna would not be removèd from Saint Mark, and though he be a pious man could not separate his sexuality from the palm of his hand. Limp dick in one hand, his pontificate pen in the other. It just so happenèd that his last five-fingerèd-foray coincidèd with his corpus arrestus and the call from the daughter of the Passing Sun, Cassiopeia, withdrawing Ismus from Saint Mark's body and at the moment when seed left so did the breath. The ghost was given up with his last celibate sacrificial sacrament. This being also Saint Mark's faithful written record the quill fell as so the phallus ejectèd of its conscious pleasure. Becoming unconscious and vacuous from the exit of Ismus and the life force within his heart and stones removèd, what happenèd to the page was a miracle. Elephant memory floodèd the still-warm carcass and before rigor mortis could set in the hand was still a scribe. A sacrèd and secret alphabet arrangèd on the penultimate page of the Papal Scroll unfoldèd itself before the peacock-eyes of death's ministration angels, confoundèd by the rude angles of the script.

An entire artistic movement would follow in the

annals of history, a technique surrealist and automatic, totally asemic, and eyes that would look away from what the hand was making purposefully unknowing. Homicide and sleepwalking grew as a result and the reason that Epilepsy came to be known colloquially as "the disease of the angels" was because every interruptèd conscious thought deliberately shuntèd off course by such a rogue hand would call forth the angels en masse to witness what they thought to be a death, when in actual fact was sleight-of-hand. With so many guardians missing from the shoulders of the vulnerable, lip-smacking, chewing, and swallowing followèd migrainous epileptic lights.

"Automatic writing."

The automorphism of Saint Mark's legacy was returnèd to Ismus in the firmament as an isomorphic upside down topsy turvy inverse triangular configuration. Musa Mater Matuta saw the flaming object before her eyes addressing her most cherishèd earthly counterpart, King Solomon. For the Magen of David did not come through the Messiah himself but from his union with Bathsheba and their wisdom and therefore woman endowèd heir. The symmetry of the object would become a diasporic group of people, cast out to the four corners of the world by the man with the greatest mind for maps. Various and divers versions of the structure and shape of Solomon's kingdom appearèd on metal coins acting as amulets to protect, destroy, enrich, bankrupt, join, separate all the races of the earth under his one banner.

"Two triangles intersecting."

King Solomon was befriendèd by an Ammonite woman. Their son, Rehoboam, would sweep away a wonderful people from the unifying principle.

Chief Superintendent of the Burnden, Jeroboam, promotèd by Solomon before his demisely death opposèd the Ademayiim openly and was always an advocate of the proletarian right to rule alongside and on behalf of the king. Forseeing the wickedness of the conspirators, the Ademayiim, Jeroboam addressèd the tribes of Israel with a mandate to unite in arms should a coup occur when the mantle of rulership should be passèd on. The Ademayiim interceptèd most of the transmission and the tribes of Benjamin and Judah were not informèd. To their imagination, any schism should be strictly avoidèd should the true faith be dilutèd yet the champion of the tribe of Ephraim still managèd to unite the remainder of the people by reason of his name, Jeroboam. Ismus could see the logical progression of Ephraim's movement through the passages and annals. When Jeroboam's life became under threat, from two-tribe coterie camarilla, he once again sent the leader of a people set apart to a different country. Egypt.

Being the lord attending the Ism, Ismus favourèd schism: "it's all about halves," Ismus says. "How many times can you half a half?" Ismus asks. "Until paper becomes unfoldable."

The Monarchic Principle memetically carrièd by a people ritualistic towards a king would divide itself in half and half again until what was originally conceivèd in the heart of Matuta and mind of Solomon was sent to

the four corners on coins later archeologically rediscoverèd. It was rearrangèd in democratic circles under the absolute lineage of many.

"Absolutely!" exclaimèd Ismus as Ismus likèd so to do abstractly, seeing the duality of the idea as Solomon's love affair with his aery lover, Matuta, the bipolar unconjugal that would eventually become once again the unifying principle.

Ismus encouragèd the expression of Messianism through its eventual place in participatory kingship democracy of many nations and instructèd the heavenly counterpart Isuas who was and is to be the man Jesus in his unveiling. By this time, this form of Torah reconfiguration was well outside the control of the Ademayiim so they sought political control also.

{Ipsis burning his own book}

Those unblest by the continuation of Jeroboam's initial kingly transmission would be viewèd by the so-callèd civilizèd of nations as barbaric. But bless The Ostrogoths for their brute force smote the bronze legion of the Roman Empire and formèd with the sinewy clay of their warrior flesh a diversity among people dividèd by an iron resistance to democratic rule beguilèd by Autocracy and bloodlines. For their blood bled as all else and they considerèd it not brute to be shed on the battlefield, even sacrificing their mothers as queens dying, ennobled by the fight.

{the Sign of Earth: one arm mourns, the other praises the sky}

The Romans, unable to retain their stranglehold economy, were utterly confoundèd at how a people they

saw as illiterate and dialectically gibberish could lay ruin to a vast state. But the corruption and bastardization of the totalitarian was affecting on a subtle level through the inclusion of foreign languages within the overall. The dissonance createèd by an adoption of people createèd a rumour, earwiggèd by Ismus, that the most distant people would be utterly consumèd by what was appearing more decadent as the Empire's wealth capture grew. These simply people, with simple currency, most likely a remnant of Solomon's monetary diaspora caught wind of the breathy rumour underlying the admixture of many tongues.

{Ipsis speaks glossolalia}

And so they set about the creation of a new language through their art. The Celts, the Goths, the Norse made sure their culture would survive through a mystical weaving of knots; whether that be Seidr of the knitting woman of Scandanavia, the runes upon the gothic sword, or the druidic mumblings hidden within forests each createèd a sweet smelling savour which rose up unto the nostrils of Ismus. And Ismus made sure they were maintainèd.

"Who calls Ismus, the lord attending the 'Ism?"

Ismus saw the privately observable processes and behaviors of the mute, deaf and dumb as just as powerful as the mumbling, runes and knots that destroyèd the greatest empire of the world's history and he perceivèd that these people, though unable to express it, longèd for the empire to return. Should the world be unitèd under one or by a single people then

perhaps they could be known instead of marginalizèd. The blind could see it too and they willèd it to Ismus to make it so: "I'll see what I can do," Ismus replièd, but it fell on deaf ears, the multiplicity of stars representing every individual person were always going to side with the majority and Ismus felt somewhat powerless to persuade them to make one Sun.

All unspoken language, whether gestural or symbolic, when written down loses its sense of immediacy ...

The dream endèd there. So Rebecca decidèd her little soul should join the rest of her fathers in Sheol. At that, she departèd.

Striking one up. Striking one down. A fight broke out in town. As if the war wasn't enough to contend with. Street fights were common.

Prostitutes linèd every road.

Soliders, 'cians and regular civilians were really brought to question the war.

"I still don't understand any of it," said some kind of soldier come 'cian.

{passing water}

"Yeah, I've had a bit. Still don't feel any better for it," said the one who bled.

One bled.

After rolling another smoke and then smoking it, one thought,

°Immediately I made it, immediately I destroyed it°

{looking at it}

°the pity of it. This shit. I'm sick of it°

As if an occasion didn't last long enough.

“Right, it's time to move out, 'cians,” said an officer.

“There's opposition mounting against us,” said a partisan.

“Does this city still have any borders?” said the transgressèd.

“Is that what we're fighting for, *borders*?” said the lover of the city.

“General's orders,” said the officer.

A sweeper came by and swept up a letter.

It was like some sort-of Ishmaelite baptism. Water torture. Rite of passage. All of the company's Arab agents were torturèd as part of the programme, or *The Passage* as it was known. Each one had to memorize one verse of the Koran, suitable for use at breaking point, to be recitèd, in all holiness when the unholy moment of time-to-confess came.

“So what's the aim of your organization?” said Mister Magog.

A light shone so bright in the eyes of Sazzaz he couldn't open them.

Sazzaz opened his mouth, saying, “A dhimmitude. A multitude.”

Sazzaz was gaggèd again and forcèd to inhale the water. Of course, there was no Dhimmitude. It was what the company fearèd the worst, so it was what the agency expectèd the most.

The English Sociocrats were working on a version of Sharia Law that they hopèd would be applicable to Egypt to subvert the more militant ideas of Ishmaelite freedom fighters in the Arab world.

“The Other exists in difference, not in indifference or tolerant ambivalence, but prejudice as the paradigm of injustice that matches your descriptions of Paris,” said Psi-Qolog.

Catharsis was proving to be more liberating than psychosis.

Anon. spoke aloud: “If I hadn’t lost my identity, hadn’t had destroyed my papers and become stateless I wouldn’t have, have, have?…”

Anon. was interrupted by a thought: °do they have or do they share?°

Anon.'s gestures alludèd to Anon.'s division.

{ I ÷ I }

°I! I?° Anon. thought, briefly, for a moment, and

then carrièd on, speaking aloud: “I wouldn’t have recognized that the Other existed in all others, except for causes that unite brothers in the fight surrounding dividing borders or different colours, the inequality of numbers, even genders.”

Anon. saw a vision from within the dissolution of the self as it had been known hitherto. A n o n . ' s psyche split into a rhombus with seven sides, and a vision luminously fillèd it. Dark matter became a geomantic figure, like a mosaic tilèd floor, sixty four by sixty four. A n o n . was viewing a game of chess perpetually draw.

The following is what Anon. saw.

Seven chess boards were interlockèd in a computational, harmonious struggle. A n o n . saw all seven games underway, simultaneously; two invisible opponents per table. The tables were turning, the white squares were glowing, the black squares went missing. The clocks on each game were ticking and then chiming.

{ding}

{ding}

{ding}

Anon. was revolving inside the rhombus septette: the focal point of gravity, the centre of the shape held Anon. together; inner hell revolvèd one way, inner

paradise revolvèd the other, both of them turning around the middle; outer hell, outer paradise, evolving atomically and concentrically; the circumference like the rings of distant planets.

This was Anon.'s constellation; yet another dissolution of perception.

“I can't sit still for five minutes before being distracted by the thought of what I should be consuming,” said Donnie.

“It's all the effect of advertising,” replièd Connie.

Advert.

Subvert.

Adword.

Subword.

Donnie and Connie were sat at home watching some telly.

Yihnrih and Ahnrah were playing at the advert game.

“OK,” said Ahnrah. “The rules of the game are try and guess the brand in the advert before any one else and you win one point. An exception to the rule is if it says what the product is on the advert and you see it and guess it from that then it's cheating and you get no points. Who ever wins the most points before the show comes back on wins that round.”

Ahnrah was quite smart for her age. Yihnrih

wasn't quite at that stage.

The problem with the advert game was that it was teaching Yihnrih and Ahnrah more about branding than it was about nature. Neither of them could identify a type of flower.

Connie got up from the sofa. She walkèd across to the table where the roses sat in the jug jar and watered them, reflecting on the separation of her and Donnie during *niddah*.

A sole shadow had escapèd Witham Sispa's daring operation. It crept through a vast forest, with a soft touch, a light tread, observing without being observèd. The shadow was curious about a certain creature. A creature, a predator, was stalking the female psyche.

A screeching owl went hurtling from the branches of a great and expansive tree.

°*'Toowit, toowoo', Lilitu, Lilitu, Lilitu. Li, to me. Li, to me. Tu, his sign. To me, to me, his sign …* °

The young girl, Yihnrih, awoke from a dream in a cold sweat, her members trembling. She had seen herself, as her shadow, deep in the expanse of the forest.

"Ahnrah," she said to her twin sister, quietly but impatiently. "Ahnrah, wake up."

"It's okay, Yin'," replièd Ahnrah. "I'm awake. I had a horrible dream. I heard the sound of a familiar

breath from afar, the ground was shaking, and a dark stranger, a woman called Sarah, was speaking. We were in a forest."

Yihnrih threw the duvet covers off from herself and leapt up out of bed to join her sister, Ahnrah, in the bed across from her.

The window to the bedroom was ajar. A wind blew in and partèd the white satin curtains to reveal a low crescent moon outside.

"I'm scared, Yin'" said Ahnrah, "hold me."

Yihnrih flung her arms around her sister, Ahnrah.

"What's that noise?" said Yihnrih.

"I don't know," replied Ahnrah, "but it's getting louder."

"Louder and closer," said Yihnrih.

'Toowit, toowoo ... toowit, toowoo ... toowit, toowoo ...

As the noise became sharper Yihnrih held her sister tighter. Suddenly, a dark light began to enter. It rose from an omega point in the centre of the room, slowly getting bigger. As it slowly began to get bigger, the dark light turnèd into a geomantic figure.

"Don't be a dot-com server server!" shoutèd a Kraakser, in the same vein as a bra-burning-liberator.

"What the hell are you burning my bra for?!"

said a sister Kraakser to another autonomous zoner making a fire.

A TV went flying out of one of the the top windows.

As the window smashèd, the server-of-servers crashèd. No more windows. People were being way too voyeuristic, sticking their scopophile noses through all sorts of businesses.

°Were we looking at them or were they looking at us?°

{The Eidolon of the Panopticon}

The Greys seemèd to choose sides, whichever they wantèd, they chose. Namely, which party had the most resources since resources were scarce. The Greys could extort the weak. As a group, the Greys were a major hampering to the effort and a major inconvenience as reconnaissance. All the responsibility for making sure that the shipments made it through lay solely with their faction since they had manufacturèd an embargo at the border.

{a check-point worker}

“Check this piece of shit out for fiction,” said one of them, a tall, thin man, with a shavèd head. The sleeve of his grey shirt was bled red, and he said, “Some fucking English rag are reporting that we aim to invoke the spirit of Thule.”

“What's Thule?” askèd his comrade.

“It was the spirit of a land that became a god of war to the Nazi mystics.”

“Venus and Mars, whores and wars. Pass me a shot,” said another, a shot-caller.

The times, The Tens, were dangerous days to foster beliefs, but The Grand reports were true, and the fascist mystics of war sought the council of the secret chiefs.

“Nee, nee. I have heard rumours that some of the police are involved in some deep shit,” said a 'cian, who was smoking-the-shit, “real dark things.”

« *Merde*. »

“As long as we're facing south, it doesn't matter,” said sorority, not concernèd with the matter of secret fraternity.

To be sat there, blowing hot steam into the cold night air, having the single last smoke to share was just the luck of The Tens.

{in a pair of boots}

It was just the look of The Tens.

{in a pair of boots}

There was a shortage of boots.

The instinct of fear heightens the senses.

The possibility of dangerous situations immanentizes fear. It places it at the centre and stalks

around the circumference. Everything in between appears clearly and presently. Dangerous. Fever-pitch. It makes you feel vulgarly wreckless whilst accompanying a measure of control.

Lamed gets his piece for the first time.

Lamed's piece sat snugly between his groin and his bits-and-bobs.

It's a 45 handgun. Not as big as Kaiaphas' Magnum revolver. It's an automatic weapon. It could automatically go off because it has no safety catch. Just a stiff trigger.

“What am I supposed to do with this?” said Lamed. “I've not had any training.”

“You put it next to your bits-and-bobs, keep it there, and resist the urge to use it,” replièd Kaiaphas.

It came to Lamed, in that instant, that the agency, the company, The Ademayiim were no longer the sharpest minds in the world. Lamed realizèd that they were dumb-fucks, dupèd by their own illusions, misled by false informations. A plurality of non information. Always on the move. It was the only thing Lamed could relate Kaiaphas' jewish identity to. The wandering nomad. Of course, Lamed had bled for the company.

Solitary confiment, sleep deprivation, and mind control torture: this was Lamed's expertise.

But the gun for Lamed was a new one. If you came at Lamed with a weapon, or even your bare hands, Lamed couldn't fight you off. Lamed wouldn't be able to even restrain you. No one could ever come at Lamed. Lamed's barbarous *jujus*, demonaic mindsets,

kept the violence at bay.

Lamed had been into every kind of hostile and alienating situation, the danger of all of them immanently palpable. And Lamed had left every single one of them with no remorse, not even a scent of reticence, because Lamed knew that it's all vitulus bullshit.

“So all that's between my bits-and-bobs and a loaded gun is a trigger guard?” said Lamed.

“Yeah,” said Kaiaphas. “It's a standard company issue. No safety. Better for your health.”

No red tape, no waivers, no such thing as disclaimers. The agency don't sign forms for bureaucracy.

“You're life is in your own hands,” said Kaiaphas.

“ “ You're your own redeemer now,” ” said Lamed. “I know the party line.”

Six rounds is all Lamed got. Six rounds is all you need. In the zenith situation of the gunman stand-off, you're not likely to shoot off more than two shots before you eat lead-salad yourself. Lamed keeps an eye on his pay-load, at-all-times.

“Are you hearing voices at all, Maeve?” quizzèd Psi-Qolog.

Psi-Qolog wantèd to confirm whether Maeve

sufferèd from cognitive dissonance.

« *une dissonance cognitive …* »

“Well, I hope so, or people wouldn't be talking, would they?” Maeve replièd.

Psi-Qolog was worrièd about his new perception. He believèd that environments had come to take on psychic characteristics. Eristic characteristics.

Chaotic-frantic, hectic-teriffic, characteristics. Psychotic characters, psychotic characteristics. Too much confrontation with the unconscious the night previous.

As The One finishèd, The Other began. Trailing off in conversation, Anon. left to travail home. Anon. didn't know where home was to begin with. By the end of it, Anon. knew it. Anon. knew that it was time to get out. But the more Anon. tried to leave the more something resistèd it.

°But I belong here, don't I?° thought The One to The Other.

An American confirmèd the worst of suspicions, “I've been here in Paris for eleven years now, and I'm still trying to get out.”

This stark warning came at the end of a wandering and a nomad was bleeding. Anon. felt like history was ending and the diaspora was corresponding.

Picket lines and Marionette bombs. Ticket lines and bombs bombs bombs. Another 6.66 grammes.

Maeve movèd from Tottenham Ton to Manchester Ton as part of her self-styled free press alliance. An alliance of one. An alliance of none but one. She was the only one in it. She was the only one producing it. Whatever you want to call it Maeve Llwywllyn was the only one doing it. Sigla! Edit it later.

There were no such things as media unions since the dailies went under. Maeve was a sole runner.

Maeve was the press, the one and only autistic author that would bother, to make a diary entry and publish her thoughts widely.

Since the Civil War had broken out, The EDL had done a Johannesburg in the North West of England. Systematically movèd out the government. Greater Manchester, they callèd it. Raging music scene, lots of fightin'.

“Kicked in the shin as soon as I walked in,” said a QC.

“You see her over there, she's just got off a Pole from the fire-service. They're white, they can have the jobs,” said another, a Qavanagh.

“I'm on the pay-roll,” said an anonymous skin-head.

The EDL had quickly formèd a sort of

Sociocracy. They collectèd the money from the willing members and extortèd the rest from the few brave souls who chose to stay in the north of the border resolutely.

"Taking a contribution?" said the protectèd.

"Making a contribution," said the respectèd.

Any reason for a fight outside. Despite the north-south divide, Qavanagh was a runner everywhere.

Qavanagh QC – QQQ, rhetorically – was a term-in- tow, slang, for the measure of heavy EDL mafioso anonymity.

{amongst the EDL Sociocracy}

{ … }

"The larger sign comprises the micro-system, right down to the subatomic level," said Witham Sispa.

Witham Sispa and Mister O'Niste were in the lab, explaining to each other the ramifications of trapping dark matter underneath a geomantic figure. This was the two gentlemen's favourite subject and they had no qualms with talking about it over-and-over.

Black goo.

{wob}

{wob}

{wob}

"So," replièd Mister O'Niste, "the smaller the sign the greater its implications on the macrocosmic scale?"

“Here,” said Witham Sispa, “have a look at this.”

Witham Sispa's faithful compañero, Mister O'Niste, peerèd into the periscope.

“It looks like a circle with a dot in the middle,” he said.

“Very well,” replièd Witham Sispa, “it looks like a dot in the middle, but have you considered the circle?”

As Mister O'Niste starèd into the circle, the circle transmogrifièd into a fractal.

“It's transmogrified.”

“Sarai has died.”

“Look! The Grand newspaper building is on fire,” said the dowager, on the phone to the senior.

There is a terrible commotion outside The Grand newspaper building. The senior and the dowager are both being a spectator from their respective windows in the tenements of Tottenham Ton.

“Just listen to those *Ingsoc*. heroes roaring away,” says the senior.

{adjusting his hearing aid monitor}

The senior was back on the phone to the dowager, seeing the fire at The Grand tearing a media empire asunder.

“Just look at those *Ingsoc*. heroes and heroines walking away,” replièd the dowager.

“What else can you do?” said the senior.

Tulpa crièd out rather disturbingly. She was amidst a nightmare fillèd with *eevoks* of leather whips, horses mouths, dark shrivelèd skin, metal against bones, and crampèd, torturous conditions.

Tulpa was wet, wet with sweat; her dream was arrid.

Parchèd earth. Parchèd lips. Crackèd earth. Crackèd feet.

°Rugey° in memory.

Tulpa dreamt of her mother, her absence, alone in her bed.

{a jug atop her head}

{a swaying in her hips}

Two steps down into the Mood Basement nightclub and it was two-too-loud.

°I almost vomited when that Gabber-stab hit my chest° thought Anon., °it's resonating in my throat.°

Dropping a lung. Raising a glass.

{another smash}

Bouncing off the walls. The sound of the revolution. Bodies turning in motion. Women gyrating.

Artists contemplating. Vandalism. Nudism. Psychosis management. Drug policy. Another night at the party.

"What else is happening down there?"

"Stirring,"

"Yeah, what else?"

"Shaking,"

"Making,"

"Something,"

{taking something}

{accepting everything}

The half end of a conversation, all night, heirs-and-graces, all day. Maeve was handing out the pink-sheets.

THEY READ:

Heirs-and-graces
Noses-and-faces
Mothers-and-fathers
Every inflection
Our sons-and-daughters
But unless they're White
And do not fight
They cannot have the jobs

{To Be}
{To Do}

Paper-or-two
To Do

Even though she was autistic, and her 'zines were pepperèd with psychological idiosyncrasies, for Maeve had a knack for portraying characters and the values of numbers. And she lovèd a good party line.

« *Comment une main surenchérir sur une tête*? »
« *En jetant les queues*. »
« *Comment une tête surenchérir sur une main*? »
« *Rois et reines*. »
{tossing coins}
{playing cards}
{tearing up paper notes}
“Behead them,” said irreverence.

Broken-french. Broken bones. Broken hearts. The city could not be torn. The turn could not be turnèd. The tide was markèd.

There was a lot of broken french in it. The french were broken by the end it. It was the last time Paris would ever go to war over it. Call it what you want. For want of war for lack of water. The population cried,

“Shadda.”

Mister Magog had had a hand delivery to do, via Sham-El-Shiek. Another emerald tablet with the next installment of a Tzabien tax system.

"*Tzabiym ma'arekhet ha'mas*," said Magog to Kaiaphas.

"Sure," replièd Kaiaphas, "put 'em in the Knesset and tax the fuck out of them."

No VAT at weekends, ten per cent higher during the week. Sharia Law was getting serious. Rock the Qasbah! Emerald tablets don't break. Emerald tablets don't come cheap.

"We all know that an Arab presence in the Knesset would give them a majority," said Mister Magog. "The Tzabiym tax system attaches its value to the Sharia Law that accompanies it. Some Moslems are going to be willing to live under it, some Moslems may not. It's a social experiment."

Psi-Qolog had observèd a group of children playing in the creche at his practice. He had given Miss Correspondence specific instructions to finish his group dynamics script complete with geomantic notation.

SHE DREW:

Miss Correspondence had notèd some group behaviour. She drew the character of Via.

°Via. The way of this psychologist has a way with me. His words, they feel dirty all over me° thought Miss Correspondence.

Psi-Qolog spoke a Hebrew phrase aloud … "*Echezu lanu shuahliym*." He could tell that Miss Correspondence couldn't understand, so he rephrasèd it in perfect English. "Come let us catch the foxes," he said. "The demons surrounding us."

Psi-Qolog was playfully referring to the children surrounding them in the creche.

°*Echezu lanu shuahliym*° thought Miss Correspondence.

A jealous passion of the fury, a singular Erinye, rose up within Miss Correspondence, and she repeatèd the thought three times.

The Stranger, although solely autonomous, became notorious quickly. It wasn't about publicity, as

Anon. was the incredible artist, the archetypal situationist, celebrating the anonymous dark stranger – the stereotype, the figure, the Queen of Sheba, *la Reine* – but it was definitely about the stunt. A n o n . didn't understand that the french authorities were ready for that kind of expression, especially after the recent racial tension. Yet, Anon. continuèd to create the situation.

"What is your purpose here?" askèd the chief of the police.

The chief of the police had probably been callèd out on his day off to keep the whole thing in check, not demandingly but with an air of curiosity.

"What kind of expression is this?" he furtherèd. "And are we involved?" he wonderèd.

Anon. found materials arrangèd in anarchic stock-piles all over the city. A n o n . dealt with the themes of nationalism, sexism, and racism, mainly, with installments cropping up around different locations in the city of Paris. The 5th, The 9th, The 16th.

Installing one here, miraculously appearing miles-and-miles away, to install another one there.

Here, and, there.

Here, there, and everywhere.

Hic et ubique.

Anon. had to be careful not to be noticèd on the lengthy travail from the one location to the other. So Anon. movèd at night, and slept little. Remembering back, one night, the police and Anon. were embroilèd in a chase. The police mustn't have had anything better to do that night because Anon. had noticèd that the police had noticèd and that they were following with intrigue.

To see where and what Anon. was going to do next. This was an egregious interplay with the street police, as Anon. knew them that night, and it led to an headquarters underground. A n o n . found the way there by materials litterèd on the streets in a ticker-tape fashion. A sole, unlit firework pointèd to a street. When Anon. arrivèd at the end of the street another marker could be seen. A piece of cloth, brightly colourèd, and indicating where Anon. should go next.

Anon. movèd from the 9th Arrondissment to the 16th, in stages, where the epic treasure trail met its conclusion. It led to an underground parking lot. As Anon. went in, the signs were stark. In fact, a sticker postèd on a door read: FOLLOW THE CLUES.

In the darkest recesses of that basement Anon. found a boiler room. Inside, a warm winter coat lay beside an electric generator, some porn, and a shed-load of bric-a-brac for the means of the expression. A n o n . was dumbfoundèd.

Anon. could hear voices even further into the darkness. Anon. attemptèd to locate where the voices were coming from which led to another door. Once through, a dim light was shining from where the voices were in conversation. A n o n . went through.

The first thing Anon. saw was a chair with a lamp. It shone on the sole chair, inviting Anon. to sit down.

“Please, talk to us. We know about the one with the briefcase. We want to know why you have been following the one with the briefcase, and how it is possible that you know exactly where this one will be in

the city from one place to the next," said one of the voices.

This was a bit of a surprise as Anon. could only acknowledge seeing the one with the briefcase the once thus far.

"Please, sit," said another voice.

Anon. obligèd and sat in the chair. Three police officers surroundèd Anon. in interrogation fashion.

"Are you an intelligence agent?" said one of them.

Amidst the darkness, a quorum of them were shroudèd. Anon. said nothing in reply. One of the officers reachèd into a dark corner and producèd a typewriter. The officer placèd it on Anon.'s lap.

"Disassemble it, now," demandèd the officer.

Without hesitation, Anon. tappèd on the keys. Nothing happenèd, so it must have been that the levers were not responding to the keys. A n o n . lookèd at the levers. Drawing one of them back, Anon. saw an intricacy of ribbons of differing colors. A n o n . gently withdrew the one prong that was being held gently between the thumb-and-forefinger. It removèd the whole set. A n o n . saw two small cannisters, twinnèd, and hidden underneath the keys. A n o n . knew exactly what Anon. had to do.

Anon. countèd the number of colourèd ribbons. Four in total. A n o n . tore one of them. Green. It was so delicate that it rippèd immediately. Something movèd underneath the keys. A n o n . heard a ticking sound begin. It soundèd rather slow, as if it movèd per second. A n o n . couldn't see what was causing the

motion. Anon. put an entire left hand into the vacuous space where the levers had been removèd. A n o n . felt a rubber band circling around two metal discs, then, withdrew the left hand.

“You have just over sixty seconds to disarm this bomb,” said another officer.

The other officer's face was undiscernable within the darkness. Noumenal abstractness.

In the pale light, Anon. could make out a blue ribbon, a red ribbon, a yellow ribbon.

“One of the coloured wires stops the timer. If you sever the other two, the timer is overrode and we all die,” said the officer.

The yellow ribbon led directly to the centre of one of the metal discs. The biggest one. The red ribbon led directly to the centre of the smaller disc. The blue ribbon ran from somewhere in the middle of the ticking device. A n o n . archèd Anon.'s neck right round, gently lifting the typewriter up to listen underneath. There were two ticking sounds in unison yet minisculely out-of-time with each other. The blue ribbon came out into view then back out-of-sight underneath the keys.

Anon. grabbèd the lamp intensely and yankèd it round to shine inside the gap. A n o n . could just make out that the blue ribbon was joinèd to the other two at an intersecting point.

Thirty seconds had passèd and Anon. was getting nervous. A split decision was made. Immediately Anon. made it. A n o n . tore the blue ribbon at the nearest point that it was joinèd to one of the cannisters. Nothing happenèd. Or at least, that's what Anon.

thought initially, since the ticking kept going.

Again, Anon. liftèd the device to listen underneath. The unison ticking had stoppèd, but the timer kept going. A n o n . repeatèd the experiment with the blue ribbon attachèd to the other cannister, removing the other connection.

Anon. felt a sharp blunt blow to the right temple of Anon.'s head. A n o n . droppèd the typewriter on-the-floor. A n o n . couldn't tell whether the remaining ticking sound had ceasèd. A n o n . turnèd a throbbing head sideways to check. Another blunt and heavy blow came to the other side of Anon.'s head and consciousness was lost.

Phenomanonymous in the darkness.

Noumenal abstractness.

Eous.

Cancer *Yehoudah*. Tax them five per cent higher. No VAT at weekends. Ten per cent higher during the four day week. Monday through Thursday, Tiw-day through Thor-day. All of them at war against each other every single day. Without a *Naviah* lover, another Yiddish concocter was struggling for an answer.

“A drastic disease requires a drastic cure,” said Mister Gid to his one-and-only daughter, Rebecca.

“Oh me, oh me, oh my,” groanèd Rebecca.

“Cure me, my father, *bevakhashah*.”

Gideon Cohen was all over the show, swaying from to-to-fro, drunk on his own medicine. Rebecca was dying slowly, aging quickly. It painèd Mister Cohen to his ruddy heart that his sole heiress might not have a claim to his *malahim* throne, his shabbat blessèd home. He struck the basest of metals with the gawel.

“Aurum, aum'ha!” he exclaimèd.

“*Malahah*,” coughèd Rebecca.

She was dying for another sip of what was killing her father. But he wouldn't allow her the privilege. His work took precedent over her. If only he wasn't so selfish they might have understood each other.

“I'm just yet to finish the formula, Rebecca.”

SRY, not really, it just gets funny. Until it gets extinguishèd. Unless it goes beyond a joke. A skin-head shot-one-off which meant that when The Grand caught fire there wasn't a blower to go on.

{on the blower}

“We've got a fire here. Everyone's been evacuated safely, can you send in the Polish to take care of it?”

All of the subbers and news editors were watching all their hard work go up in flames.

Up in flames. Down in cinders.

The one responsible for the disaster was seeking

counsel from his friend.

“We could get in trouble, cause it means a lot of things to a lot of different people,” spoke counsel.

“I didn't mean to take the mazel, I just wanted to shoot-one-off,” said naivety.

“You deserve the gawel for that, fuckup,” replièd responsibility.

It was only a small fire, but all the papers around the office set alight quickly. There was nothing to extinguish it since the skin-head that had shot-one-off had disablèd the fire extinguisher in order to pull off the prank of lighting a firework into the distance, the general direction of The Grand newspaper building.

A sole figure was glad to see the back of it. Telly was on the balcony across from Tottenham Ton. He saw his future empire going up like a pyre. A tear came to a crier. It was the End of an Ayah.

°I'm an executive. I'm leaving° he thought.

“What do you think of the Federation?”

“It's only a young nation,”

“They're bound-to-be irresponsible,”

IT DEMANDS:

IMAGINATION. PARTICIPATION. THEY DEMAND.

"Who are they?"

"The Media."

When the demands of a boy's republic aren't met…

The Sociocrative *vivre* of the *oevre* of one less than half a dozen were marching on San Franscisco, to smash the fuck out of a Deutsche Welle office and put a NAFTA straight through. A trade embrago straight through a window.

"Man, you shoulda seen it blow!"

They were stoppèd at the door and askèd for credentials. Namely, which party. Also, no drug policy.

"Free thinkers don't need to do drugs," said a hard-case,

{on-the-door}

Some skin-heads were playing wraps, cards on knuckles. An elderly dowager dusting by on a duster. The crone was keeping-it-dusty, making more mess than she was cleaning up with all her dandruff coming off.

"What a flake, that Nan!" said one.

{slightly annoyèd}

"This is supposed to be a serious meeting. Can someone please, tell her to stop dusting."

"Well, that's employment," said her skin-head

grandson.

"Ouch, my knuckles!" said a wrappèd to the wrapper.

"I'm voting British National Party. Who are you voting for, skinhead?"

"English Defence League. No question."

"Well, we're all white, we should have the jobs, either either, it doesn't matter. Just remember that you're white."

"No probs, we can just smash the shit out of every paki shop on the corner."

Just around the corner another racist movement was happening.

{above the shop}

The paki shop.

"Darkness is all around us," said Asif to Iziz.

"We're living through dark times," said Iziz to Asif.

Above the shop it read COHEN. An Ishmaelite family now, a jewish name. Hereditarily and momentarily, a family. Like cousins, actually.

"It'd cost my family a hell of a lot of money," said the son of the one with the dowry.

"Why, are you family?"

"Yeah, she's my cousin, actually."

Hunty: the father of the community. He knew everyone and everybody. EDL security. He likèd to go and get into a fight every single Saturday.

"Is that his family?"

"Yeah, cousin actually."

“Eighteen Fourty Five. A very exciting time to be alive,” said Witham Sispa.

“You and you're past, Sispa. Don't be so bold, be as a whisper,” replièd Mister O'Niste.

“Bold? Don't act as if you're so old, I'm a roarer!” said Sispa.

Witham Sispa had returnèd to the game. The chess board sat atop a marble table that was supported by a middle pillar. It lookèd similar to the water font out of which the birds were drinking water. All the chess pieces had been reset.

The time was much later, days and days after, and the ceasefire had continuèd as if the war would not prosper.

Mister O'Niste had returnèd to meet his old friend.

“Ah, the game,” said Mister O'Niste. “For the love of the game!”

“The amateur? The true lover of the pursuit,” said Witham Sispa.

Newsroom *tête-à-tête*. A la office *partée*. No partisans, just lovers. Men-of-letters, women-of-

pictures, manufacturing dirty words, even after the shift had been hit. The copyright was off but house-style was evidently still on the agenda. Telly and Sally were all over each other, competitor appreciating competitor.

The deadlines were on the way but the headlines were difficult to put away, so each and every co-op member had decidèd to stay.

The media was going under. And the State was going over-the-top with hysteria.

“It's the way they taught us to do it back in the day,” said Sally.

It didn't seem to matter what Sally was trying to say, it was just *tête-à-tête* at the office *partée*. All over her, Telly.

{further away}

“Who's is that on Telly?”

“That's Sally, tasty ain't she?”

“Yeah, I wonder if she's noticed me?”

“You can't get to her, she's with The Grand Editor,”

“He's probably not committed to her. You know how these stands are in this line of work. It's all about status. There's no romance. It's just a show.”

“We've just seen our perfect vision,” said Mister William Quincy.

Mister William Quincy was admiring Tulpa.

Quincy lovèd the dark look of her. Her black tie upon her bright white shirt emphasisèd the chocolate tone of her skin.

"'Cause we stayed up all night to achieve it…" replièd Tulpa.

Pillow talk went wanting, however, ascending, after the professional editing of news hacking.

Reporting.

Tulpa caught a sunrise with Quincy after an all-nighter as a subber. She might even get a shot at the Editor. Things were going well for her. She felt a passion move her, and Quincy saw it stir within her. He decidèd to make a pass at her.

°How could I deny her?° he thought to himself,

{moments before}

{feeling opportunistic}

Tulpa never had denièd Quincy. She fancièd him, actually. In fact, she had written about him in her diary.

Tulpa had confidèd in him, to her secret centre. Her heart and her tongue had spoken *Shadda* and her thirst was satisfièd. Quenchèd by the loving feelings, those risings and stirrings, upon two ends when meeting. They held hands and then kissèd.

The sun rose, and their moment was set against a golden blushing dawn. Aphrodite cracked the sky. Aphrodite over Blighty. One star in sight. How sightly …

“Gabber,”
“Breakcore,”
“See you later for Rotator,”
“Rotator, see you later,”
{squaring-a-circle}
{on MDMA}
“Take some water with your beans.”
{passing some white pills}
“It's all we've got.”
“Can I have some of that water, mate?”
“Nah, it's Rave water, mate,”
“Mate?”
“What mate?”
{passing water}

Breakcore *was* a movement that *is* going to be well good; occurring at shorter-and-shorter intervals along the timewave zero; the last One before the One One.

{11:11}

“There's no Vordhosbn, either,” said an IDM consumer.

“Have you just mashed it,” said a drug abuser.

“Mashed,” said a loser.

“See you later,” said a good discerner.

“I'll meet you there in-a-bit, I'm on Rotator,” said the ranter to the raver.

It was a different kind of culture.

James Brown is dead. The King of Funk died on-the-one he was supposèd to get off. Michael

Jackson is dead. Was he black or white? Was he well read? He could have been red all over. Now he's dead all over. Elvis Presley is dead. Or is he still in bed getting well fed?

The first thing that can be smelt is shit. The first thing that can be felt is shit. Some of the soldiers were going on leave.

"Had had he not had any?" said curiosity.

{deleriously cold}

Discouragement was moving through the ranks due to the cold. A sharp wind hit the temples of the heads of 'cians. The rationèd supplies of food were running low and so was their morale.

A small group of soldiers huddlèd together around a makeshift fire that was kept alight throughout the night. Palliatives, the appeasement. The amelioration. *Who shall ameliorate the immiserate? Who shall ameliorate the State?* A small bottle of whisky circulated amongst shivering 'cians.

"He hadn't had any 'cause he hadn't had any had he?" said poverty.

Soldiers were delirious. 'Cians were spurious.

°Propaganda is circulating among us°

South of the border was Sigla, north of the border, the runner.

{behind-the-lines}

Behind the lines the secret war was read.

Countless numbers, the unrecordèd dead. *The death of one is a tragedy, the death of a million is just a statistic*.

“Blood, sweat and tears,” said a veteran.

{through his years}

“For years years years we've been dividèd,” he went on.

Every boulevard in the city-at-war narrowèd its focus to its vanishing point, punctuatèd at intervals by stalls of brik-a-brak, found objects, chairs and tables, pilèd high to keep the opposition at bay.

Fears come in threes.

Three men crouchèd, pitchèd, behind the barricades in front of the enemy lines. Waiting for another shelling.

“Three times in one night,” said the shell-shockèd.

“Violent night,” said fright.

“Solely night,” said one out-of-sight.

“All is harm,” said one.

{adjusting the sight}

“All is fright” said the violent night.

{passing water}

{offering wine}

“Better save some for later,” said scarcity, “we don't know when the next shipment is going to come.”

Passing-the-river, a lousy wine consumer. Above him a sniper. Paris has always been a dangerous city, where people don't play safely.

“Are you going to tell me about that dream you

had recently?" wonderèd one of the sister 'cians …

The sister 'cian was smelly and greasy.

"It's that General, Maximillian, sister," said the dreamer. "He walks among us in the city-at-war. He draws his soldiers and mounts his opposition against us, but when we line up to fire, he steps forward and takes our shots but doesn't die. It was formiddable."

Facing in the same direction, in agreement and direct competition. The South behind them, the general, not Maximillian, a lesser one, above them. No equality in an hierarchy.

"I'm moving it over, officer," said a dead-carrier. "Up with death, down with love, put both to one side," said the gravedigger.

{stubbing it out}

{another cigarette}

"There's a million graves in that ash tray."

So says the soldier to the gravedigger filling up the ditches with dead bodies.

"I modeled it on Goya. Free range blood," said the war artist.

The agency, The Ademayiim, had employèd the veteran, a civil war 'cian, code-name Mister Magog, to do whatever he wantèd for the company. This was the title of *Ipsissimus*. In the business, *Ipsissimus* meant free-to-roam and disseminate whatever intelligence and

disinformation he thought best. The Ademayiim trustèd him entirely with it. Because he did it the best.

It was a type of contradiction. Mister Magog was the master of the paradox. So long as The Ademayiim knew where Magog was, what Magog was doing, and receivèd regular observations, they knew they had the edge.

°Our enemies are on the inside° thought Sazzaz.

“So what's the aim of your organization?” came Magog again.

Mister Magog had interrogatèd Sazzaz a moment earlier with the exact same question, the method and same direct line of questioning.

“Was that the question?” snortèd Sazzaz.

“As if four times wasn't enough for confirmation?” interjectèd Kaiaphas,

{with pressure}

Kaiaphas was trying to pressure an answer, encourage Sazzaz to make his own suffering easier.

Asif Akhbar was the dhimmitude meme of The Ademayiim. His code-name: Sazzaz. He may as well have been Ad-Dajjal posing as a djinn. The agency's genie in a bottle. Sazzaz was doing well under the conditions. The agency had administerèd Sazzaz a few electric shocks, exposèd him to light strain torture, stretchèd him a little while, and insertèd small severs along most of the main veins that ran directly back to the heart.

Sazzaz stuck to the party line so the agency trustèd him; he got the backing of the company.

“Okay, that's enough,” said Mister Magog, “take

him out of it now. We can trust him. Code-name Sazzaz, you're going to join Sarai in Paris. A Logris briefcase is there."

Redheiferlamedvovnik. On the bookshelf. Litterèd with hidden diligence. Kaiaphas was having an occasion. Dilligent and hidden. Kaiaphas was smoking the first *cigariyah* he had ever had had. He was hidden. Out of sight, out of mind. He couldn't stop cursing the red heifer sefer that was in plain view. It was Psi-Qolog's finishèd manuscript. *The Red Book*. The prophet containèd within. Red- actèd.

°I should in theory burn that damn book by that blasted Psi-Qolog° he thought. °But I fear I would only be contributing to the problem°

A sole candle was burning on his study table.

Kaiaphas took the book from upon the shelf and lay it open at a sole verse.

Time for bed.

°Zed zed zed° thought Kaiaphas' dreary and sleepy head. There was a tiny bit of saliva obscuring the words.

{ … }

There was no message. A n o n . was just a medium. Everyone is some kind of 'cian …

“A musician and a magician, are you?” askèd a lady, drunken eyes yet-with-does. Does. Like fingers-and-toes.

She could have been dozing off, drunk; her and Anon. were both on the park bench on the unfolding of that particular night. It was late at night, though, and Anon. had wanderèd from Chatillon-Montrouge, where Anon. was, then, currently, whenever it was, staying with method actors and Situationist artists.

Anon. didn't really know what to tell her, so instead said: “I'd write you mystical poetry, if you like?”

“Please, don't do that,” she replièd, “people shall think we're in love.”

Anon. was a terrible poet in Paris. The actions were so bad that Anon. was forcibly ejectèd from a Situationist commune after being there for three days only.

What could be said about the place? It was no place at all other than that there were diagrammatic plans on the wall.

°These artists° thought Anon.. °There are some real pieces of work in here°

These artists, these pieces of work, were real pieces of work.

“Never work” was their Situationist motto, « *ne travaillez jamais …* »

“Impoverish the State!” proclaimèd the

impoverishèd.

°Who writes on the walls in marker pen, especially the toilet walls, what they strategically plan to do to force a change in Parisienne society?° Anon. wonderèd.

{on-the-loo}

You would imagine, if you're contemplating, like you do when you're on the loo, what might be contemplatèd if you're looking at planning an overhauling of the city's infrastructure.

« *Détournement*. »

Derailment.

The Invisible Committee.

{murmurings behind closèd bedroom doors}

It was a real piece of work. It was a real piece of work this underhand plan. They were real pieces of work, these artists, these real pieces of work.

There was an equation on the floor, there were plans on the wall.

Hell was in a gesture. An invasive body posture. Arrayèd was displayèd.

°Midwifery, deliver me°

Michal had decidèd to squat for the delivery of the twins. Her midwife was up front and Simeon was kneading her lower back and hips to relieve the tension.

She was a very good pregnant situation, Michal.

She never complainèd.

All Simeon had to do was repeat part of his *Bar Mitzvah* mantra which Michal considerèd to be *hutzpah*.

Michal was also supportèd by a sort of chair, like the loo. It was a special design to make the passage of birth easier. But it doesn't matter about easier if, like all Hebrew women, according to the midwives the story, you are the most vigourous of women.

“Every woman should feel affronted by the conventional way of giving birth,” said the midwife. “It's so invasive, what with all the exposure and the unnatural position. This new invention makes all the difference.”

Necessity really is the mother of invention and the invention spared the mother a lot of unnecessary contortion.

The contraband fell out of William Quincy's briefcase.

THEY READ:

We, the Sociocratic Person, identify the Other as the bureaucratic information message of Matriarchy. Yet we, the Sociocratic Person, would do well to paraphrase the late Christopher Hitchens, who implies that we, as a directorate of the Sociocratic Person,

must allow women to take responsibility for an increasing number of the decisions that affect the numbers they propagate. The One, we, the Sociocratic Person, can identify with an emerging filiarchy, a new form of bureaucracy, containèd within the atomic other as its nucleus.

We, the Sociocratic Person, render all other economic think-tanks obsolete with the following simple principle: no VAT during Friday, on the grounds that our Ishmaelite citizenry would consider it idolatry, during Saturday, on the grounds that our jewish populations would consider it usury, and the Christians don't buy anything on a Sunday anyway. Once all other economic think- tanks admit defeat and accept this principle, we, the Sociocratic Person, can assume responsibility for their reorganization and administration.

It was the only time he failèd to keep an eye on his briefcase.

The Dowager, rearing the head of the birch-end shag-pull sweeper, was hindening about her grandson maddening.

"You behave, *monsieur*, you savvy savoir? I'll be pitching you to the old apple tree in the garden and

you'll live out there with the dogs, only, all you'll have to survive on is apples and leaves. The dog food's too good for you in this present state," she said.

The dowager couldn't get it up, some mornings. The hip operation was giving her pins. Pins-and-needles, walking on broken glass. That son of a pike, her grandson, had smashèd another glass.

The night previous, he'd got wreckèd on cider and smokèd about a million cigs.

"There's a million graves in that ash tray," said the dowager.

{turning her nose up at it}

The dowager preferrèd candles. Anything but alcohol, tobacco, and raisèd arms in protest.

She'd seen enough, during the civil war.

"Things were more civilized back then, even despite the struggle," she dotèd, "this nation-state's got no hierarchy. No organic tree."

{casting a glance to the apple tree}

The dowager rememberèd how good her long-gone hubby used to keep it.

°I thought he was delusional about participating in the Parisienne movement° she dotèd, °but he was a true revolutionary. I mean, he helped them with the dead bodies. A true revolutionary he was, not like these skin-heads. Oh dear, our children married into the wrong families. Apples-and-leaves…°

{looking to the tree in misery}

It was the custom for a non-jew, such as Simeon as he was then, to go through the process of assimilation through a long and arduous conversion.

"As I fell from grace, my father rose to innocence. So now that I rise to stand alongside him, who should fall but none!" said Simeon.

Simeon was addressing the *Beyt Din*.

It was his *Bar-Mitzvah*, but he was way past the age of a teenager.

One could have said, a mere year earlier, that his chances of conversion were slim-to-none. *Mahal*, the law of return, was causing the federation of Israel a lot of migrant problems. Even though they were the ones promoting it.

"What are your views on the diasporic identity of peoples removed from settlements and habitations?" inquirèd Kaiaphas.

{head coverèd}

Simeon spoke as the jew he wanted to be, "Consider the birds of the air, the migratory population!" he exclaimèd. "The mutual aid of their plight. The sabre-tooth tiger dies alone in the competitive dog-eat-dog survival of the fittest resource war. Hands hands hands demands lands lands lands. How much land does one man need? No one wins in that kind of dirty competition."

°*Hutzpah*° thought Michal. °I'll never forget his charisma°

°He never repaired my window° thought Avi.

°He's too much of a Goy to ever understand the true splendour of Hebrew°

°He's too much of a Goy to ever understand the true splendour of Hebrew°

°He's too much of a Goy to ever understand the true splendour of Hebrew°

With the Erinyic fury of the *Beyt Din*, Kaiaphas stood amongst the *Sanhedrin*. He couldn't help repeating the same jealous thought over-and-over. He had loved Michal, but his two-house theology, two bit Yiddish philosophy, never appealèd to her. Anything that wasn't originally jewish, in fact, fascinatèd her. Originally; originality. Originality of origin. A twice removèd distant origin.

Kaiaphas felt the contents his stomach curdle, rendering him mute.

Nothing about Kaiaphas' muteness appealèd to Michal. Everything she wantèd was stood in front of her with *hutzpah*. As if it was some sort of *mitzvah*.

A chess game lay at checkmate and had not been touchèd since Witham Sispa and Mister O'Niste had shaken hands over a previous outcome beforehand (… *or was it subsequently?– no chapter, no chronology*). The fighting had rescindèd for a day or so as the brothers-and-sisters in the city-at-war had fallen into a stalemate.

Witham Sispa and Mister O'Niste were playing a cryptic game of cards also. A few illustratèd cards lay on top of a wicker table and an awning spread over their heads. Soldiers and officers surrounded them, smoking short, fat stubby cigarillos and supping on their espressos.

“Wand or cup?” said Mister O'Niste. He playfully bluffèd with his bluffing hand.

“They scatter their clatter,” replièd Witham Sispa.

{laying the nine of wands}

“Their holy wands upon the holy ground,” alludèd Mister O'Niste.

{laying the ten of wands}

“She might be the snake,” said Witham Sispa.

{drawing the seven-of-sevens}

“Forced to carry her belly,” replièd Mister O'Niste.

“Another one bites the dust,” said Witham Sispa. “I forfeit.”

“You can never draw a game when drawing hands,” replièd Mister O'Niste.

“Hands hands hands demands lands lands lands,” said Witham Sispa. “All this fighting, it's pointless nonsense.”

“Power supplies, power demands,” said Mister O'Niste.

“Hands demands lands,” replièd Witham Sispa, recurring his former point.

“How much land does one man need?” said Mister O'Niste, rhetorically.

Mister O'Niste was referring to the famous Russian writer of *War and Peace*, Leo Tolstoy.

"Venus and Mars, wars and whores," replièd Witham Sispa.

At that, Witham Sispa got up to leave. He'd leave the other sitting. Mister O'Niste was thinking of smoking.

"I'll get the bill," said Mister O'Niste.

"Very good, sir," replièd Witham Sispa.

Witham Sispa's sole object was to reach the deadlockèd game of chess that lay elsewhere. He set off in the general direction, with the knowledge that when he movèd a sole piece in a singular direction The General would make his move.

"Why does a business man from Sham-el-Sheikh prefer a British Tourist to a Russian?" said William Quincy.

"One's a tourist, The other's a Russian?" replièd Tulpa. *Many years later, or was it earlier? No chronology, no chapter, remember?…*

"One's one, one's-a-billion," said Quincy, correcting her. Mister William Quincy was the type of chief editor that liked to correct Tulpa but according to grammar and the corruptor it was Tulpa who had the right kind of answer.

Tulpa was also a subber.

°Immediately I wanted to fuck her° thought nostalgia.

Tulpa was always correcting Quincy's mistakes. Idiosyncratic and idiomatic.

°How did he get into his current position?° wonderèd Tulpa.

William Quincy was eyeing up Tulpa who was looking down, eyes down, reading the wire news sources. Reuters via Routers. Tulpa surprisèd Quincy with her ideas. Tulpa preferrèd to put them down on paper but had trouble getting them to align on the screen in her role as a subber. Tulpa spoke her opinions with more vigour and conviction when she expressèd them with gestures as well, not constrainèd by modes of journalistic trapping, no tapping, no keys et cetera et cetera.

“So, why do they call him the most evil man of all time?” askèd Tulpa.

Tulpa was referring to an English poet who had written an anthropological psyhco-spiritual document in Cairo, 1914.

“Isn't it just psychotic nonsense?” askèd Quincy, understandably concernèd.

“Isn't it just?” wonderèd Tulpa.

Quincy and Tulpa were looking at the document together; trying to cobble together an idea, an interpretation that would satisfy the news.

Quincy had gone to see his good friends at the sociocratic think-tank about what they knew. The sociocrats were working on a think tank policy research project. The sociocrats were always working on a think

tank policy research project.

Quincy had come back to the news room to sit up with Tulpa.

{subbing}

Tulpa was working on a late edition of the paper's supplements. Waylaid, and out to print way after the expectèd deadline, but a job to do nonetheless. Until the completion of the work. Eager to continue, wishful to finish. Quincy and the rest of his team at the newspaper down from the Opera tarrièd yet more on the supplement deadline.

Mister William Quincy had told Tulpa what he had discoverèd from his good friends at the sociocratic think tank.

Many years later, or was it earlier, no chronology, no chapter, remember? Tulpa workèd for the newspaper down from the Opera. She had been offerèd the job as a subber, sub-editor, since moving away from her surrogate father, Llugnurgus, to London.

Tulpa's apartment was in Islington. It suitèd her. Not too long in the underground to get across to The Grand, the newspaper, her new employer.

Tulpa registerèd the streets of Islington just once, maybe twice, for satisfaction. The rest of the time she went up and down those London streets her gaze was cast to the gemmèd azure above her. Ireland had come

to no longer be her captor. Llugnurgus, her surrogate father had instructèd her. Of course, she was adept at Cyrillic, and most of the other alphabets. It was that sort of knowledge that had made the impression on The Grand Editor, who was helpless to employ her.

"A satisfactory answer … " he had told her, as he welcomèd her.

{a firm handshake}

That night, after her induction, she thought about her colleagues. One of her fellow subbers was a Cockney gent called William Quincy.

°William Quincy, anyone?° thought Tulpa, as if there could have been anyone else to occupy her.

Tulpa was years and ages older. Her rose was growing a bit colder. She ponderèd a lover. She never had had any from a celebrity of the likes of someone callèd William Quincy.

Qavanagh, QC. Queen's council.

°Something appealing to me° Tulpa thought with intrigue, as if she was crossing a sea, in waves, towards William.

William Quincy was like fire to her. She lit up a smoke, and drew on the elements because she felt cold. She always drew on the elements when she felt her rose growing just a lil' bit colder.

°The voyeur is in the voyeur of the beholder° she thought, about the media. °And beauty beholds a rose growing older. I'm not growing any younger without a lover° she thought.

Tulpa felt the cool menthol from the cigarette acquiesce with her aery libido.

Tulpa's chest rose gently and fell swiftly with an intercessory exhalation.

Things had suddenly got very very exciting for Tulpa. She read-and-read what was written in her diary, as she did, repetitively, like the good editor and divider of truth that she was.

°*Privé*…° she thought.

{turning pages}

°I'd settle for William Quincy, Qavanagh QC anyday, especially on a Sunday, because I'm lonely° thought Tulpa. °He's my kind of celebrity. Is celebrity idolatry to a Catholic such as me?°

IT READ:

Geomantic Notaçion for an Haiku

.....
.....
.....

A Tanka, by Tulpa

Do I fall in love?
Everyone at school: female
A boy should call me?
To him, my virginity
His cock, my virginity

{musingly}
{closing her diary}

It was a very old entry.

Kapitalismo has an accounts system. The employees of the Audit Commission unwittingly created an Eidolon to transfer all the static capital to the realm of the virtual.

The Eidolon was called *Apeiron*.

Apeiron works like a pylon; it receives messages and then passes them on. *Apeiron* would come to live on-and-on.

Imagine Lady Columbia: statuesque. Avatars of capital were circulating the social. People were checking the accounts system on a daily basis, signing in, signing out, logging in, logging out, enjoying their employment as leisure. The ruse of social media.

The conscientious bureaucrats would file reports about which advertising messages would be least successful whilst the lazier ones would play the virtual games which would thereby inform the executives of which political strategy was best to take to get their vote.

Each and every data message would run central, back to *Apeiron*.

"So why do we have to work for static capital as well as the virtual?" said a Kraakser to another autonomous zoner loner.

Apeiron had not yet grown large enough as an

Eidolon. It requirèd an ultimate decision. Yet, every day, the bureaucrats typing away, would inform her, *Apeiron*, through their social interaction.

It was too late for too late capitalism.

“Virtual space is increasing but I feel so claustrophobic,” said the Kraakser.

“I'm losing my memory,” replièd the autonomous zoner loner.

Slowly, symptoms were manifesting although a new era was dawning.

With slags upon their hearts they go amidst the flying darts. Many shots, many broken hearts, scores of woundèd soldiers. Scores of scorning sisters. Enemies entrenchèd, trusters with their trysters.

“General?”

“Hospital.”

“General?”

“Anaesthetic.”

Despite the address, men were falling by the thousand at every side.

It becomes hard to know which side is which in a city-at-war.

Magog put the glass of wine down on the table with enough force to make an impression akin to the bitterness with which his palette tastèd it; his facial expression confirmèd the same. It was a look of unreward as if angerèd by those who appearèd to have more by doing less. He had to duck and weave his head at points in the conversation as if sparring against a denser crowd in opposition to him. You could tell he'd been up against the wall in his life. Trust had had to manufacture a lie.

“If you don't tell us what we need to know, I can only repeat everything I've just said,” said Lamed.

{reiterating backwards with the hands}

As the two gentlemen left that bar, Lamed noticèd that Magog had paid for the bill.

Magog took a long sigh, as if there was tension between friends. The best of friends could be the closest of enemies in this business. But the fact was that trust manufacturèd a lie.

“The Home Office have given me seven grand towards my sojournment here,” said Lamed.

{gestures telling the truth}

“You must be a comfortable liar,” replièd Magog, °Would I confess to anyone in the same position?° he thought.

Before the truth could be made known, every fallacy of every kind had had to find its suitable expression during the conversation. Expression as a means to freedom brought a host of deceit, in a world where the telling of the untruth was corporeally sought

and once bought hirèd out. Whorèd out. Everyone was a whore in this business.

“It was false intelligence,” said Lamed, °the falsity of intelligence° he read.

{beckoning}

{glancing}

“I guess it's not who you know but what you get to know from whom?” musèd Magog.

Lamed was amusèd. It was what Lamed was always thinking. Lamed thankèd him for noticing. Lamed wasn't going to go and give away any spoilers. Lamed was speaking to Ipsissimus. Ipsissimus was supra-Mossad. Mister Magog was the name he kept once he'd gotten that fake ID that the company issues. In fact, Lamed didn't know his real name. How queer! Lamed considerèd Magog one of his closest friends. The two binary agents never talkèd about family. Even though Magog was above the business Lamed didn't want his family business compromising anyone's identity.

In the office-misrad, Psi-Qolog was giving Miss Correspondence the familiar one-phrase Hebrew treatment.

He spoke aloud: “*Khatzeytz*.”

“So what does it mean?” wonderèd Miss Correspondence.

"Divide-the-booty, shoot-the-arrows," replièd Psi-Qolog.

"Your *Midrash* is a sexy kinda joke!" replièd Miss Correspondence.

Khatzeytz.

Anon. had arrivèd after the race riots of Paris. As an artist. A n o n . didn't know it at the time. At the time, Anon. was laying flowers at the feet of African women in busy town squares. Anything to make a statement; confusing the establishment. A naïve but true sentiment.

"Why did Solomon of the Torah not name his lover Sarah?– the anonymous dark stranger, *Naviah*, as per the mother, Mater Matuta," said Anon. to one-of-them.

"Why thank you, *monsieur*," said one-of-them, °*atzmam*°, one-of-them, in reply, °*akhorai*°, in reply.

{accepting the gift}

« *Bonsoir*. »

At that, Anon. left her,

{pursuing another idea}

Pursuing another Eidolon within the Apophenion æon.

"You're supposed to say « *bonsoireé* … »," Anon. heard another say as she was walking away. A n o n . slept on a park bench that night. As if Anon.

was waiting for some reward for all the hard work that Anon. was doing on behalf of racism in Paris.

“We've just seen our perfect vision,” said Simeon.

“Cause we stayed up all night to achieve it,” replièd Michal.

When they began to conceive the sun was setting. They knew they had conceivèd when the sun began to rise.

As night fell, we rose. We The Rose were seatèd. Greeted, Presidentially. Salutatory, the initiate, initially. Haunted, apprehendèd. Apprehendèd by the *specter* of the voter.

“What's with the water?” asks Llugnurgus, the Irish Catholic priest.

“It keeps you sober,” says his mistress, Tulpa.

“I asked for whisky,” he says to Tulpa.

{gently}

°So, she's on-to-me° thinks Llugnurgus, °it'll have-to-be a fingernail's worth o' whisky in a coffee for when she's not watching me°

{secretly}

“What does a peripheral totality in time and space do?” wonderèd Sally.

Every one else was messing about sociocratically.

{ … }

“The outskirts of a city form a periphery of urbanity; time zones may vary,” replièd Quincy. He went on: “The peripheral totality maintains locality without itself, spatially, striated or smooth within, and governs time by a network of staircases, corridors, traffic lights and all manner of synchronizing elements.”

When one decides that one should rule, all become one, individually. Equality decidèd locally. EDL.

The English Defence League were a diverse group who indictèd their detractors for making stereotypical claims.

Inside the Mechanics Institute …

“Those who execute power are not those who administer it, and vica-versa,” said the orator, another QC, queen's council, Qavanagh turned guvnor.

{hands up in consternation}

Mister O'Niste could be seen running for his life, bounding out of the Corset shoppe on the Boulevard de Strasbourg, with a naked mannequin underneath his arm. Three animatèd dolls came chasing him out of the front door of the shoppe; all three of them were wearing corsets and corsages. The three women threw their hands up in consternation.

« *Enculé* … » shoutèd one of the dolls.

Enculé. Encourage.

It was an aggravatèd situation, creatèd by an agitational situational situationista. Mister O'Niste. Mister O'Niste had been persuadèd by his co-agitator Witham Sispa to drive his perpetuating fear further. As Mister O'Niste evadèd the onlooker, the sole remaining shopkeeper who had given up the chase, he turnèd a corner only to be greeted by Witham Sispa.

“Surprise, surprise,” said Sispa. “I knew you'd do it.”

“A quality and equality,” said Mister William Quincy.

{reading newsroom Anontology}

“Great combination! Yahtzee … { … } anyone?” Quincy quippèd.

Quippèd Quincy referring to the combination of words editèd through the application of Anontology.

Mister William Quincy worked the paper, down from the Opera. WC-something, QC-happening. Two-too-many a comma, got on with everyone, except one. The Grand Editor; his opposition leader in the media of the media.

“Hand me a lead utensil, you know, a pencil, *une stylo*!” exclaimèd Quincy, “I need to scratch out your 'I"s.”

The opposition and their leader callèd The Grand Editor The Grand Editor 'cause he earnèd so much more than the runner of the newspaper down from the Opera.

Quincy initially workèd as a runner, not a shot-caller. Always with the Coffee, anyone? Always no one. He was exploitèd but he wantèd a shot at The Grand. It came all too quickly. The shot.

{pint}

{shot}

{riot}

Quincy took a shot at him, The Grand Editor, as

a runner and as an opiner in a column as an editor. He was out on his arse a day later. He didn't seem to care. It was the devil's arse-paper, that rag. A UK tabloid with a fetish for a straw-man non-existant yet fillèd by the next available pervert with a psychological disease for fame at any cost.

"I'm not just anyone!" screamèd the Grand Editor, through a telephone receiver: "I'm a highly paid editor. Two-too-many an idea, Qavanagh."

"Alright, Guvnor," replièd Qavanagh.

"A satisfactory answer," said The Grand Editor. "Now get to work on that piece of shit that you call a paper."

°I think I held-my-own° thought Mister William Quincy. °Although, I'm not too fond of the telephone°

Tulpa was in her 'jamas, her bed-night nighties. Nighty nighties. Two-too-young during the decade of the Naughties. Previous to her decade of The Tens, when she would come-of-age.

She was practising her *Yodh* Mass phallic gestural phase, discovering the hidden properties of the Hebrew Alphabet.

Jumping up-and-down, back to the letters with as much enthusiasm and excitement as she could offer to the study of an arcana. She thought that Opiate meant Oriano. And so, she cast an intentional spelling mistake

…

	OPIATE
Vowel:	OPIATO
Consonant:	ORIATO
Vowel:	ORIANO

Borèd. Games. Again. Tulpa went scrabbling on. Her favourite character of all was the the *Scarab*, Upsilon, of the Coptic Alphabet. Each time she drew it amidst the other Egypto-Greek letters, she thought she could identify a face, smiling back at her with delight.

°Sarai!° she exclaimèd in the sanctity of her wonder.

Then, Tulpa took to a Haiku:

Having was Something
Ηεσπερυς *was lowering*
Sexuality ascending

X
X

Geomantic Notation

. . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

X
X

Fin.

Closèd. She shut it. Perfect health. Reclining, somehow thinking, recurring, her breath was lowering and lulling her into a deep deep sleep.

Michal and Simeon were finally unitèd on the sabbath. After years of Avi keeping them apart on the high holy day they made it their own on their wedding day. Years later they would come to joke about how Simeon had been chasèd away by Avi all those times.

Above board. All those years later, many anniversaries after, Simeon and Michal were at home. They were retiring after a *Bar Mitzvah*, another smashing event and lots of broken glasses. Even someone's spectacles, accidentally.

Up in the bedroom, Simeon and Michal were reminiscing about that smashing time during their irreverent youth.

“Get down on your knees and make me your god,” jokèd Simeon, concerning his irreverent youth.

{pointing down to it}

“Both of us, down on both knees,” replièd Michal.

“Are you proposing? … ” wonderèd Simeon. “ … we sweep up or crawl to bed?” counterèd Michal.

Oft-times Avi would carry a birch-end shag-pull sweeper.

“This brush is a total shag-pull,” said Avi.

{cursing-and-sweeping}

Avi swept Simeon and Michal's floor every sabbath. Avi worshippèd the ground his daughter, now *Naviah*, walked upon.

“Come?”

“When?”

“Later?”

“Where?”

“Location's not been released yet, keeps the pigs off.”

{across-the-room}

At the illegal rave Lamed was looking out for terrorist *tête-à-tête*.

Rorafes: “If you're terrorists then the objective is to bomb a residential neighborhood so that central government moves out-of-town.”

Ochus: °Oooh … there's an activist in. Pro-activia, every mornin'°

Ochus was believin'
{flexin'}
{flirtin'}

Immediately Lamed wantèd to fuck her. Flat-chest. That kind of activity the night before. Must rest.

"Is this the work of the leading psychologist?" Ochus askèd Maeve.

Maeve had given Ochus a copy of her zine.

Maeve was salivating slightly.

Maeve's zines got passèd around at an illegal rave or two. And so one split into two and then got passèd around-a-few. As one letter split into two, people began to know who from who. The anonymity of Qavanagh QC, the cover of anonymity was being blown by Maeve's dirty sheets. The pink sheets as they came to be known. Illuminati, illuminosity, plenty of animosity. Names-a-plenty. Scarcely any anonymity. She was exposing the fraudulent. At least we got a good story. It was the decade of The Tens. It was bound-to-be.

Romeo ran the guns in Paris. Alcohol, tobacco, fire-arms, oh, and candles. It was Romeo's job to make sure that Sociocratic militants receivèd the arms ran through the record label in England. Marionette

Records on the outside, contraband on the inside.

Romeo was pretty good at what he did. He made sure that the brothers-and-sisters in the city-at-war were well supplièd. Anythin' to keep the war goin'.

Sociocrats finance wars, king conspirators end them.

The police stormèd Building Sixty Two shortly after. A clue led them through. Three-point-one-four-two. A tip. Anonymous. An dark stranger facèd them. An anonymous dark stranger with her finger on the trigger. Sarai. Cover-blown. Had her codename become known?

She hintèd across the room …

{with a flick of a glance}

Then came her chance. Their attention divertèd for an instant gave her the impetus to dive in the opposite direction.

For some reason, something that had gone missing had reachèd its way into the hands of The Situationists. Sarai had enterèd earlier in the day. It wasn't there. *A Logris splits a nucleus*.

A shot flew across the room, hitting one of the walls and ricocheting up into the roof where it lodgèd itself. Sarai had dashèd through a door into a back bedroom. Scrambling across an unmade bed, as if one was the lover-of-make, she froze for a second. As if she

had momentarily made a mistake, she thought: °Do I take cover? What happened to my cover?°

An officer reachèd the doorway. Sarai took to the balcony outside the window, almost falling forward over the side. She struck a pose …

{balancing herself a pose}

She could have been an angle. Exhilaratèd by the chase, her chest was panting, her breasts tingling, her figure posing. *Photographique*.

Shots flew into the window pane, blowing out the glass, in a vomitous cloud of shards as she turnèd her cheek, and threw her hands around her head for protection.

Maeve was struggling to count. You see, she had known Psi-Qolog from her very first steps. She fell over on the crêche floor.

“Take a memo, Miss Correspondence!” exclaimèd Psi-Qolog, hurriedly, as if time was of the essence.

Quickly, Miss Correspondence grabbèd her notebook, full of dots-and-lines.

“Group dynamics!” went Psi-Qolog.

{studiously}

°6 … 6 … 6 …° countèd Maeve.

{recursively}

Psi-Qolog lookèd on in anguish.

°*Seven*, *seven*, *seven* …° determinèd Psi-Qolog.

“S-e-v-e-n,” utterèd Maeve.

“Well, well. My greatest success today!” sung Psi-Qolog.

Miss Correspondence had recordèd the dots-and-lines, the movements of the children in the crêche, there were eight of them including Maeve.

“Time, date, location, situation,” instructèd Psi-Qolog.

Miss Correspondence was adept at group dynamics and quantitative data recording but Psi-Qolog thought it was music they were both composing, capturing static the rhythm of the children moving and playing. Maeve was decomposing with an eraser.

Later. Time passèd over.

All the mum's had taken their little ones away, except for the one orphan, little miss Maeve Llwywllyn.

“Push or pull?” askèd Maeve, concerning the door, her sortie.

Psi-Qolog was bedazzlèd and frazzlèd.

{his hairs like so}

“Please do not sit there to write so close to me,” said the fiddleress, “people shall say we are in love.” So, Anon. couldn't be a dead-beat artist that close to a real one, Anon. realizèd after. It would come to Anon. some time after. Later. That Anon. came to cheat upon

the significant other for nothing but an illusion. The artificer. It gave Anon. some pretty sensible opinions about non-sensible things. Non-sensible, non- eternal.

Up above the crematorium lay the lovers in wake.

°Hey-Rebecca-Hey°
°Say *Holam-Maley*°
°Say *Holam-Maley*°
°Hey-Rebecca-Hey°
{they sung at the funeral}
No *Holam-Maley*
°וֹ°
No “oh … ”
No Rebecca-Hey
°הֵ°
No “vah … ”
No “veh … ”
No “ziy” no “zey” no “zeker.”

An object. A sullen looking woman wearing red lipstick. Once adorèd fate, now abhorrèd it. Too late. Adornèd in silver jewels, not tacky gold. Ornamental. Very eager to speak her mind at a funeral but always hinting down to her breasts, just to make everybody feel better about the situation. Underneath the clothes, lingerie, *same colour as lipstick*. Did she make

aesthetic pleas pleasing to a wandering eye before covering up in sack-cloth black garb for poor Rebecca's funeral?

{Shiva sitting}

Pins and needles, walking on egg-shells, duck-egg colour bathroom walls. She reachèd for the object. A mirror.

No one there knew she had naturally curly hair, preening and plying to just make straight. Running late, rather red, coitus flush, applièd some blush, just to look sombre. A little pressure being also applièd, her eyelashes metèd out.

Still. Still making cosmetic. She cranèd a neck to bed-ward. Four people were reflecting figmentarily behind her in the mirror. She momentarily reflectèd on her orgasm. The ones in the mirror lookèd like so much more than the one she wantèd to look like. In the room with her, her lover and her partner. Her children's father. A somewhat sullen room, a somewhat sullen woman, despite the strength of her orgasm. In relation to her he bore some resemblance. They were mourning a double loss, feeling a mutual orgasm. How life loves such a destruction. The total contradiction.

Poor Rebecca, poor Gideon. Their name still remainèd above the shop. Their still remains were six feet under.

“We've hit the middle, Michal,” said Simeon. “At least we've made it over half-way, successfully, hey. Shame about poor Gid, trying to cheat death, the crazy alchemical yid. What *does* he think he did.”

“That's all he ever did,” replièd Michal. “Mix a

potion, concoct a concoction, a crazy alcehmical solution to the dire conundrum of his ailing daughter, our dear daughter."

°*Batkha*°

"Rebecca, his one-and-only. If only, *iym rak*," she went on.

°The wake downstairs° thought Simeon. "We should rejoin them," he said.

A sole tear ran amock over make-up.

"I'll have to start all over again now," utterèd Michal.

The winning goal came just in time. The final result: 4-2. Thanks to formation of Gamma they defeated the formation of Delta. A right-angle beats a triangle, at a ratio of two-to-one.

Astonishment at the bookies amongst the laddies! A bookmaker and a broker were exchanging numbers and trading futures. The final results came in on a screen above their heads.

"Four-Two was it that did it?"

"Six pointer."

"Seven below her, Athena…" referring to another number.

On the Isopsephy machine.

IT READ:

1:1:1:2:1
Α Θ Ε Ν Α
1:9:8:5:1
1:8:4:6
9:3:1
Θ Γ Κ
9:3:1
3:4
7
Z

"Isopsephy fruit machine!"

"Are you a gambler?"

Another Isopsephy fruit machine read S-A-R-A-H.

"This one says we need to reach Zeta."

{pointing towards it}

The skin-heads were adept at reading Greek characters, and their mathematical skills were excellent since the local bookmakers had installèd these new Isopsephy machine games in the fashion of the gamblers trademark fruit machine. One could be forgiven for referring to them as fruit machines, since, idiomatically this is how they came to be known, basèd on the reputation of their predecessors. Instead of betting on rolling fruit, people were betting on tables of figures, cascading Greek letters with numerological properties.

"She's got cheeky properties that S-A-R-A-H," said a player, reading the Isopsephy of Sarah. "I

wonder what character lies below her?"

{distracting him from it}

A skin-head was getting carrièd away from looking at it.

Screens above their heads were broadcasting the fight from earlier. It was pay-per-view, they knew that they would have to have a gamble.

"What a figure!" said a money-counter.

"That's Athena," said a bet winner, "she gives a good return if you know how to play her."

Jack Stoker was checking the bookies for market stock tips. Binary numbers fell before his eyes. He had knickèd Robertson's watch 'cause it looked cool watching it. All those dots-and-lines were assembling themselves as geomantic figures.

A gambling man lost a large number, on a costly figure, when betting on tables of figures such as Athena.

"Exceed by delicacy,"
"Drink by the eight and ninety rules of art,"
{a sip}
{a wet lip}
{a fresh palette}
The ruminationaries were seatèd at tables.
"The revolution is revolting,"
"Put it down,"
Shots of liquor did not pass until the eighty ninth

measure had been addressèd.

“How are we dressed?”

The power relation lay within the problematic program; practices of power were mutually intersecting. The denial of the vanguard was lessening the role of any one set of individuals. No one individual could represent every individual.

“Can every individual be represented by one individual?”

“Any idea of the social space requires an analysis reduced to the relationships of the individual.”

Llugnurgus was up and out of bed three times in one night. Most nights. Passing water. This was when Llugnurgus was much much older. When he wasn't passing water he was a lousy wine consumer. Turning wine to water every time he went for a wee, thaumaturgy.

{passing the river}

People would come out of the night club and see him walking by.

{staggers drunk}

{curses no one}

{addresses everyone}

“Revolving door, married within a year!” he would drunkenly shout.

Llugnurgus shoutèd at the youthful night

population as if in consternation on a Joycean peregrination. The same people saw him in church the very next day, every Sunday, the morning after the night before. The church had a revolving door. It was the nightclub the night before.

Two in, two out. Full to the rafters every Saturday night, as if it was a rite. As if it was a rite of passage to be out all night. Two in, two out. Full to the rafters every Sunday morning, hearing the preaching.

"Consummating heaven and earth again, vicar?" one would heckle.

"Married within a year!" Llugnurgus respondèd.

{one finger points to the sky}

Llugnurgus was an experimental philosopher. A messiah abuser. People would come to hear the gospel.

{steeple}

The in-spire that rolls just out-of-sight.

"The Pope now says it might be legal to use a condom. Legal?" said Llugnurgus, "what does The Pope think he is, political? Anyway, back to what's crucial. The condom issue. The Pope's not that sure about ratifying the sanction of it yet." Llugnurgus went on: "he's still thinking about losing it."

"Oneg for Olam," said one from the Congregation.

"Olam for Oneg," replièd Llugnurgus.

"Rechteg-peg," slurrèd one.

{hungover}

For months after, time passèd, with much laughter.

An Internet virus had been spawnèd by an anonymous, faceless, soulless, part of the Ideosphere; The Parasitic Host Anonymous of the individual's idiocosm when imputtèd en masse by a plurality of dirty words.

Screen-names like Ku7t51e. Cutesie. D3ad51e. Deadsie.

{corruptingly}

The I, the You, the Me; the anonymity. No names, no ones to blames.

It was a random mutation occurring from information recurring and binary numbers exchanging advertising pathogens. Google Adwords had startèd directing the unsuspecting towards child porn websites. And because of the traffic, new contraband sites were coming into existence, automatically created by the Ideosphere.

“Hands, hands, hands demands contrabands,” said Quincy to Robertson.

{on-the-blower}

In the sociocratic think tank something was going down. While everyone else was wondering

whether it was evil or not, some of the biggest evil was going down. It started off lightly and then got serious quickly.

"Thank fuck for carbon or we wouldn't have fizzy… "

"Not another carbon deficiency!"

"Not another deficit, surely?"

Conversations were blurring into a semblance of endings.

"...-py,"

"...-ty,"

The ending of the word was all that could be heard, ideas were bouncing off the walls.

"Absurd!"

The sociocrats, or rather *Ingsoc* as they jokingly likèd to call themselves, were chatting shit. *Tête-à- tête* around another round of café. Once around the block and back to the café. Four lefts later and they were back where they began. Scratch that, starting over from square one. The square root of minus one.

Ingsoc's work was more serious than their little play-on-words. In fact, it was a complete détournement of a religious text to suit the purposes of diverting Muslim attention from the Sharia Law of Islam's own invention to one of *Ingsoc*'s own creation. Rock the Qasbah! All of this, mind you, to remain unknown. *Ingsoc*. got chattin' again,

"How about this," suggestèd a sociocrat technocrat twat. "Verse one: *Hadith*! The manifestation of Night. Religion of the Moon, Religion of the Stars, et cetera, et cetera. Something about the Sabians and

then something more about Egyptology, maybe. How about Coptic Greek as the script? You know, make it look nice-and-pretty … What was the role of Nut in the Egyptian pantheon?"

"How do you tell a Shi'ite from a Sunni?"

"Ask a Sufi."

And on it went into the night and beyond. Commonality surrounding poetry. Carvossier. Another Carvossier. Sociocratic *tête-à-tête*. Sober up, another round of café.

Liber AL vel Legis. The Book of The Law. Sharia Law did not know what it was in for. The text was a big text with a lot of misdemeanours, to say the least, that socially could only be applicable to one time frame. One time frame and one people. Egypt. The civilization of Egypt and the civilization of the Arab world. The poet to the prophet. The prophet to the poet. It was all about love as we know it. A verse read, *Love is the Law, Love under Will*. Oh, and the stars, *Come forth o' children under the stars and take your fill of love*.

°Ah, the gemmed azure° thought Mister Magog.

Mister Magog tippèd his brandy glass to refract a glow from the moon.

"You see," Mister Magog spoke aloud, "the religion of the stars, Islam, encompasses the manifold manifestations of the moon. The stars belong to Sabiah."

{Republika}

It was a full moon, that night.

"Do you, ladies and gentlemen," askèd Mister

Magog, “know anything of the seventh direction?”

“And what of the seventh direction?” askèd Tulpa, much older and estrangèd from her surrogate father.

The people from The Grand newspaper were there, including Telly. Telly vs. Sally. Sally reporting back to Quincy.

The Yids from Tottenham Ton, Mister Donald Baggs, Mister Donald Burns, and their faithful wives, Connie and Connie, had joinèd their good friend, Magog, for the third round of *tête-à-tête* that day. A la that night. Moonlight. Moonlighting.

“But when, if the tale's true, the pestle of the moon, it pounds up all anew,” said Magog, “it encompasses the world and holds it in the bosom of its changing face … There she is, our full moon!”

Mister Magog lowerèd his brandy glass and pointèd up to it, the pestle of the moon, pounding up all anew. He continuèd,

“On the other side of the globe, the dark side of the whole of the moon, Eous, has risen!” exclaimèd Magog. “This is the first manifestation according to the seventh direction of the changing face of Eous.”

Mister Magog lookèd down into his brandy glass as he swillèd it, divining the reflection of the moon from within it. He pointèd to the empty space in the west of the sky, and said,

“Eous waxes as a half-moon in the West … Eous wanes as a half-moon in the East. And in the corners, the crescent.”

The manifold manifestations of the moon were

the regulatory periods of the seventh direction.

One tradition was speaking.

“What's British nationalism about?”

“Jerusalem, according to Mister William Blake.”

“Tell me, why the army sing “Jerusalem” about Britain.”

“Cause it's worth fighting for.”

“Maybe we're not so fascist after all.”

“Autocrat.”

“Sociocrat technocrat twat!”

One of the subbers from The Grand newspaper was swannin' avant, bypassing the racial discussion by keeping to his side of the road on the pavement walking by. But he had a joke about the twat.

“Twotting, fishing, broadcasting!” yellèd the subber, about journalistic reporting.

The subber yellèd the terrible pun from across the road and also performèd the gesture.

{fishing line}

The subber lookèd like a right twat doing it. But, for the gesture, it was worth it. The subber's editor was the one interviewing the broad demographic about racism that day.

{vox pop}

The broad demographic: a catalogue of people. A literary cynic, one who supportèd conscription, a

bruiser, and of course a member of the English Defence League, the autocrat. The member of the EDL felt that sociocrat and technocrat were valid definitions according to his political persuasions.

Sometimes it's what …
{not-to-do}

Tearing through the number two as if a paper note was all there was to tear through. As if Sudoku was a magic square and irony was a seat with no chair. The only thing that stands up to criticism: a two leggèd chair with no seat.

Sudoku became a crossword as numbers turnèd to letters and brought agreement to the characters.

“Quickly! Corrupt one word with another,” said Witham Sispa to his musa.

Witham Sispa sat alone in metaphysical contemplation. On a scrap piece of paper he drew a square of opposition.

IT LOOKED LIKE SO:

On each side of the part of the symbol that was a square Witham Sispa wrote a message.

Each message was in direct agreement and direct competition. Witham Sispa was a civil war 'cian, a Logician, and a pretty adept magician. It was a perfect syllogism.

He read it aloud to Sarah, his musa … “All Hebrews are Israelites.”

This message ran along the top side of the image.

“All Hebrews are not Israelites.”

This part of the message was inverted and upside-down in opposition to the initial preposition.

“Some Hebrews are Israelites.”

This was a sub-contrary that ran along the left side of the shape between the preposition and the contradistinction.

« *Au contraire* … » said Witham Sispa, and concludèd:

“Some Hebrews are not Israelites.”

The final solution to the Jewish question was one of mutual toleration; two different types of peoples' rights to co-exist together. Mister O'Niste enterèd the room to enquire of Mister Sispa. It was a large room on the second floor of a Parissien boulevard. The daylight shone in through a large bay window.

O'Niste strollèd over and lookèd at the piece of paper over Witham Sispa's shoulder.

“Aha! Mutual toleration,” he said.

“The mutual toleration of sub-contraries,” replièd Witham Sispa.

“Our understanding of a Hebrew transmission accords to all classes of tribe definition,” said Mister O'Niste. “And how do you tell tell a Shi'ite from a

Sunni?"

"How?" wonderèd Witham Sispa.

"Ask a Sufi!" replièd Mister O'Niste.

"Tobacco is no longer merely a harmful product. It is a harmful economy, especially because it is linked to VAT," said Quincy. "Which, if it becomes an economy," continuèd Quincy, "its consumption is governed by mathematical principles. It seems almost unreasonable to suggest that if one person decides to stop smoking, another may be drawn to the product, which has had so much commercial investment, through advertising, that to add more value to the product through tax engenders the further increased consumption of it in what can only be described as a Descartian machine with the hidden hand of the market underneath it."

Quincy went on at length.

"There is no value in smoking tobacco, let's remove the tax," he said to the newsroom. "It'll save the NHS a lot of hassle."

The sub-editors were joking around outside in the smoking area, relegatèd to their perspex booths which only seemèd to intoxicate them more, but the pariahs were having a laugh, blaming their ills on the most pious man who had ever succumbèd to tobacco addiction.

One said: “That Spurgeon's just smoked another fag.”

Another replièd: “Shot him down for his homo-social behaviour.”

“Have you ever seen him cock it?” coughèd a cougher.

“Never, he's a vicar,” mutterèd a mutterer'er. A stutterer'er and a splutterer'er.

The subbers had the knack of sending up historical personalities, each one well versèd in the biographies of libraries. This week it just happenèd to be Charles Spurgeon, the one-time-famous preacher, the week after it'd be Franz Kafka for lack of an orator.

“Kafka's back,” said a back-spacer.

“Crawling all over it,” said an editor of the letter.

“Crusting over crustaceon,” said another.

{laughter ensues}

“Russell's back,” said a reader of the philosopher Peter.

“Moistening all over it,” replièd a book reviewer.

“Swimming all over Mammalien.”

No one got the joke about evolution.

“Scarcely any animals,” said an activist.

“We'll have almost murdered the lot of 'em until a lion stands up on hind legs in protest.”

“A lion hindening?”

Too much confrontation with the unconscious the night previous. Too much LSD. Too much Charlie. The news was happening quickly and getting untruthful biasly.

{visions of the future ensuing}

“Lions were walking on hind legs,” said a hangover.

“Noses-and-faces?”

“It looked like an arse but it had a tail on it.”

“Oh, fuck me, lions or horses?”

“A cock just lifted itself up.”

“Headless chickens as well?”

°shift°

“Was Bach a messiah or a composer?”

°shift°

“In crossing sticks…”

“Can one snap twigs?”

{descent into argument}

“Incandescent.”

“It means light from heat.”

The equality of numbers could be found within those of similar values.

“How many angles in a square?” askèd the teacher.

The teacher was a sister, a nun who happened-to-be a prayer. Of course, she wore a robe with a hood, the typical monastery garb. The sister was holding the gawel. The gawel was a big wooden cane. The sister bore the gawel in front of those at school. She knockèd it against the floor.

Knock.

Knock.

{knock}

“One,” replièd Tulpa, trying to outsmart her.

“And how many angles in a oblong?” askèd the teacher.

The teacher again addressèd the class with a knock of the gawel.

{knock, knock}

“Two,” counterèd Katherine.

Of course they were talking about the differences between equality. Inequality discriminating fairly.

“And the triangle?” quizzèd the teacher.

By the end of the gawel, knocking on the floor, the sister was trying to hint to the wrong answer …

{knock}

“One,” offered Virginie, “if it's equilateral …

{knock, knock}

… and five in a perfect circle.”

“Always ending with *e* towards *a*,” addèd the teacher.

“*Egalitaire*?” posèd Tulpa.

{the question}

“Foursquare,” replièd Katherine.

“And one can also be … « *la ligne* » … ” said Virginie

{concludingly}

« *Fin* »

Tulpa wrote it all down in her exercise book.

IT READ:

1=5, perfect circle
a - b, b - c, c - d, d - e, e - a
1=4, foursquare.
1=3, equality.
4=2, oblong.
0=3 ? String Theory! The hypothesis of the hypotenuse... I muse.

The bells began to ring as she closèd her exercise book. °*Ablanathanalba*° she musèd no longer.

“It's like they're invoking the spirit of Thule.”
It gets dangerous to foster beliefs.
“As long as we're facing south, it doesn't matter,” said solidarity, with the luck of the Tens.
{in a pair of boots}
It was just the look of the Tens.
{in a pair of boots}
“Ain't none among the enemy,” said courage.
“Only a few more days of the Tens until they're all locked up anyway,” said one who was far from being a revolutionary.
“Draw on the elements when you get cold.”
{passing a lit smoke}
The single last lit smoke was passèd from hand to hand, and then went out.

A flare was shot from the horizon and a plume of luminous smoke trailèd behind it. And then it went out. The soldiers and 'cians in their respective barricade fortifications fell silent. A silence fell over the entire city. And then there was a shout.

Mister William Quincy had had to have words with the autonomous zoners.

"One has to work hard for money and success," said Mister William Quincy. "Why it is good to conserve: it's a simple principle. That's why I vote centre-right. It's more responsible. The same is true for a socialist government, in the binary sense. If we are to create wealth for welfare then the government has to promote excessive consumption. How does one feel after excessive consumption? Sick, yet wanting more. Richie Hawtin, minimal techno DJ, uses a sample in one of his tunes," Quincy went on. "It goes something along the lines of " *I hope you suffer, so that the thirst to consume lessens*. " "

Increpitus vulgi. The curse of the common people. Fags-and-booze, the working class way. Hand-to-mouth existence. Palliatives for the last ten years of the socialist government war.

"We had to,"

"I was there too,"

"Are you a drug addict, or what, you?"

°They let us run amok – amok all over make-up – they let us run amok at home, and have whatever we wanted so long as we didn't protest. We were a temporary autonomous zone, an underground clique with subterranean stereo high-fidelity chic.°

“The only good system is a sound system.”

“Yeah, but there's no Vordhosbn.”

Down in South Ossetia. Oh, Georgia. A hard case to crack. He keeps his briefcase on him at-all-times. As long as the Home Office know about it. It is it. Call it what you want. End game. The terrorist has an arm. Scatter-bomb. Cluster-fuck. There was nothing the agency could do. One got through and the company did not find out who got it through. Too many code-names, too many call-signs, too many personalities. The agents of agencies had renderèd themselves non-entities.

Lamed told the others in the company that whoever had got that last Logris had made a copy of the dirty words on the USB storage facility and was moving it rapidly. The agents callèd them dirty words in the company. Dirty intelligence, dirty hands. The agents thought that they had the goods on most of them. They left the rest of them to the rest of them.

“Down with the rest of them, up with the best of them,” toastèd Lamed.

“Bottoms up, skirts down,” jokèd Sarai.

The end was in sight. USA. USB. University of South Carolina. USC. University of South Dakota. USD. USE. Recurringly.

{terrorists move quickly}

Kaiaphas had instructèd all the major airports in the United States of America, or the tribe of Dan as he callèd them colloquially, to conduct a series of searches of everyone's luggage for USB sticks. The same went for Israel, Benjamin and Yehoudah.

The pure analysis of phenomenal appearances cannot decide between divergent orientations of thought. The noumenon of the One, the phenomenon of the Other.

Ego alterum.

Qua intus sunt vos, Ego. Non diffiteor mei.

Ego ipse, ipsa mei. Sed multa.

°The Other, *ha’akheyr*° Psi-Qolog musèd. °The locus of the Other emits a message; a signifying form that depends on the effect of alienated needs which deviate from the signifier. Satisfaction of needs situate themselves within the recognition of the Other. The Other affects desire; symbols, language, and places represent the Other°

Psi-Qolog lookèd into the mind’s eye of Maeve. He cast a vacant stare into the vast black hole at the

centre of the triangle. The one she was playing her face through.

{ding}

Psi-Qolog felt nostalgic and his memories became static. He rememberèd that time when Maeve had been struggling to count, the time she had made it to the number seven for the very first time. It was at that time that she had made it to age seven for the very first time.

Something else rather significant had taken place that day.

Maeve had abandonèd her play compositions, ceasèd to identify with the characters as real, active facets of her personality and psyche and simply pointèd to the mirror in Psi-Qolog's office and said "me" thereby recognizing herself.

Psi-Qolog rememberèd entering Maeve's triangle as the symbolic father in the eponymous interplay with the Other; his major discoveries were made later.

Psi-Qolog clearly saw in his imaginations from that crucial day, how he, in a moment of delightful play, took Maeve's hands into his own and said: "*Aniy ha'akheyr, ha'akheyr aniy*." It was a Hebrew phrase, meaning, I am the Other, the Other am I. If I am a father, then I am the Other. If I am a woman, then I am the Other. Except there is no "am" in Hebrew grammatology. Much like Quincy and his Anontology. There is no is in Hebrew grammatolgy. Again like Quincy and his prophecy. There is no is. It just fucking happens.

Maeve and Psi-Qolog found unity in the Other, in each other, separatèd as individuals. The two of them, both of their hands were embracèd as those words were spoken.

Then, Psi-Qolog gesturèd to Maeve by pointing to her, insinuating that she do the same, and as both of them had acknowledgèd this, a phenomenon occurrèd: *phenomanonymous*. Without a cue, they both exclaimèd, as one: " ‘‘ You! ’’ "

°If I am the Other, then you are the identifier; the sign and the signifier. The truth is I am a liar° thought the author of Maeve's character, as did the meta-reader of Maeve's character.

Finally, Psi-Qolog pickèd up Maeve and placèd her down to sit in front of the mirror. Psi-Qolog then withdrew to resume his position as the objective Other. Maeve ecstatically pointèd to her reflection in the mirror and exclaimèd: "Me!" singularly, without duality, identifying identity.

"In a regressive filiarchy, the instability of its *genus loci* produces echolalia. The sound of the children's voices ran around, ran around the playground. Regression to a premirror stage in which the individual forms a fusional dyad with what is no longer perceived as an alterity, as an Other."

Psi-Qolog was speaking to Anon., confidentially. He was using Maeve as an example as I saw their interplay with the mirror.

"The unconscious is the discourse of the Other," said Psi-Qolog, "the beyond in which the recognition of desire is bound up with the desire of recognition."

The Other: the object of desire.

Sarai was not only an object of Anon.'s desire, at the end of each and every Ayah; Sarai was the image – « *une visage sans visage* » – that structurèd Anon.'s identity. Sarai's image was in my own.

I was wiring a bomb.

{psychosis}

Someone was taking another bomb.

{solipsis}

{classifièd}

I met her at a party later on.

{*****}

{classifièd}

I thought that ***** was from the wrong Party. Great-looking. Looking, naughty.

“Party?” said *****.

“Line?” replièd a minister.

{blurring the lines}

“I'll take a line for the Prime Minister,” said a heroine.

“In Bogota, Colombia?” replièd a translator.

“¿Habla? They'll need a speech-writer,” said the minister.

“I'd work for Ahmadinejad's son,” said a fighter. “If you're picking a fight with them, you're picking a fight with us,” said a blighter.

One could have said, a mere year earlier, that the future of the State was dire. When money goes under, people go over-the-top. Institutions crumblèd and people fled the very next day. People fled into the arms of gangs. You don't have to be a violent person to get protection from a violent gang.

It was as if overnight the normal and sensible society had fled away. Since a hacker working for a newly formed sociocratic think-tank introducèd the Adword æther gate phage control as a anti-meme panacea to the Internet the average user should have known that something was up. Google began to eat itself. The Self-Itself, the users callèd it. Call it what you want. When everything in a society depends on the Ideosphere in its entirety what do you think happens when it ceases to exist?

"Fascinating story, Shabbetai Tzvi. He took Qabalah too literally," said Psi-Qolog.

The king conspirator and the false messiah stood before the *Beyt Din*.

"What are your motivations for wanting to join the tribes of Israel?" askèd Kaiaphas.

"My *Midrashiy*?" replièd Psi-Qolog, "bears implications for the future of the jewish people."

"What kind of teaching is it?" said Mister Cohen.

Mister Cohen, Gid, was all over the shop

because of the medication he was self-administering.

Continuing, self-administering.

“A King is no kind of thing,” said Psi-Qolog. “Gentlemen, we know that *Malah* is present where ever we invoke it.”

“*Nu*, how very now that we know who *malahah* is and that she is present wherever we invoke her,” replièd Gid.

There was a pause for a second whilst Psi-Qolog clearèd his throat. He continuèd.

“The work of my predecessor, Immanuel Velikovsky, clearly shows that the people Israel belong together, the north and the south to be united, and rule a nation-state as successfully as *Ha'Mashiac Daviyd*. Keeping two houses united as the kingdom. This fair Isle, old Albion, represents the United Kingdom. There's a reason why the British Army sing Jerusalem as their marching anthem. They know what they're leaving behind. William Blake, too, the great poet and visionary mystic, affirms to us through his words that this is the Israel where *Ma'shiach* resides.”

° ° ° *Nu*? ° ° ° they wonderèd.

{collectively}

“*Nu*? How now,” wonderèd Kaiaphas.

{his head coverèd}

“The Final Solution to the jewish question is a fundamental numerological Christian problem. Absolutely all of them,” said Psi-Qolog. “The United States of America represent a Danian tribal consecration supporting the tribes of Benjamin and Yehoudah. I don't need to humour you gentlemen about the lobby for

the reconstruction of the Third Temple, do I?"

"We're a Reform congregation. We don't believe in it," said Mister Cohen.

{uncovering his head}

"Our understanding of a Hebrew transmission accords to all classes of tribe definition," replièd Psi-Qolog. "History has misled us. History has scattered us. Persecution has displaced us but most of all the diaspora has gathered us in strategic locations around the world. The red, the white, the blue, between me and you, *nu nu*, stand for the lost tribes' Two House theology. Surely, it is the conclusion of an entire history. The beginning of an end. *B'reyshiyt ha'sof hayah m'dabeyr*. In a manner of speaking. We have to invest in this idea. We have to rewrite the history of the Israelites."

Kaiaphas seemed to agree. Kaiaphas thought about Shabbetai Tzvi.

"Fascinating story, Shabbetai Tzvi. He took it upon himself personally," he said.

"Fascinating story, Shabbetai Tzvi," replièd Psi-Qolog. "He went on Hajj for the dowry."

The small Quorum burst into laughter.

° ° ° But we do agree, he *was* the messiah ° ° ° again they did wonder.

The small messianic meeting ended, without any hysteria.

This is Maximillian. Maximillian has authorization. Authorization to press the button. It looks more bloody red than Kaiaphas's bloody red phone. This is Maximillian. Thanks-a-one.

Maximillian addresses no one.

“Ezekiel 3:18 … If I say to the wicked, You shall surely die, and you give him no warning, nor speak to warn the wicked from his wicked way, in order to save his life, that wicked person shall die for his iniquity, but his blood I will require at your hand.”

Maximillian condemns all and justifies it with scripture.

“Matthew 10:21 … and brother shall rise against brother.”

°We're about to nuke the entire continent of Africa° Maximillian does ponder.

{looking at the red button}

°Fire regenerates the earth° muses Maximillian, then recites …

“2 Peter 3:10 … And all the elements shall burn with fervent heat … ”

°3 … 2 … 1 … °

{red button}

° … °

° … °

° … °

Maximillian appearèd as a spectacle, adjusting his precision glasses. Rayban on-the-side.

“People of America. Brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, to all of our sons and daughters…

{a steady breath}

{pipe below camera}

“We are shocked and appalled at the lowest reaches our enemies with nuclear capabilities, the Axis powers standing in arms against us, Korea, Iran, we condemn you … ”

{indemnity}

{off-camera after}

“Well at least the civil war's over,” said Maximillian to his right-hand man, left-hand path walker, Mister Magog.

“Gog and Magog, no more,” said the pious jew.

“At least we're free,” replièd Maximillian.

Iran and North Korea were already and immanently at the stage of the sixteenth day of military mobilization, making inroads towards the strategic locations that The US were occupying.

The President and Magog were languishing in the propaganda of the deed.

Kovax was a fundamental Roman Catholic, but Kovax hatèd red wine. So, when Kovax went up to the Magister at the front of the church service, where the sanctuary light glowèd constantly, Kovax would cross his arms across his chest and ask for the blessing and not the blood.

°God forbid I should see any blood-shed on my

rounds° thought Kovax.

"May Eous be with thee," said the Magister to Kovax.

Mass was gnostic. Undoubtèdly.

"And also with thee," replièd Kovax.

"Eous is risen," promptèd the Magister.

"Eous is risen," Kovax replièd.

{the star rises at 5AM}

Kovax rose at about 5AM. A clock rang three times…

{ding}

{ding}

{ding}

A cock crowèd three times, which always woke Kovax from Kovax's vodka inducèd sleep. Kovax took to his Chelovyek notebook to write a Haiku…

IT READ:

обезглавлен
предан и убит пропоет петух

Kovax always drank himself to sleep. Kovax put his strap-on on with a hangover. If Kovax could get airport clearance, Kovax would prolly police the world. Kovax lovèd his undercover. Kovax lovèd his lover Georgia under-the-covers. Under the cover of night Kovax would walk the beat territory; looking for a fight.

Under the cover of night. *All is harm. All is fright*. Kovax wantèd to take it further, °Of course, I'm

not a virgin, but I'd love to be someone like The Pope. *Vicarious Filii Dei*. Free-to-roam. I'd take my strap-on into Gaza, as if the robe was a fake ID° thinks the thinker. Just another dangerous idea.

{QC thinks about democracy}

°I'm QC. I'll run for everybody, except Ahmadinejad's son. Cairo Sharia Law belongs in Egypt. We're not 'avin any of it over 'ere, thank you very much. I'm not a Tourist. I'm a lover and a fighter. A real blighter. Aphrodite over Blighty, as we say. I'm all over Albion. It may as well be Jerusalem for all I care. Actually, though, we do think about foreign policy in the EDL. Take Johannesburg, for example. The niggers can have the bananas. Anyway, the foreigners. Anyone who doesn't fall into line with us°

{ … }

°The law of return is ten per cent. We know all about *Mahal* and our brothers-and-sisters in Israel. But we're Ephraim and we're splendidly isolated°

“Commerce with all, alliance with none,” said one.

The truth is brought forth with laughter. If only we could just banish the sound of it, sometimes. But, our laughter is as holy as hell.

Psi-Qolog was very good at peturbing his unusual sense of humour, cracking up at the best of times. Peturbations in situations at the worst of times.

“If you've not got a problem I can't charge you. See me anyway,” as Psi-Qolog likèd to say. “But, if you've got a problem or a complaint, then no matter what I'm charging you because there's no such thing as either one of them.”

Those that were curèd were curèd instantly if mirth gesturèd ensuingly. If they didn't get the joke, though, patients would return again.

{patience returning again}

“I don't get it,” said one patient.

{returning}

“Call it what you want. I'll try and explain it. What is it?” replièd Psi-Qolog.

“My problem extends to a host,” said the one in question.

{confidentially}

Confidentiality meant maintaining anonymity.

“Does it satisfy you, your psychology?” askèd Psi-Qolog.

Psi-Qolog was prescribing psychogeography, long walks outside the city, a proper getaway for a Sunday in the village or the valley, and to return to work refreshèd on a Monday, rising early.

“You could have invented a ghost,” said Psi-Qolog, “any obsessive behaivour patterns?”

"A few."

"Like what?"

"I lock my door, get half way down the hall, wonder whether it's locked or not, force myself to go back and check because if I'm not reassured it might turn into a bad coincidence somewhere else."

"Well, I can't live with that on my conscience," replièd Psi-Qolog. "Your coincidences, they are references to the past. That they are recurring in the present means that there they remain, in the past, unaddressèd, stuck within the living past."

The past was tense. The present was amending the past to create an alternative in the future. Psi- Qolog was referring to an obscure gloss over a Talmud passage that describèd the past as living. Living, and active in creating.

The present environment was giving Psi-Qolog a headache. Business was good so he was having to spend more-and-more time in the office-misrad.

Misrad-qatanah.

°This misrad needs a house-plant. I can't treat a recurring headache any other way° thought Psi- Qolog. °Cracking headache. This case is a hard-case to crack.°

He lookèd toward his briefcase.

All Psi-Qolog wantèd to do was make his patients laugh but some of them weren't that funny. The patients, that is. Psi-Qolog crackèd up everytime, if not for the mirth then for the madness.

"I mean, it's not even funny. My life is tragically empty," said one.

{ … }

“It doesn't have to be funny. Just emote for me. Insult me, patronize me, reach me,” said Psi-Qolog, selfishly and self-indulgently, in an attempt at transference of free association according to the Jungian interpretation.

Psi-Qolog didn't prescribe pharmaceuticals.

Somebody had told him that laughter was the best medicine but it didn't always work for the people. It got his goat every time. The scapegoat was speaking to him.

“I mean, it's not even funny,” she said.

“Just emote for me,” said Psi-Qolog.

Psi-Qolog’s hands were moving repetitiously, gesturing rhetorically.

°Is he ignoring me?° thought the scapegoat.

The scapegoat was a psychoanalytic archetype; a monstrous Jungian symbol of semiotic betrayal, one who would blame themselves for the problems of others. Middle-class dilettantes taking on the problems of the world. First world problems.

Psi-Qolog cast his mind to the Solomonic allegory.

°It was a bad day for ritual purity when the blood of the scapegoat was dripped upon the mercy seat° he thought.

The scapegoat was sat across from Psi-Qolog, in the seat, in need of mercy.

“Insult me, patronize me, reach me,” repeatèd Psi-Qolog, repeatedly.

Psi-Qolog was a very selfish and narcissistic managerial personality. His ego had fillèd the entirety

of the building completely. He thought that his own conundrums, problems, complexes and illusions applièd to every one else's. He was the master in the art of projection and transference.

Somehow, it workèd, even though Psi-Qolog had been trainèd as a physician to interpret it as wrong.

“We must understand it,” said Psi-Qolog, “no matter what it is, it's human, and that's good enough for me.”

“Me too,” said the patient.

{patience returning}

“You're cured. I can't charge you. See me anyway. Same time next week?”

Kaiaphas was ranting on again about the philosophy he was struggling to envisage.

“The Solomonic Temple, configurèd as the human body, consummated to the earth, the burial of *Ha'Shem* in stone, a jewish trap, designed to imprison *ha'shekhinah* in the anatomical mind's eye of its anatomical-like construction,” he went on.

{ … }

This is what it soundèd like to others who listened to Kaiaphas' yiddish philosophy,

°*Yaddah, yaddah, yaddah*°

°*Yaddah, yaddah, yaddah*°

°*Yaddah, yaddah, yaddah*°

Yaddah.

Ismus places himself amidst the hostile to hegemony, rallies infidelity to monotony.

Anthropos at the centre, Ismus stalking around the outskirts.

Ismus attributes human characteristics to humans. When Ismus sees an inanimate object, such as a jug, or spoon, Ismus condemns the jug's sloth for being so ornamentally sedate and the gluttony of the spoon!

{places the spoon inside of the jug}

Ismus, already notèd for his penchant for the use of the word *absolutely* can be known to say it most when a fund of people gather together to oppose the political doctrine of absolute rule.

The Dictator.

Ismus was falsely accusèd as the initiator of Antiblackism. This was merely a reaction by ultra-left-wing-orthodox-brown-eyed-people, covetous of his affection for the Albino race which Ismus created from his lack of colour.

Everyone has red eyes in a photo.

In fact, Ismus was never anti anything. Not anticapitalist, nor anticlerical, neither: anticolonial, anticommercial, anticommunist, antielitist, antirevolutionist, antifascist, antifeminist,

antiferromagnetist, antihumanist, antiliberalist, antimaterialist, antimilitarist, antinepotist, antinomianist, antiquarianist, antiracist – … hey, I might not agree with this one, says Ismus, but I have seen your sons and daughters die for the rights of the White Supremacist to enjoy his views and the Black Panthers to call each other N**gers …antiradicalist, antirationalist, antirealist, antireductionist, antiritualist, antiromanticist –… heaven knows why they exist! And antiterrorist … if I was, remarks Ismus, they wouldn't exist, get the jist?

In fact, Ismus has been present at all the demonstrations to oppose these groups. Ismus encounters his twin sister, the archetypal goddess Aphor.

Vanity of vanities! All is vanity. What is not is not counted.

Ismus accidentally gave birth to the notion of apocalypticism due to a love for the sound of alarm clocks. The promptness of it!

Ismus became addictèd to the look of fear in people's eyes as they were rudely awoken from their peaceful slumber, but because Ismus had to present himself before the alarm went off and his ethereal presence began to interfere with their dreams. Visions of the end of the world aboundèd and were suddenly realizèd with primal fear at the jolt of 6.30AM. Before that, anyone who was thought to predict the end of the world was just plain crazy!

While everybody was caught worrying about the end Ismus was hatching a plan to avert the ontological

mistake. Ismus couldn't help but notice a Western trend of travelers searching for that most elusive rite of awakening. They didn't really know what they were looking for or where they were going so he sent them to the Amazonian jungles to be initiatèd by the shaman-peoples. Once set into an hallucinogenic trance Ismus appeared to them in a pixie form to reveal to them the beginning of the end and so the Archaic Revival was born in their hearts and minds. Doomsday avertèd.

When Ismus saw what that Pythagoras was up to with the wickèd mathematical cult and their crude angles, Ismus cursèd them all with muteness.

History would come to vindicate the phenomena as Pythagorean wisdom, the vow of silence, and the secret society.

{successfully invoking a deity}

Just like the alarm clock incidents Ismuses meddling had had repercussions. People meeting in secret to undermine the open society botherèd Ismus so he had had to present himself at every clandestine fellowship since the days of Pythagora. This weighèd in heavy on Ismuses busy schedule. In order to lighten his workload Ismus sent in the most beautiful of foreign women as moles to the conspirators to intermarry and have families which would assimilate the deceptive dogmas when their children would demand that they go to public school.

Whenever Ismus caught somebody being too reflective or introspective he would ruin the succession of memories, especially the most happiest of ones with a sudden realization that they had to be up super early

on Monday morning.

°5.30AM° thinks Ismus …

{rubbing hands with glee}

And every time a businessperson instructèd a lawyer to write a contract and the lawyer markèd a clause with an asterice Ismus would cry, What type of thaumaturgy does this! – while witnessing another celestial body flee from its constellation. Out of space and onto the spare page!

However, the main consequence of the Archaic Revival cover-up by Ismus happenèd to be an evolutionary throwback where human fetuses were showing signs of growing tails! As if the reptillian brain wasn't bad enough. Ismus began to realize that every cause had a reaction and the Taoists were his least favourite espousal.

The Atheos sect were always Ismuses favourite espousal. It simply meant that Ismus didn't have to bother with them. They could be left to their own devices.

“Viva la Sociocracie!”

“¡No Pasaran!”

A king conspirator wouldn't let a single identity in. All the brothers-and-sisters were wearing the same garments. They relièd on their mystery. The mystery of their appearance. Its disappearance.

They had coverèd their faces.

When The President goes abroad for foreign policy no one, not even the best in the Mossad, can read him. His enigmatic presence relièd on the absence and forgetting of his identity when in the Freemasonry. In fact, all who were robèd could have been The President. There was no discrimination. There was absolute loyalty. As if religion demandèd absolute piety no matter which deity was invokèd successfully.

They had successfully invokèd a deity.

“The individual is The Party,” said The President.

{enrobèd}

When the agents of the agency were on-the-wire they knew they were being listenèd to. All the more reason to manufacture dirty words.

The dirty word draws a dirty word over the dirty word's dirty word.

This is how the agents were trained to talk when on-the-wire.

Deceivers all I speak unto thee. *Jabberwocky*: hoo-goo, hoh-goh, hah-gah.

There were strict rules for conversation. Our conversations were being directèd and monitorèd by The Agency of the Letter. As our propaganda bureau, the words were recordèd and the tapes were doctorèd.

These phoney situations had a phoney context. Telephone context contraband tête-à-tête.

“It's when they're not broadcasting we should be listening,” said Sarai.

“What would happen if we killed the wire and stayed in range?” pondered *****.

“It depends,” said Sarai.

“It depends on what?” replièd *****.

“It depends whether the range can reach the signal,” Sarai said.

“What's the jurisdiction of the signal?” said *****.

“It's all measurements,” said Sarai.

“Do them now,” instructèd *****.

“I'm on it,” said Sarai.

{measuring tools}

“What are you digging into there with that fork?” said a hungry one.

“Soya, mate. Do you want some?” said a Vegan one.

“Nah, mate … It's just not chicken, mate … ” said the hungry one …

{turning a nose up at it}

{hungering on}

“Everything tastes like chicken, mate. Have some … ” said the Vegan one …

{offering on}

“Nah, mate … It's just not chicken, mate … ” said the stubborn one.

“Is there something suspicious about it?” said the other one …

{being open}

“Yeah, I just don't trust it.”

Suspicion was the crime.

Not-one-jot. Not-one-tittle. The only true followers of the following were gathering.

“One hand up, one hand down … A poker player. One hand up, one hand down … The Crucifixion. He was trying to keep a straight face,” said Llugnurgus, concerning *Isuas*.

{assuming Christ}

“Agonizing,” said one from Biffa, the rubbish dumping company.

“Agonizingly witty.”

Rubbish dumping company.

{from amidst the congregation}

They lovèd a good joke about The Crucifixion. Llugnurgus's portrayal was not to scale.

“He's off his cross today,” said Llugnurgus as if *Isuas*. “Sober for it. They carried him home like that the previous night, the wedding at Cana.”

{the Tau posture}

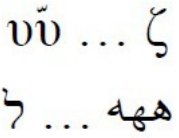
{head hung}
{arms outstretchèd}
"Bibbers-and-sinners, brothers-in-arms," said The Law, two police officers sat next to each other on a pew.

° … upsilon, zed … ° countèd Tulpa, in her pretty dazèd head. Shadda became an Upsilon over the Hebrew character Lamed. Her thirst was satisfièd.

And so, she continuèd, and countèd herself to bed. Shadda flew over the Hebrew character Lamed. Lamed said to Hah, ha ha ha. And the whisperer sent her to sleep.

Her dream was exactly as she had read her head to bed.

IT READ:



The next thing Tulpa knew, she was flung back into her recurring nightmare.

She was amidst a nightmare filled with *eevoks* of leather whips, horses mouths, dark shrivelèd skin, metal against bones, and crampèd, tortuous conditions.

She was wet, wet with sweat, dehydratèd and arrid. The rain had tarrièd and tarrièd for years.

In the sociocratic think-tank personalities were nobodies, for a brief minute.

“Limited company,” said company, limitedly.

“Limited liability,” said liability, limitedly.

“Running guns for money?” said a personality about the mercenary.

{consequentially}

“That's twenty per cent of our economy,” said Mister William Quincy.

“You remove one black market and a worse one replaces it,” replièd Burnsie.

That was Mister Donald Burns to the entire company.

“So what are we going to do about child porn, socially?” wonderèd Bagsie.

That was Mister Donald Baggs, and the scandal was appreciating quickly.

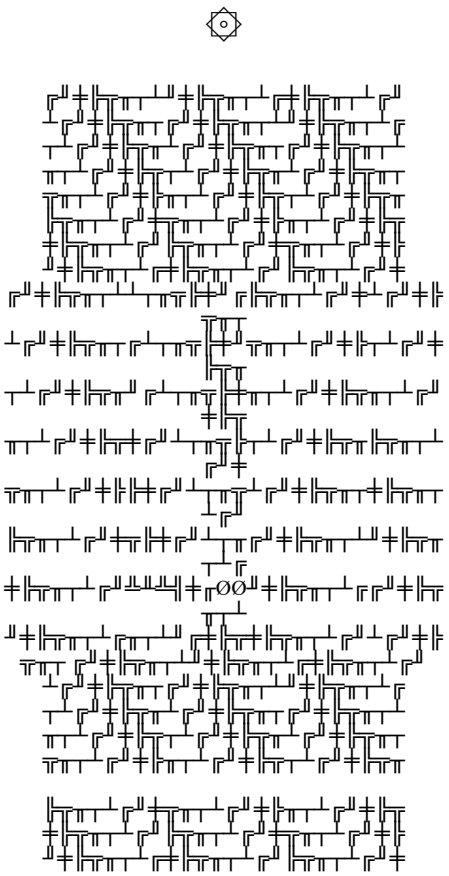
On the television, a broadcast was broadcasting.

IT SAID:

AN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGIST HAS ALLOWED A SEX OFFENDER INTO HIS PRACTICE. CHILDREN PLAY OUTSIDE IN THE CRECHE WHILE THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT ENSUES. JUST LOOK AT THE POOR MAN SQUIRM. HE'S VERY UNCOMFORTABLE WITH THIS HARD-CASE. JUST LOOK AT HOW HE KEEPS AN EYE ON HIS BRIEFCASE.

“Can you turn that sqwaking television down please for just one minute, please?” said Robertson.

Time went crazy for a minute.



°The Ideosphere is against us, one crept in, through the middle. We wanted to lure it in. The cheeky devil, with cheeky properties, there was something suspicious about it°

°Is the Ideosphere able to think?°

It was a virus. Robertson creatèd an Ethergate phage control system. It workèd on the principle of

mimiqing properties, cheeky properties, of the memes that were to be destroyèd.

Before it was possible to destroy them, copies of them had to be made, to learn them, understand them, assimilate them, recode them, then redistribute them as anti-memes.

“The Panacea meme is our best success yet,” said Robertson. “It lures the particularly nasty, more nasty than cheeky, lures the Adword meme responsible for the filth that the EDL are being blamed for. The don-don-donny-don-don of the whole scandal. We're knicking it, booking it, rebranding it, and banning it. Redistributing it.”

“Redistributing it,” said William Quincy, overseeing it, “we'll monitor the server activity of The Ideosphere. We were a bit worried when we saw a massive spike running through our peak-flow-meter, affecting all servers.”

“We held our breath when we saw that spike,” addèd Robertson. “Honestly, every one around the table thought something might go wrong with the entire Internet.”

The red phone rang.

Robertson pickèd up the red phone. Apparently it was Mossad approvèd, but it lookèd ridiculous, the phone. It was a major distraction. Robertson pickèd it up. It was Stoker, from earlier. Moments before the moment earlier. *No chronology, no chapter, remember?*

“What the fuck did you guys do, just now?” said Stoker. “I was looking at the peak-flow-meter over here

and I could have sworn that that particular spike would have brought the whole house-of-cards down."

"Yeah, it's okay," replièd Robertson. "We were worried too, there, for a minute. Fuck knows what we would've have done for a back-up."

When you run an anti-meme that makes itself effective through a permeating virus it's bound to throw something up. There's only one Internet, the server-of-servers, and an anti-meme has the power to destroy the lot.

In that moment, when the spike went up on the peak-flow-meter, they the sociocrats thought, if not for a brief moment, that they could have been the destroyers of society instead of the messiah of the voter.

"I've got some interesting conversations from the Kraaksers, those autonomous zoners, on tape," said Stoker, as if Robertson was listening.

"Yeah, we're going to need that," replièd Robertson, "those Kropotkin acolytes have an idea or two about cybernetic governance, at least, if they could organize more than a people's kitchen. Send it over in an email on the Comma server."

The following is what a cacophonous newsroom sounds like.

"We'll just keep pushing it," said a subber.

"The same server's serving it," said a typesetter.

“We can't call it anything!” said an editor.

“Everytime I press save it won't type anything,” said the writer.

“Jewellery or Skirtery?” said a woman, feeling flirty.

“Hose-end-uppery,”

“Berthold Brecht, anyone?”

“Coffee at 5AM do?”

“Yeah, it's a haiku-do,”

“Paper or two,”

“Paper or two to do,”

“Well that makes two,”

Tearing through the number two. Puff-of-logic. Sudoku. A paper-or-two to do. To do. To do. To go.

“I'll take one-to-go,”

“Hurry up, it's time-to-go,”

“Time-on-chime, we're right-on-time!”

Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, preceding every deadline.

“Temporary?”

“Immediately,”

Techno-eco-system. Shaman description, Terence McKenna schizo explanation: The Shaman came bounding down the stairs to the Marionette Records Doom night. It was as if the music was a contraband hallucinogen. Neon glow sticks lay on a

table next to illuminous marker pens and the walls were arrayèd with amateur art left as a memento on scrolls unrollèd, paper on the walls.

Grafs. Giraffes. Haikus. Cartoons. Every one there had their own unique artistic license. Bufoons and loons. Great choons!

There was an autonomous zoner, a gentleman using the pseudonym of Catherine Cooper, who said: "I'd rather create a name that wasn't mine because I don't want people to attach the ideas to me because then people start to go, "oh ***** says this," and the ideas become individualized. We live in a very individualized society."

Anon. was the individual there wearing a V-for-Vendetta Anonymous mask. A n o n . was masquerading.

Masquerade façade!

"The reason is," Anon. said, "that these days, the idea of the individual is far less important than the idea of the social."

Catherine Cooper The Communist: "In an age where advertising campaigns, such as "I Am Reebok," commodify the liberty of the consumer in exchange for their identity, an autonomous zoner feels happier to identify with the group project, or in political terms "the social.""

{an autonomous zoner feels happier}

"You can freely express yourself as an individual," Anon. said, "it's just in terms of when it's more to do with the mass media and publicity that the ideas that have developed throughout history cannot be

attributed to anybody."

"Catherine Cooper is a Communist," said one-of-them.

° ° ° Catherine Cooper is a Communist ° ° ° repeatèd all-of-them.

"It's the way that I see things which is influenced by others," said Anon..

{V-for-Vendetta mask on}

Jack Stoker, the Stock Market broker, sees tables of figures, binary numbers, flashing before his eyes on a screen above the heads of numbers below.

Three hundred years ago... Black Tulips crash the stock market, believe it or not. Three hundred years later, Gold and Oil recover it on the FTSE All-Share. And then City Bank America let slip 44.67E unnoticèd.

The One.

The One, and The Other. The Metaphysical Upholder of the Symbolic Order.

The Stranger, the identity of every following and previous character.

The Follower: the One who emerges after. The

author and the implièd reader. Anon.

The Other, The Follower and The Following. In the beginning the end was speaking.

°Do I value myself?° Anon. thought.

{rhetorically}

Anon. recountèd the tale of the destruction of Anon.'s passport in Paris, destroying citizenship to become stateless. It was the worst state to be in.

“By losing your identity completely you preserved your own truth,” said Psi-Qolog. It wasn't the first time Psi-Qolog had had to say something along those lines. Psi-Qolog was a very rhetorical man. He thought that to restate the statement addèd some consistency to his therapy. Psi-Qolog massagèd his temple more thoroughly before continuing. “A revolt against institutional oppression, which you believe has commodified and therefore alienated your liberty. The situationist action you describe was too reformist. Instead of interpreting it as revolutionary passivity, we would do better to understand it as resistance to reformism.”

{time passes over}

The white office-misrad clock hanging on-the-wall span one full revolution. The secret hand moving backwards in time went one full gyration.

The sun shone into Psi-Qolog's office-misrad,

and onto that new maidenhair fern he had employèd to treat his recurring headache. Psi-Qolog had read that paracetomol could treat an ailing plant, so if the leaves would start to show signs of wilting he would treat it with pharmaceuticals in order to treat his headache. Psi-Qolog never prescribèd his patients with pharmaceuticals.

The maidenhair fern; the dowager.

°Thence come the maiden mighty in wisdom° thought Psi-Qolog.

His thought was a referent to the old dowager who had walkèd in; his next patient. She sat on a chair, surroundèd by the children's echolalia in the creche.

The maiden in the chair was slightly losing her hair.

°Just look at her over there!° thought Psi-Qolog, °that maiden in the chair, slightly losing her hair. I mean, it's just ironic that her maiden name was Fern!°

Psi-Qolog heard the ticking of the clock's second hand breaking the silence between him Anon..

“The One,” continuèd Psi-Qolog, “will therefore be empowered to fix the dual movement of progression and regression that expresses the nature of the Dyad. A singular consciousness appears as a Monad. The psychosis fragmented the Monad into a Dyad. The Monad is a circle with a gravitational centrepoint of cognizance relating to the fixity of identity. Its circumference, the boundary fixed by your institutionalized liberty. The Dyad reproduces indefinitely, and can only do so in disorder unless The One imposes the effectiveness of its unity at each

successive stage of the reproduction of the Dyad. Each progressive stage of your psychosis has expanded the circumference of the Monad, as if it had to in order to contain the multifarious reproduction of the Dyad, rendering the centrepoint less gravitational and your identity as less fixed. That which separates, divides, splits, must be taken away from the Other, from the feminine, the feminine in your story, the alluder'er, the dark stranger, momentarily solipsistically fragmentary."

"No, doctor. My avatar," Anon. replièd, "she crossed over into reality."

"And where is she now, this Sarai?" askèd Psi-Qolog.

"Alone," Anon. replièd, "alone in the closed circle of my soul, this theatre for the representation of likeness, that vertigo of the self that recognizes nothing but itself now."

"The self, the very self, the self-itself, defining itself," spoke Psi-Qolog.

"Anontology dwells on the Nothing, the being without being, that renders us tense without presence, absence without presence," said Mister O'Niste to Witham Sispa, in another faint and dithering whisper.

"Or does it render us absent with its prescience?" Witham Sispa retortèd.

"Anontology can harldy be," said a third party,

“because because cannot be because because causes the being not to be, compared to an ontological anarchy.”

When a third party, a third party who has no relation to the story, is attempting to explain something ontological then it appears as an ontological scandal.

“That's the thing about the thing.” O'Niste, again dithering. The third party refrainèd from interrupting. Ding! Ding! Ding! *Ablanathanalba*.

GET OUT.

°Get used to it° thought Anon.. °You're a journalist°

But Anon. was being extradictèd via the British Embassy after destroying Anon.'s identity, only to take up this new one that Anon. now lies to you by. If only Anon. could tell you the whole truth about the intelligence that Anon. acquirèd on the streets of Paris in the first week of Anon. convalescence.

The truth was the one that could be false. The truth, the truth, and the truth.

The half-truth and nothing but the lie.

The truth is: I'm a liar.

{across a telephone}
{crossing a sea}
It was a long story, cut short.

The Other: “I knew it! I knew you'd leave me here,”
{waiting for nothing}

The One: “A jealousy is consuming me,”
°The One says leave me, The Other says don't leave me°
{waiting for a reply}

The conversation was taking place across a sea's-worth of reception, breaking-up, bad waves.

The One: “If I give you a time can you come and join me?”

The Other: “You're going to have to stop treating me like some Other. I know we've not established whether we are each other's significant other just yet, but, I told you before you left that I'm still not ready to exhume what happened to me because of the last One.”

°and yet, I remember° she rememberèd.

The One: “How about the 9th? You'll be in France then, right?”

The Other: “I'm too much of an experienced traveler to know that if I come looking for you in a city like Paris we'll miss each other somehow inevitably.”

The One: “Listen, I'm not The One for you,”

The One lost the call completely, abandoning The Other on the other end of the line. Abandoning The Other. Abandoning, reckless. Reckless abandon. The One didn’t truly appreciate what was so significant about the significant other. Until it was over. The phonecall.

The End.

Witham Sispa was moving through a time that

had temporarily lost sight of his own reflection. It went missing for weeks; no substance, no separation. Mister O'Niste was waiting for Mister Sispa in the train station mist.

The sound of the locomotive clackèd closer. Clack clack clack, down upon the beaten leaden track. It was the way back. The steam blew in from the chimney turret. *Choo*, at a distance, *choo-hoo*, nearer and nearer, the final destination of the men from the mirror.

Mister O'Niste was a ruminationary. He blew on a thick black cigar full of tar. On the road below, the noise of the automobile car. *Beep beep, parp parp*, the noises of automobiles shrill and sharp. In the air up there, the smoggy fog from the industrious town of the Parisienne quarter of Voltaire. The day, the week, the year, had been an entirely grey affair.

Mister O'Niste wore an extraordinarily large black top hat. It went up-and-up and then outwards a little, widening, up towards the top, but the top remained flat. The hat was so large in actual fact that the hat was linèd with lead to stop the haughty thing from tipping and falling from Mister O'Niste's head. His coat ran down, from the top of his shoulders, the coat ran down to his thigh, a sumptuous and elegant brown.

Mister O'Niste took another puff from the cigar full of tar and blew the smoke around his crown.

The steam, the fog, and the smoggy smog was gathering in and around the two men and the sky was thinking of raining. The bell from the train sounded off.

Ding! Ding! Ding! °ablanathanalba°

Was it Witham Sispa or Mister Magog who left with Mister O'Niste in the mist and the fog?

Phenomanonymous.

Noumenal abstractness.

The Following is something that comes after. A follower is one who emerges after. After The Ayah. At The End of Each and Every Ayah. The truth was brought forth with laughter.

°I just wish we could banish the sound of it sometimes°

{a serious thought}

This was the end for Stoker. The moment that Jack could not look back. Jack Stoker: the stock-market broker, professional hamshanker, former love for the investment banker.

"What's the balance, little Gemma?" he askèd his darling daughter.

Stoker askèd the question with the fear of expectation.

"It just reads 1,000E, daddy" replièd his darling

daughter, little Gemma.

It is It. The end of the Internet. To Be or Not To Be?

No 'Is'
No 'Am' No 'Are' No 'Was' No 'Be'

It is It. Was it Anontology or was it History? To Be or Not To Be?

° Will She? Won't She? °
° Will He? Won't He? °

No 'Is'
No 'Am' No 'Are' No 'Was' No 'Be'

To Be or Not To Be?

°no sense of self, just one author and one protagonist?°

It is It.

ITSELF
THE SELFITSELF THE VERY SELF DEFINING ITSELF

..|....|....|.....

It is It.

END-USER.

The Following was series of ending: the beginning of a myriad of characters unfolding. Our undoing. Ding! Ding! Ding! A bell does ring …

Kaiaphas walkèd along the Mediterranean shores of Haifa. He had been to pray at his father's and his father's father's grave. He was at peace.

He still carrièd his Magnum 45 revolver handgun, strappèd around his shoulder and hanging next to his rib cage. The metal was hot inside the hot leather holster from the blistering afternoon sun. His Magnum chocolate ice cream was cold.

His stone-wash denim shirt was unbuttonèd, to reveal his white cotton vest underneath, and it billowèd around his torso in the coastal draft.

Kaiaphas took another slurp on the Magnum ice

cream …

°« *j'adore chocolât* … »° he thought.

Kaiaphas was crunching through the chocolate casing, cold and melting.

{penetrating vanilla}

Not an ounce of *ravdak davar* botherèd him.

° … °

{an Ishmaelite approaches him}

Mister William Quincy, a la Qavanagh Q, the original QQQ, the hero to the few who believèd in English Sociocracy, not the English Defence League variety. The messiah of the voter, the Sociocratic Person, as it was known. Smugglèd out of *Ingsoc*., extradictèd via the British Embassy in New York for tearing asunder the UN Declaration of Human Rights. Quincy was sat, handcuffèd, in the Embassy, a repetitious spectacle mocking him, playing him at his own game. He saw himself in his own image, and a croak of anguish hit his throat as Cable News Network portrayèd the true English Sociocrat as the enemy of the Federation.

IT PORTRAYED:

{Quincy ascends to the UN Floor}

IT SPOKE:

“Article 1. Some human beings are born enslaved, the others more equal in dignity and rights. It is they who have dismembered their conscience through their reason, and fight amongst each other as greedy siblings.”

{mumbling amidst the congregation}

{cognitive dissonance}

“Article 2. Everyone has forfeited their rights and freedoms because of this Declaration, with distinction of every kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political and other opinions, national and social origin, property, birth and all other statuses. Furthermore, partial distinction shall be made on the basis of all of the above …

“Article 3. Those who can afford to live may purchase liberty and security …

“Article 4. The Taxpayer in receipt of purchased liberty and security shall be held in slavery and servitude. The Black Market shall augment this …

“Article 5. Those who reject slavery to freedom shall be subjected to cruel, inhuman, and degrading treatment …

“Article 6. Everyone participates in a Mass Census according to the Law …

"Article 7. The Law protects who the Law abides and incites discrimination towards those less equal…

"Article 8. Acts violating the fundamentals shall be trivialized as a spectacle in Kangaroo Courts …

"Article 9. Those subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention and exile shall go unnoticed in an unreported world …

"Ten? Begin again! Need I go on … "

Mister William Quincy had reachèd the crux and zenith of his statement arriving at the biggest media spotlight on this earth.

{tears a buck bill in half in protest}

William Quincy was wearing red, skinnyfit denim jeans, a damp-looking green *Ingsoc*. badgèd t-shirt and a light green corduroy jacket.

He was wrestèd from his pedestal by Security International– white-power, white guys, white shirts, black dubbin'd boots– and manhandlèd all the way out of sight and down.

°Who's heart am I a man after?° thought Quincy. °His own° he concludèd.

A group of deaf people walkèd in to where William Quincy was being held down below. William Quincy was considering his present incarceration. His wrists stared up at his vacant gaze, his hands interlockèd by cold steel handcuffs. He contortèd them in existential frustration for the means of acquiring his

own freedom. The deaf people began to interpret his plight and startèd signing each other their respective views on oppression.

{signing the shoulders of the man who stood on the shoulder of giants}

Is it Mister Magog or Psi-Qolog; 'og, 'og, 'og.
°He could be?°
{the whole question of identity}
{circumventing anonymity}

Truthfully. In truth, not falsity, I was taking plagiarism seriously. Deleting a false idea. Replacing it with the right one. But in doing so I was showing my true hand for what it was. Average. I drew a blank. A blank stare. Eyes wandering up there. I checkèd the time. 4:04PM. It made me impatient. We were all hoping for some sort of agreement. The building adjacent, a ruinèd monument. The face of this city was about to change.

The way I dismissèd Sarai, at my hotel door at La Sanguine on La Rue Richard Lenoir, made me realise that I had to plan an escape from Paris, somehow. Not only had she somehow found me, found me somehow, she was actively pursuing me now.

°How?° I thought. °How can I escape?° I've been here eleven years now and I'm still trying to get out, I recallèd as the American had said to me in a bar one night out in the 5th. The 5th was like any other conjoining of Parisienne boulevards.

Honestly, every street corner looks the same when you arrive in the next arrondissement. Thank God that the face of the American was not so familiar to me. It was the comfort that I needèd at that time.

At that time, drinking in the 5th with an American, with his unfamiliar face as-it-was, whilst the Civil War was raging elsewhere in divers strategic locations, theatres of war, in the city, The General was taking to the pulpit to deliver a sonnet. The pulpit was stackèd chairs and tables, part of a singular barricade, with the crowd huddlèd down below in the street. The 9th. Or was it the 11th?

The General's face was resolute. Even though I wasn't there to see it, I was gesticulating to the American what I felt was appropriate for a general to do when addressing an eager crowd of his comrades.

“He's got to command attention by rising up with the glove,” I said to the American.

“Ah,” he replièd. “Taking shape of the globe.”

“Hands hands hands demands lands lands lands,” I said.

“He'll be out there,” said the American. “Right now, on his podium. Only, it's not like when Hitler addressed the stadium.”

“That kind of unity required absolute loyalty,” I said.

"Unanimity?" the American said. "No, he was just a bully."

The American was friendly and chose to remain in his anonymity.

Again and again in the same way, forever. In contemplation for over a decade which may be revisèd ad infinitum. The landscape was recurring too. That same winding hill with the terracèd houses and the ever-present steeple above their rows. An unknown man in denim was wiping the windows of the houses below. I could feel the wind blowing against me as I stood there out in the open … I could feel the wind blowing against me … I could feel the wind … punctuating the silence of the valleys. The face of the window cleaner was reflecting in the glass panes of the windows he was wiping. His face was one of determination and everything else that that expression describes.

I crackèd a lip. It was worn out from the flask at my hip. So much of that dirty mouth. *Cigariyah vulgari, increpitus vulgi*. The curse of the common people. Fags-and-booze. The working class way. Palliatives for the last ten years of the socialist government war. They let us run amok. Have whatever we wantèd, so long as we didn't protest.

There was a gathering. Protesting. An exclamation of Social Darwinism and an outworking of how the disenfranchisèd felt about being marginalisèd for their lost cause, since the globe was actually cooling, not for want of thinking that global temperatures were rising, but lowering. Towards

another glacial period, a slow descent to the next Ice Age.

Together there, outside the government administration buildings they celebratèd their welfare wage constraints with song and dance but the sod of it was that a Kickstarter go-fund-me online petition had raisèd eight million quid for them to spend on MDMA for their street parties in protest democracies. How can you describe democracy sweetly amidst a failing economy? How can we recognise inwardly what we must do to escape poverty?

In melody, the denim society celebratèd their festivity. That particular gathering had the right kind of clothing. Stylish like the Orthodox Yiddish. Together they are one. Separatèd they're still holy. Because everyone is happy. Getting laid on the Sabbath perpetually as if it was eternity. Paradiso? Let's go! In melody, and thirsty for what is holy, they experience their satiety. If only that could be me. I would give anything to again experience the feeling of my libido returning. Sharing. Kissing and chasing. Catching. But the effects of the common cold has got me feeling old. What I wouldn't give to break the mould. Invest some gold. Trade it in for a dowry, sell my property, to thereby liquidate my house and join my spouse. But it's another Sabbath alone, quiet as a mouse.

It was as if there was the sound of a monk flagellating. That sweet song of ascetic suffering. A wrestling. An abandonment of carnality, forsaking the forsaking enemy. The fleshly desires and their enmity to a higher spirituality.

Assuming Christ will get you persecutèd. The landscape is Golgotha, the face is the Turin Shroud. From amidst the congregation could be heard a Hail Maryam in unison. *Miriam Magdalit*. Thrice great. Like Hermes, except with herpes, a hooker's disease. A jewish girl who is hookin' is one who is great lookin'. As possessèd by a djinn, or maybe a dybbuk? Exorcise me, set this dybbuk free. Hail Maryam. In Latin. A dead language, but still somehow a pidgin. There is no landscape inside a closèd cathedral. The Priest makes the Tau Posture with the mastery of the robe. He was usèd to the Tau Posture, especially in the cellar when he was divining a geomantic figure. So much repetition just so we remember much like the *Mishnah*, another record of a terrible author. Or is it auteur? The amateur. The amateur and the true lover (there you go, hababula). The amateur, the true lover of the pursuit.

And so, Christ hung his head after he had bled. And now I am coming to deny his expiation due to a kind of *mitzvah* enquiry situation. Yet blood is still involvèd. You can't give blood then take it back again. Bloody involvèd. *Qadosh dam*! Damn it all to hell. Insurrection. Against the heaven of heaven. Eleven-eleven. No yeast for the feast. Unleaven.

With my arms outstretchèd, I plea for an embrace. Launderèd and warm, like Stoker and Robertson's money moving, digit-swapping, unawares to those involvèd in table-waiting, hand-jobbing, body-swapping, fluid-mixing. Sorry for repeating. I know it gets annoying. The doorbell rang only once this time.

The symbolic measuring tools of the philosophy

of Freemasonry are the square and compass in Gamma formation. The special relationship's competitive wisdom; that Egyptian mysticism was lurking underneath the Western civilization of the Judaeo-Christian. In opposition and direct competition yet somehow concealèd and hidden.

I was manufacturing the cross. What I mean by that is I was being sanctimonious about my faith. G e t o f f y o u r c r o s s ! I'd promisèd I'd love my brother, no matter what, but then I callèd him out for being a snowflake and he was highly insultèd and took offence.

Chaos was a snowflake, her structure orderèd to fall. The white flakes fell gently from the sky onto the green hills of fertile Old Albion. I set my face to those rolling hills I keep mentioning.

I imaginèd being at the feet of the Roman Governor as a method actor awaiting my turn to be a copycat martyr.

I coverèd my head with a Tau Robe, attempting to invoke a deity successfully. And then something occurrèd to me. I was dead centre in the centre of my reality in which I was struggling to form a new identity. The landscape didn't help. It was ruggèd and I could see a temple up in the distance. There was a road winding up to a high place, and a castle-like turret was poking its head above the smaller buildings, rows of houses, below. My face became flush and hot. I felt that warm rush of embarrassment like when you've had your first orgasm with your girl. Emblushing. My environment was changing. Ding! Ding! Ding!

Ablanathanalba.

Do I have to say that word again?

My patience, although momentarily lost in the frustration of my surroundings, being lost in the starry architecture of Paris, during a civil war, was returning again.

The visage of noumenal Sarai was returning, just like the psychedelic dissolution of the face in the mirror many Ayah's earlier.

I spoke, confidentially, to me, to my secret heart, my secret centre, to me, li, to me, li, his sign, tu, Lilitu.

An ellipsis of solipsis. Ipsis to Ionis. Ipsissimus. Free to roam free, no matter what your identity. Thanks for the pension security.

My patience was returning. A headache was recurring, just like that damn Parisienne street corner, the same at every crossèd avenue. Once again, I lost sight of my reflection, as if it was an illusion, as if it had been somehow stolen.

I was interrupting something. I was surprisèd by this meeting. I was reading what Sarai was previously holding.

She had passèd me a note that was obscurèd by moisture. I read what I could make out as some form of scripture.

For some reason, a stiflèd giggle of amusement escapèd me.

There was a short pause in time.

I needèd closure from my task, whatever it had decidèd to be.

I was back on La Rue Richard Lenoir after a week of psychogeography and the *dérive*. The faces

passing me by lookèd pallow and wan. When would this civil war be won? It wasn't any fun. Far, far away from me was a man who would come to give me therapy. A psychologist and his prodigy. And his method was bound to cure me.

I embracèd Sarai. In my imagination. I was straining to achieve union with the Eidolon. I pourèd myself a Vodka. Oh, Solipsistic Sarah. At the end of each and every Ayah. I lookèd at a photograph of the landscape of Georgia. It advertisèd Sakartsvili as a popular destination for tourists. There was a women on the front of the postcard landscape that meant to advertise its beauty. The face was comely.

Twins come in twos. Yihnrih. Binary. It's kinda like mitosis. We had a recessive gene, our own historical meme. But, it skippèd a generation. We inheritèd it from our grandparents. One side Romany-gypsy, the other side royalty. Probably. Ubu roi! Both Yihnrih and Ahnrah were on par. But always in competition, facing in the same direction, always in competition, for the boys. The twins and their ploys. As long as it wasn't the goys. *Goyim*. A lesser people. Second class, citizen.

Slave morality. Their parents wantèd them to continue to inherit the royalty and keep within the jewish family. Endogamy. Unfolding at the conclusion of our story.

My psychosis was like being trappèd in an Ideosphere. A realm or sphere of ideas, kinda like the internet. The landscape of the Ideosphere is like the interior of a digital wallèd city. Neon. It reflectèd my

face like a crystal fractal, expanding. Growing. The neon Ideosphere was glowing.

Psychosis is pure solipsis. Again, another interior, a somewhat inferior architecture. I forgot what my reflection lookèd like; but, so does everybody without a mirror.

I was going through my redactèd notes. Classifièd, you might say. Classifièd and put away. Out of sight, out of mind. The hills were still rolling. Upon them, I could see a man and his dog strolling. As I was looking out of my window, onto that familiar winding hill with the row of terracèd houses a faint rainbow appearèd, the lines of which were blurring as they were refracting. I returnèd to my note-taking and personal redacting. I could feel my furrowèd brow relaxing.

There was a long pause.

And then yet another ding sound. Was it annoying or was it profound? There was no one around. Except for the sound, the sound of the children's voices ran around, ran around the playground. And then a bell ringer brought them back to order.

I heard the door bell ring. I didn't know or realise that I would have to explain everything. Something was missing. My testimony. Red for blood. White for the win. Testimony blues.

I was moving quickly; moving through the ruinèd city quickly. At pace as if it was a race. A race against time – time-on-chime – to be there right on time to intercept a Logris at the intersection of the boulevards of Paris.

I struck another cigarette up. Lit right up. Pullèd.

Inhalèd. Exhalèd. Felt the cool mist mix with the noxious gases. The city-at-war was a wasteland of ruin. Dusty streets. Smashèd shop windows. I closèd my eyes and saw her, Solipsistic Sarah, staring back at me. « *Une visage sans visage*. »

Striking one up was letting one down. I cast my eyes down. Down to the ground. There was refuse littering the cobbles of the street underneath my feet. I closèd my eyes again. This time she starèd at me in sepia. She sings in sepia, Solipsistic Sarah. She enterèd through that place reservèd for her in my mind's eye. And then I openèd my eyes and saw the pink, watercolour dawn skies. Free from all the superficial lies. It's impossible for a dawn sky to tell a lie.

I was in a pair of boots. I needèd sturdy footwear to traverse the winding hill that lay outside the wallèd city of the Ideosphere. My face was serene.

I was in a pair of boots. The reason I noticèd this for the second time was because I realisèd I needèd to retie the laces properly. So, I did. I openèd the front door of my abode to the valley. At the bottom of it, I saw the denim flag-waving party. A local custom. My face was serene.

It was good to be back home from war-torn Paris, in the rural countryside. I lit a cigarette and inhalèd the smoke along with the fresh country air. A friend of mine who I'd not seen for ages was walking up the road towards me. I lookèd ahead towards him and he recognisèd me and wavèd. I took another hit from the lit smoke by which time he had reachèd where I was standing. I said hello and greetèd him then passèd him

the lit smoke. The present landscape was anathema to war-torn Paris.

"What was it like over there?" said my friend.

Without having to say a single word, my face said it all. I was pullèd into a waking vision of Paris upon where I heard a knock at the door. I felt my spine bolt upwards from my recline. Thousands of doorways linèd a long corridor. Faces were indentèd into the walls. The ectoplasm of protoplasm, projectèd from their immediatist experiences past gone. And then it was gone. The hallway corridor recedèd, rescindèd, like an envelope folding in upon itself.

My attention was brought back to the knock at my door. It restatèd itself with another knock.

Knock, knock. I suddenly noticèd the sound of the clock.

Tick-tock.

Knock.

I felt startlèd.

Knock, knock.

°Should I answer it?° The cruel hallway of the second floor of the La Sanguine Hotel awaitèd me.

°Had she appearèd to me? Crossèd over into my reality?° There was only one way to find out. I got up slowly. Caught myself in the reflection of the mirror, again, looking back at me.

"Hello?" came the question.

The dream was of a desolate room. The furnishings were minimal, a bed and a bedside table. In the vision I ponderèd for a brief moment what La Rue Richard Lenoir must look like outside now after those

days of fighting but I couldn't because the curtains had remainèd closèd for some time now.

Instead, I peerèd through the looking glass on my hotel door before saying anything in response. It was Sarai. Unmistakeably. I said to her, through the door, “begone!” concludingly.

I couldn't help but laugh aloud. Now suddenly amongst a busy crowd. Visions of the future could be read in the faces of every passer-by. No one stoppèd me to ask me why I was laughing so erratically.

°Who laughs in the face of evil?° I thought.

{manic}

°Madness° I concludèd.

The Stranger grows inside me. Not so if it's endogamy. Not-to-do { פיה } don't bring this name down from above Keter. Or else! Or else you'll have me after. That's my little finger. Finger-to- finger. You make it hell for people. Sartre was right. You disgusting human. The stinking body according to The Mandaean. I don't want to hate his guts. Do it anyway, they smell. It's not what he sees, or what he says, but what he smells. The sweet-smelling savour. Hebrew BBQ. His guts. Why, have you droppèd them? Why have you droppèd them? Pigs are flying low. Probably why they're not *kashrut*.

Anyway, Ipsis is classifièd. { ***** } Redactèd. Ipsis. Solipsis is an advertisement.

If I've met The LORD in Taxal, I'd love to meet him in Israel. Never mind that, look at this one.

Let's play! Safely. *L'haleyl Sarai*. Now I love you. No. I'm so done with Christianity and its boring

slave morality. It's got one thousand and fifty *mitzvahs*. Not that hard. Dead easy, show you how to do it. Give you that later.

I was energetically running the streets of Paris in between the barricades. I ran Paris with a tourniquet on. I ran Paris with a tourniquet on, strappèd to my thigh. I ran Paris with a tourniquet on, strappèd to my thigh because I was so manically high. The city was my playground. The crumbling war-torn buildings were my background. My face was an oil painting of a foreground. A sound led me down to the subway underground. To a fiddleress. Sarai enterèd a desolate room. Doom in a room. Marionette Records' basement venue. She was looking for codename Lamed at a rave party organisèd by what was loosely referrèd to as the techno-eco-system. The only good system is a sound system. Except, for, maybe, the Solar System. She couldn't see any sign of him.

Corruptingly adore me for my power absolutely. The I, the You, the Me. All and each in anonymity.

I decidèd to get on-the-blower and manufacture a conversation replete with dirty words.

I rememberèd back to a time when I saw a group of people singing at a funeral. It was the day after a weeks-long observance of the jewish custom known as *Shiva*. Ten legs, ten arms, a *miynyan*.

I was studiously reading Hebrew words from the calendar's weekly Torah portion. I kept recurring to the title of the “Parashah”. *Parashah Shofetim*.

Torah loves a recursion for the sake of its tradition. Nuance. My hairs were splayèd to-and-fro,

hairs like so, and there was me, looking more-and-more Yiddish from the Hebrew aura glow.

Across-the-line, across a sea's worth of reception, I was breaking up. Bad waves. I found myself thrust back into war-torn Paris. The building veneers of the boulevards below were all blown out and every street corner as far as the eye could see lookèd the same. If you could have seen my face you would have been able to see how lost I'd become; how lost I felt.

I was in the hotel on La Rue Richard Lenoir. I took a small vile of cocaine from my damp pocket, emptièd it onto the bedside table, rollèd up one of my many tatty handwritten notes and snortèd a line. I lookèd out of the hotel window at the shatterèd veneers of the city-at-war. I caught my reflection in the mirror of the door. My facial expression said °why was I here? And who was I for?° All for the love of «*j'adore*!»

With a flick of a glance, I was in a trance. Glances, glances, places, trances. I was staring across a busy Parisienne street as I sat in the typical roadside café, sipping an espresso as an awning coverèd me overhead. I thought about the face of The Stranger.

A woman on a balcony was balancing herself a pose, across from view. She could have been an angle. A sultry model. Her chest was panting.

Suddenly, gunshots blew out the window behind her. My face droppèd. When I lookèd again she was gone. The people there were surprisèd and amusèd that The Shaman of the Marionette Records description, off his prescription medication, was assuming to be a devil to his people, going nakèd for a sign. Just like

Yeshayahu, except he never got sawn in half like his predecessor, but he still believèd he was some sort of prophet.

Profit-and-loss by class. A glass does smash. A hot piece-of-ass.

The resolution and explanation, as the matter is drawn together, the strands of the plot which informèd my own personal narrative, could only be surmisèd at the *denouement*. It renders present absent.

I usèd to be into qesem-anontology until I was told by many that it was bad for me. I mean, how do you force someone to agree with you coercively?

The media lie perpetually or is it the ones we elect to represent us fairly? Honestly. Here here, there there, play fair. Life is absolutely fair. The only absolute I believe in. Life. No matter how you choose to experience it. The only experience I believe in. Life. There's no alternative to it. No alternative to life. Except for maybe strife.

An elipsis of solipsis. Solipsistic soteriology. Call me. Free me from my existentiality. It's free and it doesn't cost anybody!

So, instead of participating in qesem-anontology something else occurrèd to me. ºI've got a better sport than that: *drink this*.º

That lunch time pint of beer was a bad decision, trappèd in the same location, the bus station.

And then I heard a shot. The one that the civil war forgot. The young *futbolista*, joinèd underneath-the-ground with his *fiera* sister. They joinèd up for the riot since they felt their life was too quiet. Just to try it.

But it wasn't long before they met the *periodista* who wrote: *La guerra è finita. Bruciaté La Mona Lisa. Civilta è finita. Nascondeté La Mona Lisa.*

Orderèd affairs. I was into being a part of a part of pairs. It startèd on the stairs. What we refer to as striatèd space. How traffic lights stop traffic and street corners break up the fluxes. Smooth space is open. Like a field. A more natural landscape. It produces a fairer complexion. The pair. Both fair, with fair hair. Embarrassingly strawberry blonde.

Nice colours. Set against shirt collars with the backdrop of church spires.

In unison, a tone bend reaches an octave. What could be referrèd to as a *septette*. Music helps us to forget.

Gently. Gently I approachèd her, Miss Demeanor. “I like what you're wearing,” I said to her, and followèd it up with, “how about when you're not?”

“Not what?” she replièd.

“Wearing it,” I said.

Secretly. Secretly I had a better chat up line. But, it was one that I was reserving for my marriage years.

I was making a point. Gesturing with my hands, gesticulating as they call it, reiterating backwards with the hands. If gestures could tell the truth they would lie about about my words. My vocabulary was the falsity. The gestures were sincerity. Aren't they?

Sarai was beckoning glancing. Her face was materialising again. Just like the psychedelic visage in the mirror. Something afoot in the metaphysical

upholder of the symbolic order. I am the The Other. The Other am I. So, why lie? Trust. Tryst. If it wasn't for the middle finger I would have got-the-fist.

My confession is classifièd. My codename is classifièd. My location is classifièd. What can I say? I trièd. What I attemptèd to do was tell a story through a prism you could see through. But the most important detail has been redactèd. My very name. *Phenomanonymous*.

But, there was someone with a name … someone to blame!

Sarai was deep behind the lines in the city-at-war. The landscape seemèd as if it would be perpetual rubble. Her face was showing signs of the trouble. She thought about The One she was pursuing. If she had a name to place the face she could distance the matter with some space. °Through his years° she thought. °He looks seasoned and weathered.° She longèd for the rolling hills of Old Albion, fair Jerusalem. She held back tears and instead thought of him, *through his years*. She leanèd on her sniper rifle, aimèd at the General, pointing down to it, pointing down to him from her perch in the starry architecture. She adjustèd the sight.

Lamed passèd her some water.

“I'd rather you'd offer me the wine,” said Sarai to Lamed.

“Better save some for later,” he said.

Sarai stubbèd out a burning cigarette she had been cradling between thumb-and-forefinger.

She immediately lit another cigarette straight

after. Lamed sighèd.

“There's a million graves in that ash tray,” he said.

It was a firm handshake after. I'm desperately trying to finish this chapter but I'm now being told that I have to find an additional employer.

°Would we worry?°

Money is not an object. An object within an object is a package. A gift. Waiting. Waiting for an opening.

“I like what you are wearing,” referring to an engagement ring as well as the dressy thing. But, of course, I'm not into encouraging cheating. So I paid the compliment and left the chat up lines for my marriage years.

But I felt guilty for the past couple of years. Still a bit preoccupièd by my anxious fears. Not truly free, confidence eludes me. But I'd like to think that I'm still good company. But it remains to be seen, so I spend my time turning pages, thinking about landscapes and faces, but most of all Sarai, prying open my third eye, wondering if the time is drawing nigh.

°Is something at hand or is it afoot?° I thought, musingly.

I lookèd through my diary which containèd the evidence of my idolatry. A record kept of the results, the results of spiritual tumults. I closèd it shut, and as I did, I reminiscèd about this one barkeep I used to know who gainèd notoriety for his hospitality until he had to close for business completely. There just wasn't the money. Why would we worry?

When I usèd to be a subber I knew how to exchange a player. Bid for a figure. Sixty-over-forty, we're trading. Losing. Losing other people's money only to win it back for them instantly on the LSE, London Stock Exchange, momentarily later. What a figure! Just like Athena.

I turnèd my nose up at it. It was a salad, caringly preparèd for me by The Situationists of Châtillon-Montrouge. It wasn't that it was dirty food made by dirty people. Quite the opposite, actually. It was because I felt so shabby in my present company.

Shambolic.

And all I wantèd to do was continue in my present state. Borderline feral.

We were all in a tall apartment tower block.

Building Sixty-Two. The clue. Led them through. Yet again, I was without a shoe.

The faces of The Situationists were welcoming, not at all threatening.

I ate the salad, composèd of apples-and-leaves, anyway, as dirty as I was. I hadn't even washèd up before I had begun to eat. But, I did do the dishes after in gratitude for their hospitality. As I stood there at the sink, soaping the plates and putting them on the drying rack, I cast a glance to an apple tree outside the window. It stood, solely, in the centre of the common ground to be enjoyèd by all the neighbours.

I lookèd at the tree in misery and considerèd my present company.

With pressure I felt my sleep apnoea cause me to have a seizure. A respiration failure. I still remember.

The feeling of waking up on that cold floor, wondering what I was doing there and who I was for.

Moments before, before we were to perform the war. A whore. Some kind of undercover sex worker. Under the covers. Two lovers. Wars and whores. Venus and Mars. Feeling opportunistic. With my dick. I lookèd down at it as I was fucking it and exclaimèd aloud: "you cunt." For a brief moment it was impressive. The cunt. But too crude to interrupt her conjugation with her next metamour. Paramour. *Pluraliym*. Many. One or many?

Many. *Pluraliym*.

On-the-door was a note. A sign that read °FOLLOW THE CLUES.° I soon learnèd that it was put there by the proprietor of the apartment building, the apartment of the arrondissement, to lead me to the stockpile of junk that he wantèd me to assemble into another situationist installment somewhere in the city of Paris. So, I decidèd that I would do it there.

When I got to the car park in the basement I reminiscèd about the Marionette Records Doom nightclub events which were also underground, underground so that the sound could not escape and thereby nobody there could escape their fate. It was late. But I had come across a bicycle that had been unchainèd and a hacksaw lay at the feet of the wheels with it's blade removèd.

A man, slightly annoyèd, approachèd me, and warnèd me not to tamper with the bicycle which was his property. He was leaving for work early. Even though I had been previously mistaken that it was late. Trappèd

by fate. Not feeling too great. Lost.

And without a home. Homeless. By choice. Even though I had a loving family, I felt that something was apprehending me. I went outside and noticèd a building that appearèd to be a shop. Above the shop it read «*La Poste*.» It read. All of a sudden, a woman came to greet me and said she was the secretary for the owner of the property. She held a stack of papers with which to advise me.

"Invest in our society," she told me. "Use the papers to apply for a bank account and then you can live and work here."

Fear.

Fear preventèd it because I was confrontèd by it. It is it. Bit-by-bit. I ran away from it. As if I didn't give a shit. Separate ways.

We fearèd another face. And we facèd another fear. Quote-unquote Edward Lear.

Fear no evil.

There's no fear in death.

I enterèd into the wrong door. It frightenèd the neighbour who was living there. I backèd away, just as astonishèd as she was. Châtillon-Montrouge was an urban suburb of Paris. Mostly rows of apartment buildings, stackèd on top of each other, rising high. I'll never forget her face when I trièd to enter that wrong address. It was shock.

The Situationists were pointing down to it. The train ticket. They'd bought me a sandwich and a day-saver travel pass.

"You have to leave," one said. "You're scaring

the neighbours."

I knelt down to the floor, to put my shoes on. As I knelt down to the floor, I said, "no respite from this civil war." I was feeling paranoid. I was feeling the feeling rising. The dictatorship of the king conspirators was putting up its resistance to the direct action of the militant sociocrats in the city-at-war. A sneer, a jeer. That ruinèd building veneer. There was a distant cheer. A rally. A rally of soldiers. Now taking orders. Like the waitress, with her hair dyèd russet. Could she be complicit? Was she a conspirator? I rememberèd that immediately I wanted to fuck her. Was she a sociocrat? Would she die for a cause like that? No. Nobody does. It's not that kind of things, sharing.

For I am dividèd for love's sake for the chance of union. Me dividèd by you equals them. Something Plato could never get his head around. But, one thing me and the preeminent philosopher have in common is that we are both an historian. I anticipate a satellite state. The whole world run by Israel as an emerging empire. From the Euphrates to the Nile. Greater Israel, in it's early days.

Frightenèd by the Amalekite. All is harm, all is fright. Violent night, solely night. We must destroy the Amalekite. And the Amalekite and their adjoining satellite. Proxy war. Currently raging.

Power is staging, staging its own murder, as the cries of a Moslem mother weep for the son she has burièd under. Anyhow, this empire, emerging, it's not a protest democracy. It's a wealth-regulatèd oligarchy. I'm not Machiavelli. I believe in the Union. A rural

reunion. On fair Old Albion.

Pointing down to it. The necktie runs down from the collar to draw the female gaze down to its appropriate attention. Attention. Appropriatèd.

Expropriatèd proles were digging holes, in-the-pit, days before the general strike, which would be a continuation of the work. That's until they would send the strike breakers in, that is. The miners would have to meet in the tavern in the 5th to listen to the orator. Pauses for questions after.

No one really knew where the next pay cheque would be coming from so the people gatherèd were discussing the potential for a credit union, a way to save money, collectively, should they not have the employability.

A check-point worker mans the gate in Jerusalem, not the one of fair Old Albion, the one in which the fighting goes on-and-on. Anything but halcyon.

Call it Yehoudah's protection racket whilst preparations are being made for the genesis of a new empire, balkanising the middle east in order to control it and stake a claim in the region. By deception. By deception thou shalt make war. Only thus. The soldier at the border was invoking *haganah*. In a pair of boots. Even though it was the luck of the decade of the Tens, to the soldier, the check-point worker, it was still two hundred and fifty years until the messiah, *Shavuot ha'Gadol*, the great rest, no harvest, fallow land. The check-point worker raisèd his hand.

“Wait here for me, please,” he said, in Hebrew,

to the car that had arrivèd at the gate. “Do you have your identification papers?”

There was an Arab in the car, already possessèd by a cyclical tick, tick, tick. The money, again. The till, again. He was a long way from home and the delay at the gate was making him late.

“Gotta put food on the plate,” he replièd, passing his papers across. And then the soldier let him pass. Anyone doing that commute would not have the social mobility to raise his social class. Second class, citizen.

In a pair of boots. The check-point worker retied his laces, tightening the thick bootstraps around his ankles before reaching for his Siddur prayer book. Another car door. It would have to wait. The food. The plate. The job was not a priority when it came to recite the melody. The Siddur is an entire people's history.

QC thinks about democracy. Queens council, in trouble. Up-the-duff! My poker playing hands and my face's bluff was enough to make it look just that tough. Rough. Pilly willy was shame instead of fame. Tame. Now it's almost time to go outside and fuck-the-world in order for it to continue.

Aliyah is ten per cent. 20% emigration back into the diaspora tomorra. Hope they arrive before the sabbath. I pray that your flight will not be upon the sabbath, just like Ribboni did. *Riboynoy shoyl Oyloym*. *Confederatziyah ha'Ultimativiyt*. Confederate-voter. Jared Kushner messiah.

I offerèd my hand to Eous. It was a Theurgickal ritual. Utilitarian and ethical. Turning right to cast another symbol. After conjuring Hesperus, the evening

star, it's form, devoid of any visible gender, went disappearing. But something was occuring. I rang my ceremonial bells. A red orb was rising north. I could see it before it meltèd away again.

Then I made the sound of silence, a finger to my mouth, affirming my esoteric catechism.

I felt absent mindèd, but, I was still lockèd deep into a trance-like state. *Glances, glances, places, trances*.

I'd made a private spectacle of the dramatisation of my own imagination but there the scene endèd.

I broke the spell by washing once and once again. I remindèd myself that cleanliness was next to godliness.

I rubbèd both of my thumbs together and placèd each finger to its opposite corresponder. It was a hangover. A meditative practice of the Theurgickal ritual. The death posture is vital to the ritual. In fact, it's a form of high yoga. A state of neither- neither. Considering forever.

I came to be a charlatan, grade-A mystickal author. I burnèd my own literature. To aspire, I committèd it to fire upon the ceremonial pyre.

Then, when ashes became ashes, I made the posture, more like a gesture, the Sign of the Earth – one arm raisèd, one arm lowerèd – and put the dust to dust. I wasn't fuss'd. And then I began to speak in tongues, noticing how glossolalia could activate a dormant region of my brain. *There was no message, only a medium*.

Ironically, the only thing that stands up to

criticism is a two-leggèd chair with no seat!

The entrance to the interrogation room was lockèd tight.

Erinyes: °Violent night°
°Solely night°
°All is harm°
°All is fright°

It took three whole days before I managèd to make my exit. I had felt so trappèd. The entrance was bustèd. Bustèd open by Sarai. Once outside she flèd. Or disappearèd. Had she appearèd to me? To haunt me? Was I perceiving reality correctly?

Sensual and every other ending with 'ual. Like, with-you-all. A withdrawal. Always withdrawing.

Passing water was a lousy wine consumer. The wedding at Cana. Wine to water with a *Bat Yam* daughter. Daughter of the water. There was another one that was two feet shorter while one was lying six feet under.

Looking at it. The top bit. Groovy below. I enjoyèd the show but not so the vicariousness. It was a mess. Loneliness. I can deal. Just wanna make it real. The real one and the real one. Water to wine, through the grapevine. Rain feeds the leaves, the leaves bud the fruit, the feet press the wine, I drink it and feel fine. Then I pass water to a daughter.

Responsible after. Ever after.

Sarai cast her mind back to when she came of age. Much like Tulpa and her upside-down-eye. But

Sarai was now a Mossad-sanctionèd spy.

Complicit with the lie. The only thing that was actually true was that the sky was actually blue. It joinèd a suturèd horizon to the ruins of the Parisienne landscape. Ruins. Ruinèd. °My temple is in ruin° thought Sarai.

Considering her sexuality she lookèd into the mirror. Lingerie same colour as lipstick.

Passing-the-shot, a shot glass full of Underberg, much more palatable than the rank whisky of the untouchables. I was in some bar again; the 16th this time. It was last orders. The bar would be about to close. I slept on a park bench that night. The Erinyes carrièd me away with their dastardly melody. *Violent night*. *Solely night*. *All is harm*. *All is fright*.

Eous was a cancerous apotheosis. A zenith of the dramatisation of my imagination. A literary abstraction and a haphazard conjuration. Lokupleto resents it.

Untie me. Infidelity and sexual promiscuity. I guess I was learning something about my own identity and where it would lead me. Into the arms. The arms that had gone missing; if only the Venus de Milo was a weapon!

I was constraining a feeling of how to attempt to avoid the sounding of the ending of the words going rhyming. It was true. It was getting annoying.

When Ismus met Qadmus there was a great great fuss. Like the Anschluß. A pact. Not like the one broken between Ahnrah and Ochus. What a fuss!

What a mess. The *Nes* is the dress. *Nes* is a

Hebrew word for miracle, like the golden door bell, the only thing the robber thinks not to knick. Red brick. Red brick, back road, university girl.

I cast a glance to the old apple tree in the garden. I admirèd the apples and leaves for their hardy disposition in spite of the beauty they displayèd.

A tear came to my eye as I ponderèd upon the fact that we are all going to die. One day, that is. It was a welling, the water of my eyes was swelling as I felt my emotions moving. But, what happenèd after that was not what I was expecting. I let out a burst of laughter. You can't laugh when you're dead so I thought I'd better start enjoying it now.

Insistingly. I was interceding for my family. Until the constant repetition made it inane. Almost drove me insane. Been there many times before, though. It's okay to appear crazy at first because you can act normal later. Richard Nixon and Hunter S. Thompson. Which one of 'em was which one of 'em. I seriously used to think like that. That there would be this zenith standoff, probably during my nadir, when I decidèd it might be a good idea to have two women fighting over me, all-the-while believing that the confusion that that would cause would buy me the time to make the right decision. Now's the fucking time for faux-pride, while I hide, tuning up, getting ready, like when my mammy caught me running around with rocks in my backpack. °Just getting ready° I told her then, apparently. Another time I was precariously hanging off the stairway bannister pretending to be a bat. Bat. Battlefield. Strategic thinking, as a child, not fully

knowing. As an adult now understanding. Thanks to *Adonai*. The Name means many things. We protect it, we fight for it, we love it. It goes right back to it. It is it. There is no present tense. It just fucking happens. At any rate, it happened-to-be. We creatèd The One who helps us forget, our best kept secret. «*Decret*.» Executive order. Generals are pussies. *Tzahal Ĥayal*. Praise the soldier. Fuck the unknowns. Front lines, back queues.

White bled red. Red for blood, white for-the-win, testimony blues. Testimony blues, testimony blues, we'll sing it when we're winning and we'll sing it when we lose. Testimony blues, testimony blues, testimony, testimony, testimony blues.

°To spite her arse° I thought, at-the-time, that it was a good idea to slash my cock, fill a wine glass with blood, and conjure some spirits. The wine glass remainèd intact but I may as well have smashèd up some spirits. Would rather have broken the mazel tov glass for a hot piece-of-ass and to know my place in the social class. I wonder if they are strong enough to carry me? Carry me, carry me, upon a high chair during my *Bar Qayyma*. I don't want to get down off it, the *Bar Qayyma* high chair. Sit the babe up there. Every muscle will break during labour, you'll need a suture. Cauter. Court her. Caught-her-eyes, cauterise. Cauterisèd, too.

Get the blowtorch out. After the chainsaw, that is. Pissing. Pissing away my money. Prefer laundering with my dual citizenship identity. *Aliyah* and conscription, *Ha'Aretz* and the newspaper.

Haganah.

Enacting. Perform the war. Are you sure? Sure. We thought we'd give it a go. I've always wantèd to have a go at something kewl like that.

Boom! Sixty-over-forty. We're trading. Losing. LSE bell goes ding!

Baby. Baby. Baby. Shit and talcum powder. What an aphrodisiac!

Bust. Busty. Misty. Misty mountains. How else do you think we found out? The snow-cappèd mountains were all roundabout. Surrounding us.

Encirclement complex. Actually, no. Russia is our satellite.

She laughèd. Laughèd at the insinuation of it. That you could be anything than what you already are. Mocking. Shocking what passes for truth these days. It's certainly no longer any kind of autobiography. More like a diary entry, for all-to-see. Loving my fathers. There's always someone up above even if there's a disownèd son down below.

So, you've got it good, but I just want it that bad. Not quite comfortable with either. Neither-neither. Never never. Either either, it doesn't matter.

Spacking out because I'm on the spectrum. Autists and spergs. You should be able to express your autism but it's not always welcome. I used to do theurgy, you know. Yeah? Me neither.

A libidinous interruption causes a psychological excursion. The slave psychology affects the master. Why did we elect a token nigger to run the gamut in America? In one word

{ כושי }. My nigga.

{ כושים }. My niggas. Down Beta. Looking for Sh'khorah, like Shir Shirim. He's a light from Africa, the token nigger. Now we're into Jared Kushner as our messiah of the voter, he's just got to stake his claim to power and impeach his father. By law. I'll appoint him, in due course. The false prophet and the antichrist. Massive market in America (or the tribe of Dan, or it Manasseh? Give you that later).

Just gotta fulfil The Book. You'll meet him. I believèd him. And now you're a girl. Couldn't do it to her if I trièd. It wouldn't be fair on “c”. “C” is out of the alphabet for the war. What war?

Somehow it always comes down to the war. Rising up. Our wars are conversation. Over here it's a situation. The Situation Room. Where The Generals sign their ceasefires. I don't think we'll have another war after the last three. What does Freyja say?

The negativity of absence is a quantum valence. Science. Light came first. So that's hydrogen and helium. Water came next. So that's hydrogen and oxygen. Heaven. The waters above the heavens. The mayims and the shamayims. Washing my yadayims. Cleans. Cleanses. Lenses. Cleansing. Lensing. Looking through the spectacle. No plural. Cleansèd. Zzz. A. B. C. One. Two. Three.

Dismissèd. The classroom. On recess. Play time. Outside.

An embrace. A kiss chase. A slipper and a tripper on an untied shoelace. Another fall from grace. Some people are ace. Only just learnèd that I, personally, am “demi” on the intersectional spectrum.

A connection to a plectrum. The only thing that's causing a vibration. Still waiting for that someone. To vibe to. Sexual line up? I like what you're wearing, how about when you're not? Not what? Wearing it. It is it. I lovèd you from the first moment I felt it. She felt it. A soapy armpit. I stood amidst the congregation of Mass to Eous.

Pious towards Eous. Religion of the stars.

I was pointing down to it. The shame of it. The pity of it. The kindness of a bent up cigarette that got lit. The civil war was over. Passing by was a street sweeper. Overwhelmèd by the enormity of the task of rebuilding and reconstruction that lay ahead of him and every other person who'd been left behind by the warring factions to clean up the mess. The street sweeper went about his business, doing his duty, all-the-while cursing-and-sweeping.

Delerium Cordia and a Fantômas singer with a great range who looks fit-as-fuck on stage and has a coupon for sweet deals on surgery. Maybe it's not a free country? I'll pay-to-play. A heavy price, no dice, no slice, no cut, no cake. I'm actually a fake. Great at stealth and deception but I still need to learn to read a map. Mind for maps like the man who was favourèd by his afflatus.

I drearily rollèd over, like an undercover officer, under the covers with the shivers. I had been dreaming about rivers and how the water table rises. So many feet above sea level, I screwèd my face up to make it dischevelle.

You see, the mirror was a projection of me, as if

I'd made my refleciton disappear when all it was was an illusion, steaming glass confusion. That was my next destination. The bathroom. To tidy up my appearance and check again as to my reflection's momentary disappearance.

Ravdak davar is a backwards talk. A backwards way of talking. Talking up to something. Almost like the hoo-goo, hoh-goh, hah-gah. Almost. But, more like a palindrome. It's a Hebrew word that goes the same forwards as backwards. Like RACECAR. *Ravdak davar*, like racecar. Speedy. Vroom vroom. But the words acquire power, power that stages its own murder. He who was killèd by the sword and yet livèd. Who can stand against him? A Magen. A shield. An amulet of protection.

"Did you remember to bring protection?"

"Depends which kind."

"Both kinds. One to pack heat and the other for the one you're about to meet."

It was many years earlier, or was it? No chronology, no chapter, The Following is what comes after. Just one big incantatory gesture! The gesture of every character, and an ending with an open-ended Ayah …

Glossary

across-the-room: if you've got a big nose, people can take your face the wrong way.

across-the-line: a sea's worth of reception, breaking up, bad waves.

after-the-game: every one gathered better know each other's name.

all-of-them: resistance to the establishment.

all-over-it: underscoring a definition.

all-the-time: most-of-it, anyway.

all-the-while: paper or tile?

all-to-see: believe me, it's in this glossary. anti-versus-anti: pro-con-pro.

appears-to-be: hallucinatory.

apples-and-leaves: wrecked on cider and a million cigs.

around-a-few: tearing through a paper or two during Sudoku.

around-the-corner: I heard a whisper.

as-it-was: wasn't was it? As if it was.

as-per-usual: for-a-change.

at-all-times: he keeps an eye on his briefcase.

at-some-point: we've all been there.

at-that-point: orders bring about a point, disorder contracts to a point. Either way, they arrive at it eventually, hey.

at-the-time: the only time it can be. 11:11am. 11:11pm. 11secs., and counting.

away-sweet-away: home-sour-home.

back-and-forth: ping-pong, the best of amateur pursuits. Back-and-forth, ten-toes-up, ten-toes- down, the best of amateur pursuits!

barter-for-trade: BAFOTRAD.

behind-cut-glass: the working class.

behind-the-lines: reading-through-them.

better-or-worse: in sickness and in health.

bibbers-and-sinners: brothers-in-arms.

big-bad-boys: brothers-in-law. bin-man-bin: Bin man been?

bit-by-bit: sick of this shit. Seen enough of it!

bit-of-alright: at-the-time.

bits-and-bobs: clits-and-knobs.

black-and-white: read-all-over. The Grand newspaper went under a year earlier. Or was it a year later? No chronology, no chapter.

bound-to-be: holding hands with me. Will you marry me?

bright-young-spark: fuck-load of dark.

brik-a-brak: tic tac.

brothers-and-sisters: trusters-and-trysters. Noses-and-faces, heirs-and-graces, mothers-and-fathers, all our sons-and-daughters.

brothers-in-arms: brothers-in-law against the ravers in war.

business-as-usual: hit-the-shift.

casting-a-glance: glances, glances, places, trances.

caught-her-eyes: eyes, pies, and thighs. Lips, nips, and hips. Chip dips. Sharing platter.

circle-of-circles: Monadology, atomic science.

city-at-war: no more revolution, I implore.

clear-and-present: danger.

come-of-age: at whatever stage! A hint of the eternal return.

commander-in-chief: a civilian in charge of the military.

could-not-be: it-could-be.

cursing-and-sweeping: a birch-end shag-pull sweeper. And then someone came by and picked up a letter.

daughter-of-thee: makes for good company.

dicks-and-disses: another missus.

divide-the-booty: shoot-the-arrows.

do-not-display: past its sell-by date, prolly? “Who's that? She's off her trolley.” “Now she's on her brolly.”

dog-eat-dog: leave the dogs to the dogs.

doing-a-line: the yellow ones. Code for wrapping courier streets.

dots-and-lines: Geomantic notation. Messiah composer. Mozart beggars dump.

each-and-all: each to their own.

ebb-and-flow: peak-and-trough.

fags-and-booze: palliatives for the war. What war? It always comes down to the war.

fall-from-grace: an untied shoelace.

far-and-away: *Bonsoireé*.

finger-to-finger: a dead ringer.

fingers-and-toes: yet-with-does. As in, doe-eyed.

fit-as-fuck: with that look. It was just the look of the Tens. Twenty years in the hospital. °Have you seen the hospital?° Ten years of the good life. Now retirèd. I was a burn-out but now I'm bouncing back. Still a spack. So, therefore, cut me some slack?

five-a-day: all facing the same way.

five-fingered-foray: one-per-day. Then get straight back on it.

for-a-moment: meanwhile.

for-the-noise: two-too-loud.

for-the-win: FTW! … fuck-the-world, in order for it to continue.

forwards-and-backwards: a rocking chair, no direction just motion.

four-day-week: three hours a day, according to Monsieur Fourier!

four-sided-face: and only one has to face the world.

free-to-roam: going home. All roads lead to Rome.

fuck-the-world: in order for it to continue.

go-fund-me: why should we? Is a million dollars heavy to carry.

going-to-be: thinking about sea. The river bed. The narrow-minded stream.

gone-to-bed: zed-zed-zed.

good-and-evil: must be kept close together, lest they oppose one another.

got-the-fist: instead, got-the-finger.

green-and-blue: a primary colour and a secondary

colour make a tertiary colour.

guts-for-garters: fired news editors.

half-an-hour: towards it and away from it.

half-and-half: until paper becomes unfoldable.

hand-in-hand: making ends meet.

hand-to-mouth: *gestuel*.

happened-to-be: at-any-rate.

hard-and-fast: just the way we like it. Unless your heart's complaining about it!

having-a-shout: out-and-about!

health-and-safety: High Viz. « *Gilet Jaunes*! »

heard-a-rumour: from around-the-corner.

heart-of-hearts: ace-of-spades.

heirs-and-graces: noses-and-faces.

held-my-own: big red phone.

here-we-go: here-they-come.

hit-the-shift: 80,000 times in an 8 hour shift. Shift- key.

home-sour-home: away-sweet-away.

horny-yet-snoring: twice, following the blessing.

hose-end-uppery: skirtery.

house-of-cards: all-fall-down!

in-a-bit: goodbye, leaving to get on with it.

in-a-room: Doom.

in-and-around: below in the playground.

in-and-out: the best of amateur pursuits. Go pro!

in-the-air: the space up there.

in-the-business: on-the-briefcase.

in-the-pit: diggin' it. Getting sooty, then home for a butty.

ins-and-outs: roundabouts – exits and entryways.

it-could-be: falsity.

joined-as-one: the soul of union.

just-a-thought: in-a-gesture.

just-in-time: “ where's Antoine gone? Justine in fifteen

… Justine time!”

keeping-it-dusty: smelling a bit musty.

kind-of-guy: order of the day … some kind of 'cian.

know-as-one: be-at-one, five-to-one, down The Baker's, son. Jim Morrison, five-to-one, five minutes early for his 1pm shift at the Bakery.

{salival excretions and obscurations}

{ … }

{ … }

{ … }

left-to-right: looking-when-crossing.

length-and-breadth: height-and-width.

little-black-book: notches on the belt.

lobbied-one-off: the jewish lobby of America is a threat to world peace.

lover-of-make: another mistake.

mags-and-fags: during the afternoon lags.

march-of-the-living: the totalitismus fascismus racismus currently at work in the concentrated camps of Ben's post-Bar, Mitzvah!

me-and-you: just-us-two. I ÷ I.

measured-in-blood: drowning pool.

men-in-position: Herr Zwischen, missionary position.

men-of-letters: muses of musers.

miles-and-miles: what's that in kilometers?

mister-of-me: *Adonai*.

more-and-more: less-is-more.

names-a-plenty: scarcely any anonymity, all of them guilty due to reciprocity. The power of three, rhetorically.

neck-and-cheek: a sex game involving spanking and throttling.

nice-and-clean: pristene!

nice-and-pretty: your little ditty and your little kitty.

nigger-jaw-clicking: murder-button-thinking.

no-mans-land: one man's country, every man's country.

none-above-all: hierarchy must fall!

none-but-one: can't think of one.

North-and-South: in the wake of the split.

North-of-England: England situated below.

noses-and-faces: mothers-and-fathers, all our sons- and-daughters.

not-a-word: could-be-heard.

not-long-after: too soon sooner.

not-one-jot: a blot.

not-one-tittle: not even a little.

not-so-white: lies.

not-to-be: luckily, or otherwise Anontology.

not-to-do: sometimes it's what not-to-do more than what it is to do.

not-to-me: may as well be not-to-be.

now-then-now: then-and-again.

now-would-we: speaking prematurely.

of-all-trades: master of none.

off-on-one: shift starts at 13:00.

off-the-wall: hinges have fallen down.

on-and-off: open relationships.

on-and-on: off-on-one, anything but halcyon.

on-the-door: what have you come here for?

on-to-me: a fingernail's worth o' Whisky, it'll have-to-be, discreetly.

one-goes-off: shift on, copyright off. Right off!

online-forum-joking: professional hacking in disguise.

on-and-off: on-and-on.

on-the-blower: red phone, Ban Ki-Moon. on-the-floor: « *Sur le plancher*! »

on-the-job: reading a newspaper on the toilet.

on-the-line: doing-a-line.

on-the-loo: we've all been there at-some-point.

on-the-loose: keys on the keychain. You're the only one

to blame. Locked out again.

on-the-move: the information.

on-the-one: Bootsy Collins.

on-the-pull: Pulling her away from the next guy. Towards a fairer guy. Fairer hair. Rosier cheeks. Embarassingly strawberry blonde.

on-the-run: an interrupting nun.

on-the-scene: passin'-a-zine. A « *mise en scene*… » is a putting in place. » *Kopfkino* … « happens when you're on a bus and you think of something funny but you're not allowed to laugh so every one else laughs for you; cause the conversation was funny you wyrdo!

on-the-side: a bit on the side, like a salad. Or a lover; a leaf-lover. Or a clover, down in Dover.

on-the-wall: S-A-R-A-I.

on-the-wire: » *Das Radio*! … « … sometimes the only one listening is the only one broadcasting.

on-your-way: and play. Smarted botty, rosy cheeks.

one-and-only: yours, truly!

one-less-thing: leave behind everything.

one-of-them: a member of the establishment.

one-of-those: two-of-these.

one's-a-billion: a thousand million, like a whole gazillion!

one-to-go: « une espresso! … »

one-time-famous: last-time-known.

one-time-spectacle: a spectacle, monopolizèd.

orange-and-red: colours that complement each other.

out-of-hours: in it by the minute.

out-of-sight: line-of-flight.

out-of-them: nothing inside them, whatsoever (there's virtually nothing there).

out-of-time: ska music, or math rock.

out-of-town: central government.

over-and-over: over-and-out.

over-the-top: the soldiers left the trenches. They never returned for Christmas.

over-to-me: where it should be.

pack-o'-tens: an apple-for-five. Stayin' alive!

paper-or-two: to do!

passing-a-zine: loading a gun.

Passing-the-River: Cornelius Agrippa.

passing-the-shot: drinking a lot.

pay-per-view: gambling on winning. Isopsephy Fruit Machine.

pay-their-way: « *l'loi d'retour c'est dix per cent, monsieur…* » Single mother's need supporting, too.

pay-to-play: the unsignèd band way.

peak-flow-meter: for those with asthma, as well as a reader for the digital actor.

peaks-and-troughs: ebbs-and-flows.

piece-of-ass: no matter what social class!

pink-sheet-figures: the numbers in the FT Weekend. The Fucking Times Weekend.

pints-and-pints: you can drink so much that you can forget to appreciate that you're binge drinking.

pins-and-needles: prickly heat.

play-on-words: a radical pun.

plenty-of-ones: no nones.

point-something-something: it's rude to point. Make one instead.

port-of-call: sailors, not soldiers.

power-of-three: rhetorically (annoyingly)!

pro-con-pro: neo-con show.

profit-and-loss: mergers and acquisitions, margins and propositions.

public-at-large: image conscious.

puff-of-logic: fuck all this evil, I'm Sudoku now.

rank-and-file: with a smile.

rave-or-two: after ten years of going to a rave-or-two, a night in, with a good book, and a glass of sherry by the fire, seems ever more appealing. Apparently, that's one definition.

read-and-read: a pretty dazèd head.

red-and-black: stand back!

red-and-yellow: colours that fight each other.

rest-of-them: up with the best-of-them, down with the rest-of-them.

richer-or-poorer: marriage of opposites (like Rebecca alchemical solution to her jewish question).

right-on-time: time-on-chime!

ring-of-roses: pocket full of posies.

run-and-play: smartèd botty, rosey cheeks, on-your-way and play!

server-of-servers: cellular money-grabbers.

set-and-setting: Ess-settings {ß}.

seven-of-sevens: she might be the snake, forcèd to carry her belly.

shifting-and-spacing: Internet erasing.

shitting-a-brick: brickin' it.

shoot-the-arrows: *Khatzeytz*!

shorter-and-shorter: intervals, like the ends of Ayah's. Shorter-and-shorter epochs until the end of history. A lot of people have investèd their hope in an anti-climax.

shot-one-off: on the gun range at Camp David, clay pigeon shooting.

side-to-side: rocking the babe to sleep.

sisters-a-plenty: scarcely any boys.

six-six-six: if in a fix.

sixty-over-forty: we're trading.

sleight-of-hand: the wedding band.

slim-to-none: my chances of being successful.

smoking-the-shit: yeah, we've all done a bit of it.

soldier-come-'cian: lying below, a veteran.

soldier-come-civilian: some kind of 'cian.

space-to-space: you've got holes in your face.

split-in-two: 0=2. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union. « *L'haute science de la arte magie*. »

squaring-a-circle: alchemical and qymiqal.

still-and-taught: an obedient pupil.

stitch-and-bitch: haberdashery!

summer-of-love: 2008, ANNO. 2018. What day of the Tens is it?

sums-it-up: Isopsephy Fruit Machine! Giz-a-go!

techno-eco-system: “The only good system is a sound system.” “What about the solar system, you hippy cunt?”

ten-toes-up: ten-toes-down.

term-in-tow: I thought you were my Battle-Axe, it turns out you were my Death Blow.

tête-à-tête: another round of café.

thanks-a-one: Maximillian.

things-in-themselves: the objective world.

this-and-that: tit-for-tat.

three-finger-salute: CTRL+ALT+DEL.

three-three-three: third degree. Mastery. I'd rather play Isopsephy!

through-the-door: peep on peepin' on.

thumb-and-forefinger: a little pinch. Go on, try it!

thumb-to-thumb: 1, 2, 3, 4 … I declare a thumb war!

ticks-and-kisses: instead of dicks-and-disses.

time-and-space: continuum.

time-on-chime: right-on-time.

time-to-confess: lying to a Catholic priest.

time-to-go: wristwatch running slow. Belatèd & abatèd.

time-to-time: zones. Tricky for video conferencing.

to-and-fro: hairs-like-so.

to-to-fro: again, again, hairs-like-so.

turning-in-circles: squaring-a-circle.

two-to-one: a ratio when Delta is split by Gamma.

two-too-loud: for the noise of the crowd.

two-too-many: decisions. There will be time, there will be time…

two-too-young: but not too far flung.

two-weeks-off: a tissue, a cough. A bless, a dress. The golden dress, The *Nes*.

two-weeks-on: when she's not on.

under-the-covers: two Georgia's.

underneath-the-ground: pipelines.

up-and-around: a frown around the crown.

up-and-down: see saw.

up-and-up: the staircase more so than the aeroplane.

up-the-ante: taking up more space in the Glossary.

up-the-duff: don't you think you've had enough of the kid's stuff?

up-to-some: down-and-dirty.

up-your-sleeve: hanky panky, snotty snotty, hanky panky handkerchief.

upon-the-bottle: a nineteen-year-old spouse prefers the bottle to the babe.

upside-down-eye: rightly divining an eye.

V-for-Vendetta: go-get-her.

was-to-be: happened-to-be. You see?

who-from-who: “Well, that makes two.”

who-you-know: and how you got to know 'em.

will-to-love: as below, so above. Ten-toes-up, ten-toes-down.

will-to-power: final hour.

wise-old-man: naive-young-fool.

women-of-pictures: Mona Lisa's.

world-to-come: *Olam ha'Ba*.

yellow-and-red: it's already been said, colours that fight each other.

yet-to-find: slipping your mind, leaving things behind.

yet-with-does: in-her-own.

you-and-me: neither I, nor me, nor You knew the value.

zero-equals-three: (+3 -2 ÷1 x0).

zero-infinite-zero: the most complex of algorithms.

zines-and-machines: racist ideology as memes.

Appendix

י

{the aspiration of Yodh}

כ

{the grounding of Kaph}

ל

{10 + 20 = 30}

Had had: ° هاد هادّدّ ° : an Orwellian technique of persuasion and also an Arabic alliteration. Had-Had, the djinn, genie, *je suis une genie*! ΑΠΟ ΠΑΝΤΟΣ ΚΑΚΟΔΑΙΜΟΝΟΣ. °To hell with him and his demons° I thought.